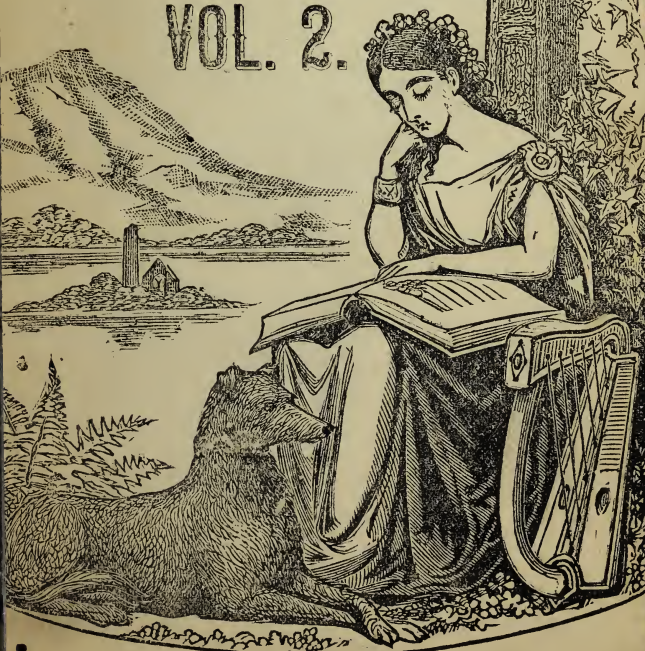
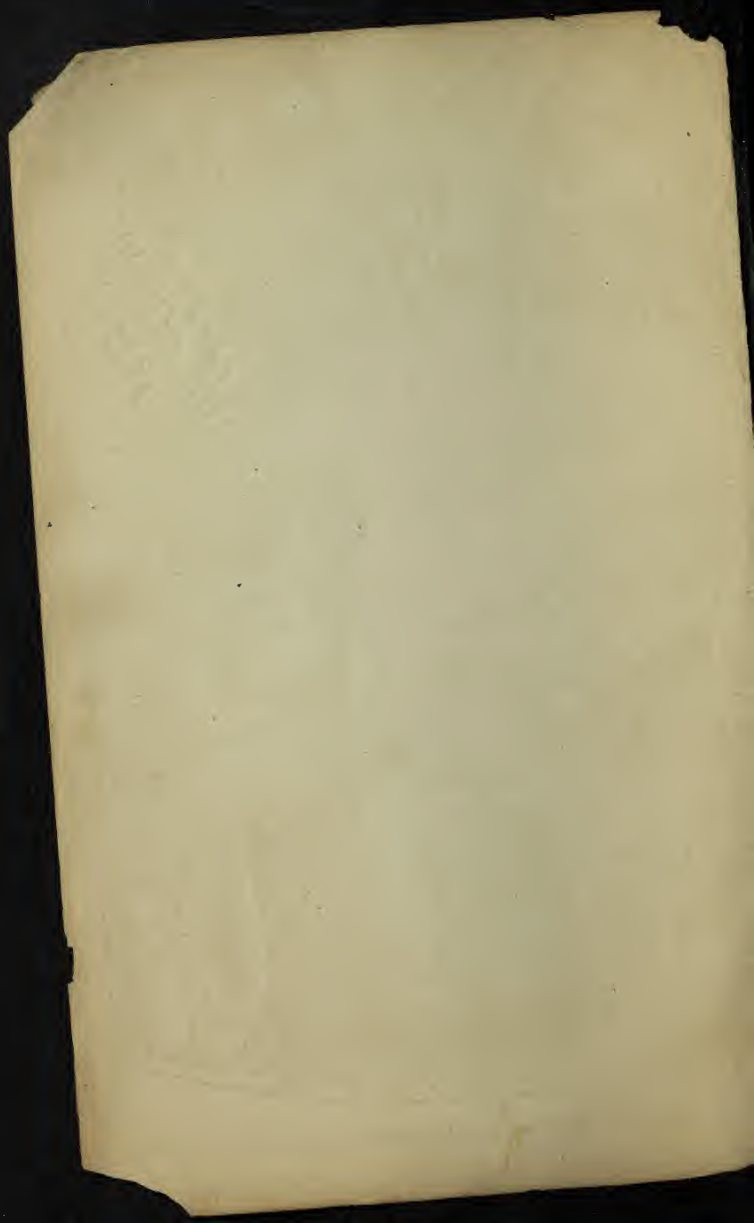


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# WHAT IS HOME RULE?

BY HUGH HEINRICH.

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**H**OME RULE has become the watchword of the Irish nation—the voice of faith and hope in the heart of the entire Irish race. Three years ago the two simple monosyllables were unheard as symbols of national unity—as an expression for the latent passion for national autonomy that slumbered in the breasts of the Irish people. To-day it is the familiar expression on the lips of the Irish peasant—the common salutation with which the people greet each other. The old kindly phrases—pious, fond, and friendly—which had attained a sort of traditional sanctity in the popular mind, have gone out before it. It greets the traveller as the peasant salutes him by the way-side. It grows familiar to the ears of the sojourner in the villages and the towns of Ireland. It is heard in the busy marts and the thoroughfares of commerce, in the cottage of the peasant, in the palace of the noble. It is whispered in the road-side school, where the peasant's child is forbidden, by the emissaries of Foreign rule, to breathe the sacred word "Nationality;" and boldly proclaimed within the venerable and genius-honoured walls of the Protestant university of the land. It is heard in the simpering lisp of the innane votaries of fashion, and "flutters

the Volscians," not in Corioli, but in Dublin Castle. It engages the attention of the student at his desk, and engrosses the thoughts of the political philosopher in his closet. It is heard in the calm halls of science, and in the more bustling and energetic ante-rooms of the law. It is breathed with the fervency of prayer in the sanctuaries of religion, and in the stillness of night its success is commended to Heaven in the more than prayerful aspirations of millions of hearts. In fine, it has imbued the soul and the spirit of the Irish nation again with the holy love of liberty. It has relumed the sacred fire of freedom, which, though it may have smouldered, never could, and never can be extinguished in the bosom of the Irish people. It has evoked the patriotic spirit, and inspired it with ardent and eloquent expression in minds before hostile—or at the best, passively indifferent to national politics. It embraces, within its magnificent comprehensiveness, all creeds and all classes, and with a charity, broad as humanity, heals the feuds, and allays the acrimony of the bitter past. The spirit of mutual peace and concord, which it has diffused through the length and breadth of the land, has so broken down venerable but foolish prejudices, and so imbued all classes with the sentiment of national brotherhood, that men who heretofore—for no reason but traditional prejudice, for which they could not intelligibly account—stood scowling at each other in opposite camps, now come forward, and cordially clasp hands in the name of their common country. The spell-word of Home Rule has exorcised bigotry, re-awakened the genius of national intelligence, stirred the soul and the manhood of the nation into action, awakened the genius of our race from the inert and unhealthy repose imposed on it by the stagnation of provincialism, and called forth the leaders of the people to take their fitting places in the front ranks of the national movement. It has created all the elements of national power. It is now but

necessary to direct these forces to the establishment of a native parliament, and the consolidation of an Irish nation.

This is what has been done in Ireland. Let us glance at the external power which the spirit of Home Rule has created in favor of native independence outside the "melancholy ocean" that encircles the cradle of our race. Beginning amongst ourselves as the section of the Irish people whose action will most directly influence the policy of English statesmanship, we find in Great Britain two millions of Irish people not less ardently—we might indeed say more ardently—attached to the national cause than their kindred at home. With them the love of fatherland is no vague and unmeaning sentiment, but an abiding principle which the persistent misgovernment of their native land has converted into a fixed and determined passion. Let no man (be he English or Irish) doubt this. Whoever has watched political events in common with the Irish in England, within the last few years, and noted the patriotic spirit, the resolute determination, the heroic sacrifice, with which our people espoused the national cause, organised their power, and even "looked death in the eye," must be obtuse indeed if he cannot comprehend the immense power which the Irish residents in the towns of England can exercise in aid of the national cause. To them—to all who, as exiles, feel themselves but as sojourning in the land of the stranger—the cry for Home Rule comes as a prophet's call, directing thought and action, and foreshadowing the fortunes of the future. It is a voice that sings to the heart of the weary toiler in the dim and dreary city the prophet songs of his youth—the pæan of rejoicing at the emancipation of the land of his heart's hope and never-ceasing memory. Again is he beside the stream whose murmur soothed his boyish spirit; again the vision of his cabin door, by mountain or wild wood, that long since has been demolished by the remorseless hand of alien power,

rises before his fancy, as with dimmed eye and clenched hand he vows to Heaven to live or die to break the rule which broke his peace and hope, and sent him a wanderer on the earth. By his early home, and his agony at parting from it—by the hopes and affections that grew up and circled around it—by the toil of whose fruits a ruthless land system despoiled his starving offspring—by his perished or scattered kindred—by his father's broken heart—by his mother's early death and solitary grave, he revives his determination, and ratifies his vow. "Yes, Home Rule," he cries, "the Irish soil for the Irish race; Irish laws and Irish rule to check the banishment of the remainder of our kindred, and arrest the ruin that is gathering over the land, or we in England and in Scotland shall teach English ministers the beauty of their institutions, the stability of their power." And so it is with the young as with the old. The young man in England but learns the history of his native land to love it, and so grows up in the spirit of his fathers, in the traditions of his race. It is no exaggeration to say—and it is well our relations at home should know it and confide in it—that in the two millions of the Irish people resident in the towns of Great Britain there exists more real political power, than in a like number of their race at home or elsewhere. They form practically political garrisons in nearly all the most important English towns, and these they hold as so many material guarantees in the name of native rule for the land of their birth. They have prepared, organised, and combined their power, which is now as perfect as political machinery can make it, and needs but vigilant foresight and promptitude; when the time for action comes, to make it the most formidable obstacle which British statesmanship has encountered in our time. The political actuaries who forecast the probability of party politics, are bewildered in face of this new and unknown quantity, and stand mutely looking into the future, unable to forecast eventualities



or compute results. The Carlton is in a state of dignified Dundrearyism, occasionally broken by a sneer from the cynical "Asian mystery." The conspirators against Irish liberty in Downing-street flutter like the inmates of a dove-cot at sight or sound of danger. To them Home Rule is a spell of darkness and dole, before which the flesh-pots of office fade into the cold shade of opposition. The Irish vote, which was to them a constant quantity in their calculation, has been constituted into a separate power obdurate as adamant to their blandishment—deaf as an adder to all promises, save that which guarantees native legislation to Ireland. There is no alternative, no compromise. The spirit of Home Rule is abroad. Its voice rings in the hearts of the Irish people over the earth.

"Our Native Land  
A Nation once again,"

is the echo of their thoughts, the inspiration of their faith in the future. The cry has gone over the earth, and in all lands the Irish heart bounds like a war steed's to the trumpet charge, in prospect of the long expected but still unfulfilled promise of the ages. Twenty years ago the people fled the land in despair. Ten years ago there was little evident political life in the nation, but the brave and the daring were silently meditating a more desperate policy for the future. To-day our scattered kindred look hopefully to Ireland and trust to see the independence of which she was violently plundered, re-established in peace. It is a hope—it may be a reality. The hope has created the power which can hardly fail to produce success. The reality—the establishment of native rule—would raise Ireland from her present impoverished and degraded condition—to a condition of peace, power, and prosperity—and elevate her to her fitting rank of a distinct and independent nation. This is her right. The Irish at home would deserve their slavery were they satisfied with less. We, in England—our



kindred in all lands—would be traitors and renegades did we not aid them to attain it.

The Home Rule proposal propounded by Mr. Butt, and now—since the great Conference in Dublin—emphatically adopted by the Irish people, is plain and distinct in its principles, and clear and explicit in its demands. It is, in brief, a proposal to have the internal affairs of Ireland directed by an Irish Representative Assembly—leaving Imperial affairs to be managed by an Imperial Parliament, in which Ireland, as a portion in the Imperial connexion, should be adequately represented. This, of course, would imply in joint Imperial affairs only—and in no wise in matters of internal legislation for Great Britain. This is the simple principle of the scheme. It is more detailed in the general principles first proposed by Mr. Butt, and adopted by the Council of the late Home Government Association—and still more fully and explicitly in the Resolutions of the late Conference, which has resulted in the fusion of that Association in the new and more comprehensive Irish Home Rule League. Though these principles have been broadly disseminated, and are pretty generally known, it may be well to summarise them here, that the reader may have at hand some concise compendium of the objects and aims of the promoters of Home Rule, and generally an idea of the means intended to accomplish what the League proposes to the nation. The essential and fundamental principles of the League, as of the Home Government Association are :—

To obtain for the Irish nation the right and privilege of managing its own affairs by a Parliament assembled in Ireland, and composed of the Sovereign, the Lords, and Commons of Ireland.

To secure for that Parliament the right of legislating for and directing all the internal interests of Ireland.

To leave to the Imperial Parliament (in which Ireland should be represented as in the present Imperial Parliament, but under the limitations before

pointed out) the power of dealing with all Imperial affairs—i.e., the Crown and Imperial Government—the colonies' intercourse with foreign states, advising the Crown, through the Imperial ministry, in matters of peace and war ; or, as it is put in the printed principles of the League, "in all matters appertaining to the defence and stability of the Empire at large," and also "granting and providing the necessary supplies for Imperial purposes."

To accomplish this under the provisions of a Federal arrangement, guaranteeing to Ireland all legislation and administration in purely Irish affairs, and this "according to constitutional principles," and "by ministers constitutionally responsible" to the Irish Parliament.

These principles are extremely clear. The mode of their application must be patent to all who take the trouble to examine them. An Irish parliament for Irish affairs, wholly unrestricted in scope and finality, in which no power on earth but the Crown, Lords and Commons of Ireland should have control. A British parliament for affairs affecting the empire. Ireland represented in that parliament, or in any other manner that might be mutually agreed on in all affairs properly Imperial—that is all affairs in which Ireland would have a joint interest with England. The only other condition laid down in the general principles is that the objects aimed at are to be obtained by legal and constitutional means—a declaration which naturally follows as a corollary to the proposal that this firm but friendly demand of Ireland should be submitted in an amicable spirit to the English people and their rulers.

The Resolutions passed at the Conference held in Nov., 1873, but endorse these principles, more fully detail their operation, and in the name of the nation more emphatically reiterate the demand for the restoration of Self-Government to Ireland. The resolutions, up to the fifth, are almost in the words of the general

principles. The fifth resolution declares that the new arrangement "does not involve any change in the existing constitution of the Imperial parliament," no interference with the Crown nor disturbance of the Constitution. The seventh resolution declares that "in the opinion of the Conference the contemplated Federal arrangement would consolidate the strength and maintain the integrity of the empire"; and the eighth and last guarantees the incorporation in the Federal constitution of articles, declaring that no change shall be made in the proposed parliament "in the present settlement of property in Ireland, and that no legislation shall be adopted to establish any religious ascendancy in Ireland, or to subject any person to disabilities on account of his religious opinions."

Here we have the whole scheme of the Federal arrangement—the means proposed to establish it in Ireland, and the provisions in the constitution which limit the power of the parliament. There are people who would deny the propriety of one of those provisions of limitation—indeed to be met more generally in England than in Ireland—but the wisdom of such a provision in the present state of Ireland no one who investigates the matter calmly will be disposed to question.

A brief outline of the scope and functions of the Irish parliament as contemplated under the Federal arrangement, contrasted with the functions and limitations of the Irish pre-Union parliament, may here prove serviceable, as there is much misconception which sometimes leads to divergence of opinion on the relative merits of the establishment of 1872 and the proposed scheme of Federal Union with England. Of the points in which their functions correspond it is unnecessary to speak. It is those in which they differ need contrast and explanation. It may be premised generally that in legislative functions their scope would be similar, and that dissimilarity would

exist chiefly in matters of administration. This really was so ; but then these differences arise from the breadth or the limitation of the prerogatives of each. The Irish pre-Union parliament was nominally independent of the English parliament, but really under the control of the English ministry, and in this consisted its weakness and the principles which led to the destruction of Irish independence. The Irish ministry were not responsible to the Irish parliament—and consequently not the exponents of the will of the people—or rather that Protestant minority of one-fifth of the population to which the liberties of freemen were then limited. Three years ago, in a series of letters in the columns of the *Nation*, the writer of these pages directed public attention to the points of similarity and difference between the pre-Union Constitution and that on which it was proposed to base the then contemplated Federal arrangement. The very same views and contrasts were put forward at the late Conference by Mr. Butt and Mr. Sullivan, and conducted in no small degree to a fusion of sentiment between those previously attached to “simple Repeal” and the advocates of the Federal idea. We cannot do better than repeat them here. To contrast the parliament of '82 with the constitution now proposed is to draw up a statement of advantages and disadvantages on either side and then strike a balance of merit between them. The chief advantages of the Constitution of '82 was that it established the Irish parliament in complete independence of the parliament of England—its prime, and finally fatal disadvantage, that the ministers directing that parliament were not removable by its vote, and consequently not amenable to popular jurisdiction. In fact in the true sense of parliamentary representation—the sense in which *all* power reverts to the people at stated intervals—the Irish public were not represented at all. The Irish ministry were appointed



by the Crown—that is by the English minister of the hour—and as they held office independent of the Parliaments, they were merely the instruments of the English minister. The King—that is the minister—not alone could—but did retain Irish ministries in power in defiance of a vote of the majority of the Irish House of Commons. Thus the independent Parliament was restricted in its jurisdiction and shorn of one-half its power. The close boroughs under aristocratic patronage, were manipulated by the irresponsible ministry, and in this manner 178 out of the 300 members returned to parliament were more or less under the influence of England, leaving only 122 members really chosen by the people. Herein lay the principle which led to the destruction of the independence of the nation. The irresponsible ministry bribed the corrupt patrons of boroughs and packed the parliament to carry the Union. There could be no independence—no stability in a Constitution with such a principle rotting at its core, and so it proved when the English nation, which had been compelled in its despite to proclaim the independence of the Irish parliament, found itself strong enough to destroy it. True, the English Minister was unscrupulous as to his means, but here were in his hands the most facile instruments of corruption and destruction.

The only power possessed practically by the Irish pre-Union parliament, which the parliament, as proposed under the Federal arrangement, does not claim, was the power of stopping the supplies—that is, the power of refusing to grant money for Imperial purposes, except that Ireland, through its parliament, concurred in the policy which led to the expenditure. There was, however, more of apparent than real power in this principle of fiscal control. The King could and did raise money and direct policy contrary to the will of the Irish people. Within a self-contained state the privilege of stopping supplies is a real power, but scarcely ever so absolutely. In a smaller State



attached to a larger one in the manner that Ireland was attached to England before the Union, the privilege of stopping supplies was a very questionable advantage.

Now all the functions possessed by this parliament, with the exception of the power of stopping the supplies—are claimed for the parliament contemplated in Mr. Butt's scheme, with this additional and all-paramount advantage—that the Irish ministry under the Federal arrangement would be responsible to and removable by a vote of the Irish parliament—and consequently would be directly under the control of the people. Perfect parliamentary rule in all the internal affairs in Ireland would thus be established. Legislation, administration, taxation, education, the whole legal and social economy of the nation would be directed and controlled by the freely chosen representatives of the people. In fine the whole range of internal legislation would be of and for the people, directed by their own genius and administered by those chosen in their name.

This is what "Home Rule for Ireland" means. But outside of this—and apart from complete freedom in internal legislation and administration—the Home Rule scheme contemplates a right on the part of Ireland to a partnership in legislation and administration in all matters purely Imperial. On the principle of "no taxation without representation," Ireland being charged with Imperial expenditure would justly claim representation in a joint Imperial parliament. An independent parliament for internal affairs in Ireland—a united parliament having the control of all those matters which have been laid down as purely Imperial, completes the Federal scheme and clearly defines the scope and limitations of the Federal arrangement in its integrity. Matters of detail there would of course be—but as these would not affect the principle it is unnecessary to refer to them here.

The condition of Ireland, whether regarded politically or materially, is exceptional in the history of modern states. The nation that has supplied the best political thinkers—the keenest and most comprehensive statesmen, the ablest military chieftains has at home no field for their genius, no sphere for the exercise of their talents. The mental field, one of the richest in Europe, is barren of intellectual results—as the soil, though the richest in Europe, brings but starvation to the peasantry existing on it. There is a cause for both these results—nor have we far to go to seek it or to prove it. The cause is the deadly upas of foreign rule, which poisons, sickens, and withers all existing beneath its baleful shade. The proof is to be found in the fact that during the brief but brilliant era of independence the Irish nation, mentally and materially, transcended in intellectual wealth and real prosperity that of any other nation of the period. It is only necessary to recal the names of her orators and statesmen to place before the world the brightest galaxy of oratorical genius that illumines the ages since the school of Cicero and his rivals declined and darkened beneath the tyranny of the Cæsars. In the history of mankind no nation has left behind it in the space of 18 years such magnificent monuments of mental superiority as those which Ireland at this period bequeathed to mankind—for the fame of the statesmen and orators of that date is as broad as the existence of civilized humanity. In arts, in manufactures, in culture, in taste, the Irish of that age were certainly not behind their contemporaries. In the **one** glorious gift of eloquence—which has ever been the evidence and the fruit of freedom—they rose far superior to any people on earth. Never did there exist on earth at the same time and in the same land such a brilliant legislative assembly as that which then englorified with its transcendent splendour the national temple in College Green. It was as if

Liberty had dowered the nation with all her choicest gifts, as an evidence of the richness and the beauty of her bounty and her graces. Men whose words of wisdom, patriotism, and eloquence ring down the slopes of time to the remotest ages were then the guides and guardians of the nation's freedom and the nation's honour. The names of Grattan and Flood, Bushe and Saurin, Curran and Plunkett, Yelverton and Holmes will live in the memory of men as long as patriotism is respected, eloquence admired, and love of liberty (after love of God) regarded as the highest and noblest of human aspirations. There were no elements essential to the sum of national greatness that did not in their time exist in Ireland. The soul of the nation expanded with the measure of its freedom—and the genius of the people, emancipated from the thralldom of foreign administration, fructified into the richest productions of the human mind. This was true of a fifth of the people only. Since then the soul of the nation has stagnated in lethargy, and has been comparatively dwarfed down to mental decrepitude, save when an athlete from the ranks of intellect, as if to show that the olden power is not yet dead, distinguishes himself in the foreign senate only to fade into the mercenary of the power that despoils his native land to furnish the purchase money by which he is bought. When only a fifth of the Irish people were blessed with liberty, she not alone possessed herself the first statesmen of the age, but in the persons of Burke and Sheridan supplied England with the brightest lights that adorned the senate. And yet we are superciliously and impertinently told by the bungling and incompetent statesmen of England and the superficial newspaper critics, that if the *whole* of the Irish people possessed their liberties they would be incapable to direct or preserve them. If it were not a self-insult to the nation to seriously meet or refute these impudent allegations, one might point the manner in which the late Home Rule Conference

in Dublin was conducted as an example—after 73 years of total exclusion from the practices of public life—of political aptitude, statesmanlike breadth of view, introspection of the future, calmness and firmness, deliberation, and unity in decision which no similar assembly in England could hope to emulate, much less to rival.

Such was Irish genius when dowered with the gift of freedom—such even the power that has since lain almost latent till now awakened and stirred to action by the trumpet-call of liberty. But the position of Ireland materially—under the inspiration of the genius of Home Rule was still more remarkable than her mental awakening. The nation was blessed because she was prosperous—and prosperous because of her Freedom. The spirit that ever animates a people conscious of their freedom was in all the land diffusing new life and new activity in every department of industry, and every sphere and action of life. Prosperity unparalleled blessed the land from shore to shore. Every seaport was an emporium of trade thronged with the shipping of all nations. Every town and village a hive of humming happy industry, Indisputable statistics from official sources could be adduced to prove this, did space permit, or the occasion call for it. But the labor is unnecessary. It is proved by friends and admitted by enemies. It is the pleasing literal fact that every back was clothed, every mouth was fed, every house in the land, however humble, a centre of comfort and prosperity. The nation was honoured abroad, while Liberty at home blessed her with happiness and all the fruits of progress. Industry was in her fields and in her factories—in her hamlets and cities. Genius breathed in the art which embellished her public and private structures. Wealth was in her marts and in her ports, mirth and wit in her saloons, and eloquence in her courts and in her senates, because independence, fostered by the genius of Freedom, gave life and



vigour, and soul and energy to the spirit and manhood of the land. Public buildings that give an Eastern grace to the metropolis of Ireland, are the only existing evidences of the prosperity of the period. The stranger in Dublin has only to open his eyes to see the proof of Irish prosperity under native rule, as indeed he has evidence in the subsequent decadence of that capital, of the blight and ruin which provincialism has entailed on it. Such were the beneficent effects of Home Rule when it existed in Ireland, though only participated in by a fifth of the people. Seventy-three years have passed away since the Union, and the whole of our record during that period is but the history of progressive ruin, till now there is scarcely a manufacturing industry left in the land—and even agriculture, the last resource of all declining peoples, is fast approaching stagnation and decay. In 1799—the year before the Union—the population of Ireland was somewhat less than it is to-day, and yet at that period 1,200,000 of the population were either engaged in or living by manufacturing industry. The number so employed in 1862 was only 37,872, showing that while at the period of the Union over 1 in five of the population were engaged in manufactures, in 1862 there was only 1 in 140, showing a decrease of 2,800 per cent. in 62 years ; and since that date there has been no material increase in manufacturing industry, while the decline of agriculture is marked by hundreds of thousands of acres annually, and the decline of population by tens of thousands. The decline of the former in 1872 was 134,915 acres, while the decline in population in the same year was over 70,000. There is not a third of the available land of Ireland under cultivation to-day, and not half the population which the island would contain in the ratio of increase from 1835 to 1845, nor one-third of what the land is capable of maintaining under a well-ordered native system of government. Even pigs and sheep are



declining by tens and hundreds of thousands, and horses in a ratio proportionate to their numbers. There is decrease in population—decrease in brute life—decline and decay in everything. The homes of the peasantry are gone; the happy hamlets and villages, where virtue flourished and peace presided, are gone. Desolation and decay are apparent in the smaller towns. There is poverty in their shops and silence in their market places. The people are flying from the country, leaving the land to desolation. Manufactures gone; the harbours empty, silent, and solitary, save when the wail of the emigrant breaks the monotony of their solitude. There is no real life—active life—no energy to be seen wherever one turns. All is lethargy and stagnation. Under Home Rule the tutelary genius of liberty, like the goddess of industry in the mythic legend of the Greeks, directed and protected the prosperity of the nation. Foreign Rule has beggared the nation—converted its liberties and its privileges to the standard of a Turkish Pashalic, and degraded everything but the spirit and manhood of the people.

It is the duty of Irishmen over the earth to “stand together,” and in the name of liberty restricted, industry paralysed, and public right outraged, to demand from England the restitution of the institutions under which their native land prospered—to denounce before the world the policy and the system which have brought but death and ruin on their track—that have scattered the Irish people adrift on the shores of the earth—that came with fraud and force, and is sustained to-day by the same agencies—that came in, heralded by promised benedictions, and was followed by hisses and curses, by slavery, by starvation, by death. The reversal of this policy is the demand of to-day. This is the object of the Home Rule movement, and this, in the manner in which it is proposed to be accomplished by the Home Rule League, should become the united demand of

the whole Irish race. Whether in Ireland or England, in America or New Zealand, the one cry should be on all lips—the one resolution in all hearts. If a remnant of our race is to be left at home, this must be done, and done speedily. Assistance politically, assistance materially. The power of voice and pen—of means and manhood—are needed, and no true patriot will hesitate before any or all of these when his country calls on him to save her from destruction.

How is the policy of this part to be remedied, and Ireland made prosperous and happy in the future ? A proper question, and one often asked. There is but one answer to this, and all other questions of a like kind. In the same manner as the prosperity of the nation was secured—and of this there can be no question from 1782 to 1800—by restoring to the people the right of making their own laws, and managing their own affairs. This is the sole and simple cure for all the ills that afflict Ireland—the alternative for the “ameliorations” by which the sense of justice and intelligence of the nation are insulted—the only solution of the question which Ireland ever will or ever could with honour accept—the only one which will ever secure prosperity to Ireland, or unity or security to the Empire.

This then, in conformity with the Federal idea as defined in this little work, is what is contemplated by the promoters of the Home Rule League. It is defined in the general principles expounded in whatever treatises have been issued by the authority of the Home Rule Association, by speakers on platforms, by writers in the press. Its principles are shrouded in no mystery ; its demands made in no ambiguous or uncertain phrases. We demand, say the advocates of Home Rule, that Ireland, on a level of perfect equality with England, shall have the right and privilege of making her own laws, and managing, free from all external control, the whole of her internal affairs, while we are willing that a joint Federal

parliament shall manage all Imperial affairs—that is all affairs affecting the common interests of England and Ireland in their relations to the colonies and foreign countries. Ireland in effect says to England : “The union you forced on me by drawing me too closely within your influence has absorbed my strength into your stronger system. I ask for a union which, without injuring you, will leave me my life-blood to strengthen and invigorate my own system, and diffuse life and health through the land now worn and pallid with exhaustion and the shadow of death. When you took from me liberty you robbed me of all. There is no greatness, no peace, no prosperity, no power for a nation, but that which is the fruit of Freedom ; and no nation possesses Freedom if she does not shield and protect it by her own laws. The spirit dies, the energy flags, the soul writhes without Freedom, and the nation, like the prisoned eagle, lose its fire and its force, except its spirit soars and exults in the free air and light of liberty. Give us freedom, and we will guarantee prosperity to ourselves and firm friendship to you. Refuse it, and you may reduce us to poverty, and continue to grind us to the earth, but you will not destroy us nor stifle the undying love of liberty in our breasts. The people who have preserved their individuality and nationality distinct and invincible through ages of persecution, will with the same unswerving fidelity persevere to the last.”

“Nationality,” wrote Thomas Davis in his day, “is no longer an unmeaning and despised name among us. It is the inspiration of the bold and the hope of the people.” Whatever it was then it is certainly so now. Its spirit has entered the soul of the people—animating the dormant and giving energy to the active. It stirs the brain and directs the action of the nation. The cry for Home Rule is but the outward sign of the inner national life which is pulsing the hearts and bounding in the spirit of the

people? And why is this? Because they knew, as Davis did, that without national self-rule there is no hope—no prosperity for the country. Because they desire as he did the restoration of national life, and its expression in the voice of a free parliament—and this they seek under more favourable auspices than he could have dreamed of. They would, in his words, by restoring the legislative independence of the country, “give to the people of Ireland the direction and control of their own destinies, the development and fosterage of their own resources—the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navies—the harbours of Ireland to receive a greater commerce than any island in the world—the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve there now—the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and their valour—the independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms.” This is the just and natural right of all free peoples—the sole measure of liberty without which no people can be free or contented. Home Rule—as moderate in demand as it is just in principle, proposes to do this within certain limitations. It would give the entire internal control of Ireland to the people, leaving the common defence of both islands to a joint Imperial parliament, in which Ireland’s free voice should be heard and her distinct nationality acknowledged.

We have seen what Home Rule is, and the means by which it is to be established and maintained under Federal arrangement. Let us glance for a moment at its advantages in answer to the stupid parrot-question of what benefit it would confer on Ireland?

To ask this question is but an evidence of utter ignorance of the privileges and blessings which liberty bestows on nations. To answer it we need only point to the countries where it obtains, and contrast their condition with that of Ireland—or with Ireland herself under the rule of her free parliament. The value of free institutions are not so much to be



measured by the standard of good laws and principles of equal justice as by the soul and energy with which the consciousness of liberty endows nationalities. Liberty is the source and inspiration of all that is good and great in men and in nations. It guards and elevates the honour and manhood of the individual, and preserves to a nation the grandeur of its thought—the beauty and sublimity of its intellect—the charm of its refinement, the integrity of its privileges and its rights. It is the parent of thought and the promoter of prosperity. It incites man to high thought and noble action, fosters public opinion in the multitude, and patriotism in the nation. The greatness and glory—the power and prosperity of all nations, in ancient or modern times, have just been in proportion to their conception and appreciation of the sentiment of liberty. Prosperity follows this sentiment as fertility does the pathway of the sun. The nation is great that believes in its greatness. It was while Greece and Rome were free that they were great and glorious. It is under the inspiration of the sentiment of liberty that nations are great and glorious to-day. Whatever greatness England possesses is due to the centuries of freedom which have inspired her with faith in herself and confidence in her destiny. Ireland is poor because ages of oppression and persecution have dulled her spirit and repressed her energy. It is this sentiment that guides statesmen, sways senates, glows and triumphs in thought and in art, fructifies in prosperity, and conquers on the battlefield. What the soul is to the individual so is the sentiment of liberty to the nation. It was this sentiment which in 1782, triumphing over circumstances and overthrowing tyranny, made Ireland independent, powerful, and prosperous. It is this same spirit, re-uscitated and re-invigorated in our day, which will raise her again to her rightful position of a nation among the nations—the fairest among them all—the peer of the



proudest.

What would Home Rule do for Ireland? What did Home Rule do for Ireland from 1782 to 1800. The politician asking such a question but shows utter ignorance of the facts of history—the very puerility of political philosophy. What would Home Rule do for Ireland? What would it not do? What has Home Rule in a few short years done for Hungary, previously impoverished by the curse of provincialism, and groaning beneath oppression? What for poor but peaceable and happy Norway, where liberty is guarded as zealously as life? What for each of the German States? What for each of the Swiss Cantons? What for each State of America? What even for each of the British Colonies? This and still more would it do for Ireland. It would arrest the drain of her wealth into England—the decrease of her population by emigration—the decline of her agricultural industry—the destruction of her manufactures—the decay of her commerce.

What would Home Rule do for Ireland? Her resources are exhausted. Home Rule would develop and hoard them. Her mines are a hidden treasure. The spirit of industry promoted by Home Rule would explore them and turn them into sources of employment and profit. Her bogs are undrained. The same spirit under the patronage of her free parliament would drain and fertilize them. Her lakes and her rivers are but ornaments to the landscape. Home Rule would make them sites of industry and mediums of commerce. Her fertile slopes and plains and her fair and fruitful valleys have been reduced by foreign rule to the condition of a wilderness. Home Rule would make them blossom with beauty, and fructify with the gifts of God to man. In fine, the nation is bowed and beggared. Home Rule would reinvigorate it with the new life of freedom, and crown it with the garland of prosperity.

Irishmen, wherever their lot may be cast, ought to

cherish an undying faith in the success of the national cause, and ceaselessly labour to accomplish the redemption of their native land. No nation has testified more nobly than Ireland to an unalterable love of liberty, and changeless faith in her ultimate destiny. She is as ready to-day as she was in the past to suffer and sacrifice in the old cause.

The Home Rule League is labouring for Ireland. Combine and aid it by your united means. Home Rule means peace and prosperity to Ireland, instead of repression, depopulation, decay, and beggary. Support those who sustain the spirit, and struggle for the liberties of the nation.

The words "Home Rule," though a simple expression, furnish a summary of the wants of Ireland. In the settlement of the international question—for international it is—between Ireland and England are involved the honour, the prosperity, the very existence of the former nation. Let us labour for this end, and we are sure to reap the blessing which its settlement will confer not alone on Ireland, but on the English people. Whatever may be the issue, the duty of Irishmen is clear. Stand by those who stand for Home Rule—support the national cause—uphold the national standard—

" Let the coward shrink aside,  
 We'll have our own again ;  
 Let the brawling slave deride,  
 We'll have our own again.  
 Let the tyrant whine and lie,  
 March, threaten, fortify ;  
 Loose his lawyer and his spy,  
 BUT WE'LL HAVE OUR OWN AGAIN."




THE  
CAMP FIRES OF THE LEGION  
IN THE LATE  
FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR !

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BY  
J. LYSAGHT FINIGAN,

*5th Battalion Foreign Legion, France.*

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ROUND the camp fires of the soldiers of France the name of the "Legion" is immortalized in song, and its deeds of heroism inspire the ambition of the young, and form the idol of the veteran. The term "La Legion"—(The Legion)—is an army soubriquet for "La Legion Etrangère"—(The Foreign Legion)—which owes its origin, in point of name to England, and in point of formation to Ireland.

When Louis XIV., the *Grand Monarque*, swayed the destinies of France in the seventeenth century there existed in Ireland an unfortunate loyalty for that wretched Stuart, King James, which caused the chains of slavery to be more closely welded round the

Irish nation. Gathered around the vacillating monarch was the chivalry of Erin, and opposed to it were the disloyal but more numerous forces of the rebellious English, aided and guided by William Prince of Orange. Long and valiantly did the Irish "foreigners" fight the cause of "King and religion," until, in an evil hour, the glories and honours of Limerick were buried in a treaty, which, like many of her other treaties, was broken by wily England as soon as she considered herself more powerful than her rival. In Ireland the "League of Augsburg" had done its work, and the brave Irishmen who were true to their honour betook themselves to France, there to add lustre to the military glory of the invincible Gauls. In 1690 the first "Foreign Legion" was established in France under Louis XIV., against whom the "Augsburg League" fought, but fought in vain. From that time up to the fall of the First Empire in 1815 the military annals of France contain no more glorious names than those of Ireland's sons and their descendants in the "Irish Brigades." Emblazoned in the pages of history the fame of a Mountcashel, O'Brien, Dillon, Sarsfield, Lally, Saxe, Lacy, O'Connell, Nugent, and others will be handed down to posterity as the "bravest of the brave." In Flanders, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy, the Indies, in Africa, and at home in France, the chiefs and men of the Irish Brigades won laurels of triumph. When the military genius of Napoleon Bonaparte astounded the world, and when all Europe lay conquered at his feet, the remnants of the Irish Brigades still added fresh lustre to their trophies, and when at length the star of the First Empire set in the gloom of St. Helena, an English Treaty—the Treaty of the Allied armies at Paris, resolved that no nationally distinctive corps should exist in France. Thus what was done by England in 1691 was by England undone at Paris in 1815. Russia, Austria, and Russia, each had exiles in the armies of France, for the gallant Poles, the Irish of the



Continent, formed, towards the close of the eighteenth century, a large proportion of the Irish Brigades, or existed as separate corps or regiments in the service of the French Kings. Since the field of Waterloo the Legion has superseded the Irish Brigades, and to-day on Africa's burning soil it is waging war against the discontented and nomadic Arabic tribes. However, though the distinctive appellation of "Irish Brigade" is gone, the Irish themselves still remain, carry arms, and win glory for the colors of the "Legion."

In July, 1870, when the tocsin of war once more sounded on the soil of the Franks, the spirit of battle for the right burned forth again in Ireland, and had not the "International laws" stepped in, an Irish Brigade, as gallant and as numerous as fought and won at Fontenoy, would have marched with the Eagles of France against the invading German hordes. As it was, several hundred Irishmen found themselves enrolled in the "Legion." For myself I had lived in France, learned to love her, and longed to know a "trade" that was denied me at home. Accordingly I betook myself to Lille in the North of France, and calling upon an old college friend, then captain in a Mobile Regiment, was early in August introduced to the military Intendant as an "Irish Volunteer, who wished to engage for the duration of the war."

Having answered several questions as to birth, parentage, nationality, &c., I was ordered off, with some 40 Belgian volunteers, to the headquarters of the Legion at Tours, in charge of a corporal of a line regiment. It may be well to state that before entering the French army the applicant is obliged to have the written or known consent of his parents. In my case my assertion in the affirmative was at first deemed insufficient, but at the entreaty of my captain friend the permission to serve in the French army was ceded.

Two days journey by rail brought the corporal and his squad of volunteers to Tours, and having been handed over to the Quartermaster of the Caserne, we

were duly entered on the muster roll as soldiers of the "Legion." Leaving the Quartier Maitre I addressed myself to a soldier on guard, asking him, in French, where I could find any of my countrymen. "The devil a bit of me knows what you mean," said the factionaire in a rich brogue. I need scarcely add that I was rejoiced to thus so quickly find a countryman, and in a few moments I had persuaded the sergeant of the guard to give Patrick Ryan leave of absence, and very quickly after I was asked into the canteen of the Caserne (Barracks), with "Here, boys, here's another victim to war!" In rapid succession I was introduced to about forty "boys," all of them with names of the genuine Milesian ring, and soon we were deep in the discussion of red wine and "how many more were expected from the old land." After an hour's beguiling of time I was sent for by Lieutenant Elliot, whom I discovered to be no less than Edmond O'Donovan, who had figured so prominently in the Fenian movement, and whose incarceration in Ireland and exile in America was fresh in my memory. By my lieutenant I was soon made aware that the Legion was daily expecting to go to the front. Belfort and Metz were alike mentioned as our probable destination, and we were only awaiting the Legion contingent from Africa. Towards evening I was dressed in a short pair of red trowsers, my feet were encased in a pair of horribly large shoes, surmounted by white garters, and an old coat and jacket were thrown to me that might at a pinch fit a man of five feet two inches in height, but were totally at variance with a soldier of six feet, and by some good fortune, so I was told, I received a kepi that was guaranteed to fit any man in the regiment, be he tall or small. At first I was inclined to expostulate and growl, but, on the advice of Lieutenant Elliot, I held my peace, and in the course of a few days, by dint of changing and bartering with my comrades, I became one of the best clad soldiers in the 8th Company.

I well remember seeing the first soldiers mess of the Legion. It was in the courtyard of the Caserne. Several gigantic cauldrons were carried from the *cuisine*, and around each were gathered respective sections of companies. Spoons were few and far between, and ladles and saucepans were things unknown.

Each man held his shoe by the toe, and with the heel scooped from the cauldron, what was nearest. Some managed to fish up a piece of bread, others a small morsel of beef or bacon; some caught a scrap of a turnip or potato, whilst most were content with what was termed the *potage*, or what in reality was an apology for soup. This, together with a fair ration of bread, formed the daily diet of the soldiers of the Legion. Many swore that they were starving by the rapacity of others, but I must confess that my countrymen, innocent of the French language, generally managed to be more sinned against than sinning at the cauldrons. However, this beastly state of things did not long continue, for every man was at length provided with a *gamelle* (a mess porringer), spoon, &c., and the cooks were compelled to share the mess equally amongst the men. At no time, however, during the campaign was the food supplied to the Legion either sufficient or good. The soups—twice per day—were very watery things indeed, and had it not been for the plunder and pilfering that became a necessity, many a brave fellow would have died of hunger before reaching the shot or bayonet of the Germans. The clothing was also scandalously meagre, and the knapsacks and tent sheets were pure canvass, and incapable of resisting water or keeping out cold. The payment, too, was ridiculously small, a soldier receiving only one penny per day, and half of that retained for a small cup of coffee, passed round at four every morning. I am not blaming any Government; for the hollowness of the commiseriat and lack of preparations by the Empire were equalled by the total want of management by the Republic, but I wish to relate

facts, and "nothing to extenuate nor ought set down in malice." At no time, however, did the Legion show itself more worthy of its predecessor, the Irish Brigade, than during the reverses that constantly befel the armies of France. No sooner had the African contingent arrived than the Legion was put "en route" for Bourges, where, for the first time, I saw the camp fires, that form the oases in the hard life of a soldier, and which to-day rise in my memory and once more give to my gaze faces and forms of many brave and worthy sons of dear old Ireland. Were it not for the camp fires the soldiers lot would be hard indeed. After marches, skirmishes, or pitched battle, it is round the hissing logs the soldiers tell who fought and fell. What the newspapers are to the world, what the hearth is to the family, the camp fire is to the soldier. Here resolves are made and friendship grow, and here are men inspired to equal the deeds of bravery of those who have gone before them. Around the camp fires of the Legion the history of Europe was mirrored. To wander along the far stretching lines to mark the different nationalities that formed them was a study as curious as interesting. Here were grouped the children of Italy, who, in the language of Etrusca, sang the songs of "Italia" with a melodiousness and a harmony that would have waked the musical genius of a Rossini. Here were stretched the olive tanned sons of sunny Spain, and in imagination one could conjure up the days when the Moslems fled before the gallant Ferdinand. Crouching round a massive pile of blazing pine and fir, here squatted the fair haired Swede, Norwegian, and Dane, who, in accents hard, sang the war ditties of Gustavus Adolphus. Close to these were the Belgians and the Hollanders, who, in half Flemish and broken Dutch, made the air ring with snatches of "der Zuyder Zee." Around another fire were gathered the brave and fearless Poles, who in the language of Russia, Prussia, and Austria recounted how "Kosciusko fell," and how brave Franec



alone had stretched forth an arm to snatch liberty from the tyrants. There were Cossacks too who looked the beau ideal of those grim and ubiquitous warriors who so terribly harrassed the march of the Great Napoleon on his retreat from Moscow. There was not a clime on the face of the earth that was not represented; for even America and England had sons around the camp fires who had come to fight in what they considered a noble cause. But to me my own camp fire was the dearest of all, and when footsore and wearied I soon forgot my sorrows and fatigue when listening to or joining in the plaintive songs of the land far away. We were only forty to begin with, but for mirth and good humour no camp fire could equal ours. First and foremost the law of *meum* and *tuum* was abolished, and under the governorship of O'Donovan, property and chattels existed *pro bono publico*. Money being a scarce commodity no finance minister was appointed and spoil and plunder formed our chief treasury. I remember well an incident that, from a soldier's point of view, reflects the highest credit on one of our "boys" nicknamed by his comrades "Hawk-eye." We had marched some sixteen miles beyond Bourges in an easterly direction, and were camped on the slopes of some hills well clad with neat farm houses. The freebooter "Hawk-eye" with a keen eye to spoil borrowed a small drum, and going to a farm house commenced a hideous "rat-at-tat" which brought a huge farmer to his door. Questioning the unmusical "Hawk-eye" as to the meaning of his discordant sounds, the glorious fellow coolly answered "Les Prussiens." In an incredibly short space of time the farmer was *en route* for the nearest town, and "Hawk-eye" for the hen-roost. Lining his great coat with a couple of hens he soon found his comrades, and resigned the drum to its owner. Night came and with it a dainty supper for the "Islanders." No doubt the poor farmer returned as the shades of evening fell, and he had the honour of having his health drunk as

"a decent ould boy." There are those who may consider such conduct as this little short of criminal, but I should like such fastidious people to try a few days starving, and then I feel persuaded they would look upon such plundering in a more soldierly light. The French Government was unable to supply the troops with food, the farmers were able but unwilling, and the famished soldiers only took a very small proportion of what, shortly afterwards, was ruthlessly seized upon by the invaders. I remember a case of plundering that was decidedly criminal, and was as such punished. A couple of Turcos were scouring the country, and met with an old woman who was driving a pig to the nearest market-town to dispose of. The Turcos concealed themselves, shot at the pig, but hit the poor country-woman. She was mortally wounded, and by some good fortune, an officer had witnessed the attempted theft, and the plunderers were court-martialled. A court-martial on the field is a very short and decisive matter. It was proved that the Turcos had intended to sell the pig. Next day, as the grey streaks of morn were stealing o'er the camp, the two plunderers were shot, not for stealing the pig, but for having committed the theft with intent to sell it. It was well known by the officers that the men were miserably fed, and although they formally opposed the system, I have often heard them say—"This soup would be better with a few carrots and turnips in it, and the flavour of an old hen would mightily improve its quality." In fact the captain of the company X prided himself on having "Vieux troopiers" (old troopers) who could manage to live in hard times.

The month of August passed away, having brought with it little but heavy drill, short rations, and long marches. When, however, Gambetta assumed the ministry of war, and, like another Carnot, endeavoured to organise victory from afar, orders arrived at Bourges, to move the Legion to the front, as the

advance guard of the young Army of the Loire. The marching orders were accompanied by a new staff of officers, who, for some inexplicable cause, were to replace the old ones. Thus the captains became lieutenants, and these in turn were offered the positions of non-commissioned officers. Few put up with the change without murmurs. We, Irishmen, were sorry to hear that O'Donovan had lost his grade, but he, like a true soldier, took it very calmly, remarking "it was but the fortune of war, and he could fight as well with his countrymen as a private." The rank of sergeant-major he declined.

We were squatted round our camp-fire one evening, discussing the sudden change, when the cry of attention was given. Every man sprung to his feet in an instant, and saluted the colonel, whose presence was thus announced. The now ex-lieutenant, O'Donovan, accompanied him, and through his interpretation, the gallant Colonel Barbier informed us that he was glad to hear that the Irish section of the Legion had so soldierly-like acquiesced in the change which the new government had thought fit to make. No doubt it was mortifying to lose distinction, but to win battles was the object of the Legion, and discipline and good order had ever been the guides of brave men. With some complimentary remarks on our past conduct, the old veteran departed, and continued his visit to the other companies in the field. O'Donovan remained, and I must confess that we hardly felt content at seeing him deprived of his lieutenancy, though he himself appeared to be thoroughly reconciled to the change.

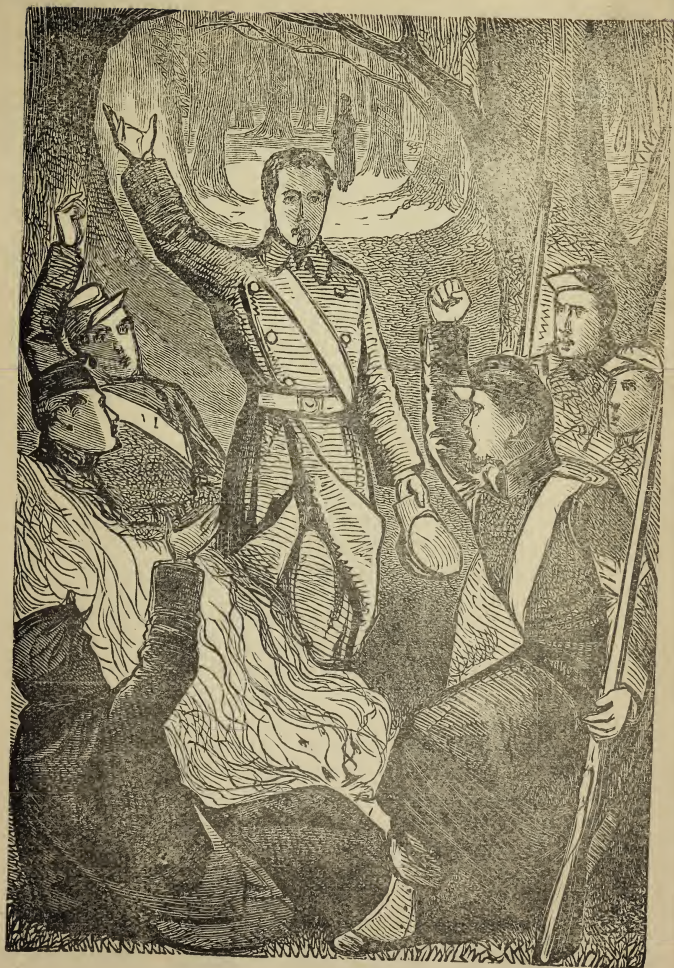
But soon all murmuring ceased, and "Vive la the Old Brigade" resounded through the air. Towards midnight the first call of "*l'extinction du feu*" was sounded, when O'Donovan rose to his feet and said—"Get up, boys, for we all may not meet again; and before we part there is one thing we must not leave undone. I give you the toast—'Our own dear land,

and Erin's honour.' " We quaffed it in silence, whilst memory traversed the past, and imagination pictured the future. "Come, come," said O'Donovan, "stern resolves must be our theme. We are but a handful of Ireland's sons, and we are surrounded by old and veteran troops, whose bravery has been tried in the Crimea, Italy, Mexico, and Algiers. Our courage is Celtic, and brooks no rival. Therefore, I propose an Irish oath." "Bravo," we all cried, "the men in the gap are ready." "It is this, then," said he, "we swear to be first in the fight, and last out, and should we fall, it shall be where Irishmen fall, nearest the foe."

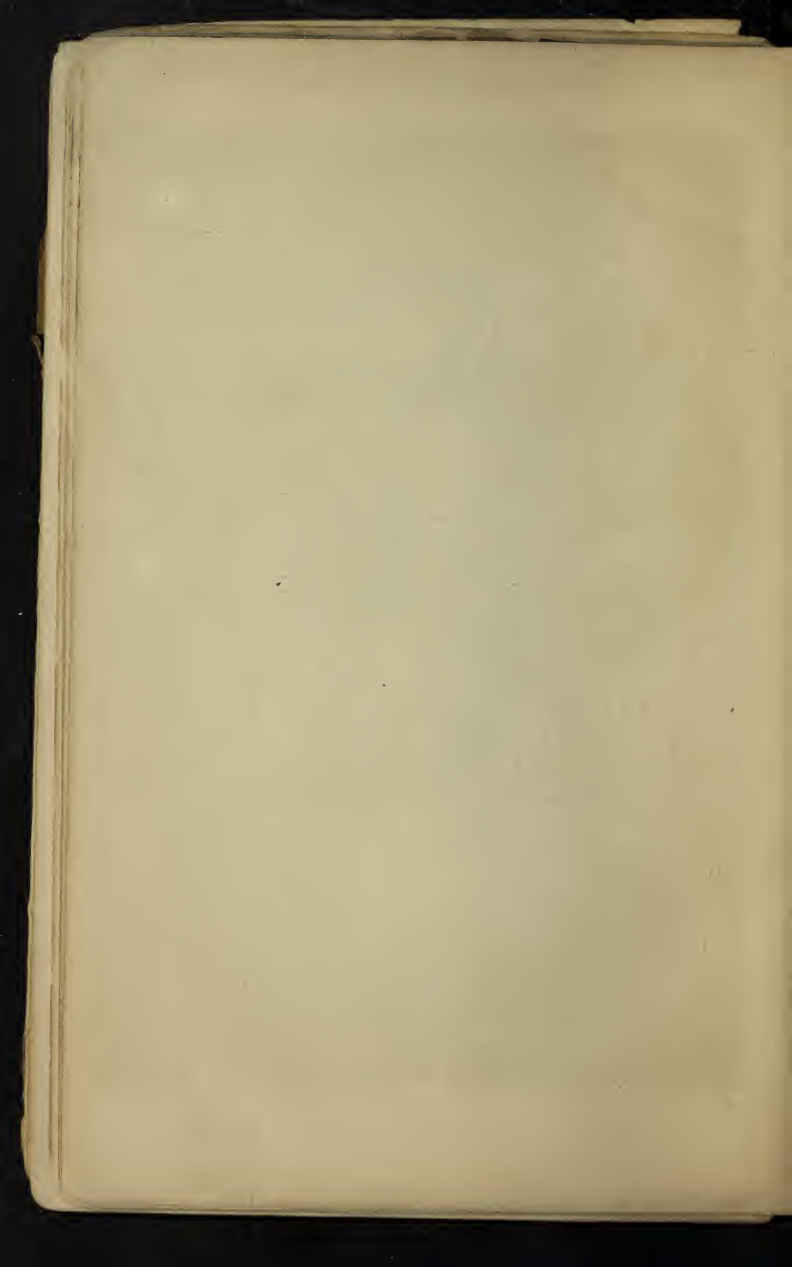
In a moment every man was on his feet. The bayoneted muskets were snatched from their pile, and crossing blades, the compact was sealed by every man repeating "nearest the foe." For a few seconds a solemn silence prevailed, and we looked in one another's faces to see but stern resolution. In those few seconds the honour of Ireland alone was uppermost in our hearts, and we had sworn to uphold it in its niche of fame, first among the foremost. We little dreamed how soon and how faithfully we should fulfil that vow. We numbered some forty around that camp-fire, and in a few short days thirty lay in their soldier-graves, and they died with their faces to their foes, and with their country's honour engraven on their hearts.

The rest of the evening was devoted to song and to tales of the troublesome times on the hill-sides of Ireland, and the awkward hours many had spent in British dungeons. There is a striking resemblance between the songs of Poland and Ireland. The history of the two countries is not very dissimilar. Both are intensely Catholic. Both are enchained in slavery. Both have struggled gloriously in the fight for freedom, yet the manacles of oppression are still rivetted on them. Bravery and light-heartedness are characteristic of the two nations, and it is providentially wise





THE CAMP FIRES.



that it is so, for without this elasticity of spirit and national daring the dregs of slavery would ere this have been drained to the dregs. It is not too sanguine to hope that the dawn of liberty's day is not far distant for two nations that, despite their past defeats—their consequent sufferings—have still the manhood and the courage to declare their inalienable right to self-government. On the night that witnessed our vow, we were joined by some Poles, attracted by the plaintive airs of our country, and in a short time we were staunch comrades, and in turn, we chorussed the songs of our respective countries. Most of our Polish comrades were veterans of three campaigns. The Crimea, Africa, and Italy had witnessed their heroism. Their breasts glittered with medals. Many of them had been in Russian prisons for having dared to rise in the last insurrection against the Czar. Some of them had fought side by side with the Irish brigade at Castelfidardo and Spoleto, against the Italian hordes that robbed the Roman Pontiff. What wonder was it then that men of two different nationalities, but so resembling each other in history, religion, and in their aspirations for freedom, should, in the camp-fires of liberty-giving France, unite in brotherhood. On that night our friendship was born, grew to ripeness, and was afterwards cemented in the rivalry of soldierly bravery. From that night the camp-fire of the Irish and Poles were one, and though few of us were at home in language, we were expressive in actions of comradeship, prompted by the heart and mind, from which the lips receive their inspiration.

Next morning, four companies started as our advance guard, and towards mid-day the Legion was *en route* to the front. For several days we made forward marches, and at length our out-posts felt the German lines. We seldom passed a day without encountering the ubiquitous Uhlans, and in most cases we fell back on our centre, or evaded them by flank movements. From the time we neared the

German troops, our camp-fires only blazed at times when the inner man was to be considered. At night time, when the autumn winds were piercing and when rain made darkness more cheerless, we missed the glow and warmth of crackling and burning timber, and many a time have we grouped ourselves back to back, and thus passed away the long black hours between sunset and sunrise. As days wore on our numbers decreased. One by one the hand of a Uhlan or the needle-gun carried off a comrade. Some were picked off at the outposts in the grey of morning and no comrade saw them die or consoled them in their agonies of pain. At last we began to dread the night, for we feared to learn how some one dear to us was missing. I remember well one evening in the early part of October, we were far enough removed from the enemies lines to admit of fires, and the word was passed round that at X Company's fires we should meet and pass the evening. Twenty eight only were mustered. We were somewhat sad, for the day before we had a smart brush with some Uhlans and Bavarians, and our losses were serious. O'Donovan, our recognised chief, was ill from an attack of dysentery, but had managed to creep from the ambulance tents to his comrades. In a few moments our losses were enumerated. The night before the engagement the Legion had received news of the appearance of five Uhlans in the village of St. Roche, which meant that on the following morning the village was to be occupied by the Germans. By a night march some five hundred of our men reached the neighbourhood of the village, and taking a detour movement, marched some four miles beyond it. and occupied some thickly wooded country in skirmishing order. The remainder of the Legion arrived at the village just as the day was breaking. The advance guard of the Uhlans retired and rested upon some three hundred others, who in turn were supported by a column of Bavarian infantry. The Legion in front pressed on and drove the Uhlans



and Bavarians back, whilst their rear was harassed and threatened by a steady musketry fire from our sharpshooters. The infantry took to the wooded country but were cut to pieces from front to rear. The cavalry attempted a dash and were attacked in front and rear by companies. With a daring gallantry they endeavoured to break through, but suffered terribly in the attempt. Most of them were unhorsed and some fifty of them were taken prisoners. We managed to detain them and their horses but not without serious losses, for fresh forces soon came up, and with the aid of a few field pieces compelled us to abandon the roads and take to the cover of the woods. In this dilemma we shot the horses, and it was with great difficulty we retained our prisoners. We were hotly pursued all day, and during the night we were compelled to make another forced march to avoid capture ourselves. In that short engagement the Legion had lost some two hundred men, and seven Irishmen had fallen.

Towards the middle of October we were moved to Circotte, there to defend the right flank of the 1st and 3rd corps of the Loire Army. The French lost the battle, and fighting we retreated to Arthenay. Again the fortunes of war was against us and we cut our way to Orleans. It was night when we reached it and we were glad of the shelter of a city. From the time we had exchanged shots with the Germans we had slept beneath the canopy of heaaven, with the ploughed ridge for our pillow, and our great coats for our covering. Latterly the weather had been inclement and the biting east winds had not spared us. Sleeping in the sloughs of pasture land is not conducive to health, and our wretched commiseriat had scarcely left much flesh on the bones. The dirty and soiled red pantaloons were anything but gay looking, and the inhabitants of the city of Joan of Arc were somewhat alarmed to see some 1,500 men camped in one of their handsomest boulevards.

However, we were supplied with plenty of timber, and soon enormous fires began to light up the scene. The history of the Legion soon spread, and creature comforts began to pour in on us. During the night however, the camp was consigned, (that is, there was neither exit from or entrance to it) and sleep overcame the tired Legionaries. The rest was short, for towards 4 a.m. on the following morning we were again under arms. The sight that met the drowsy eyes of the Legionaries was anything but cheerful. Long trains of disabled artillery were being dragged along. Broken mitrailleuses were being borne to the rear on empty ammunition wagons. Riderless horses were strung together and slowly moved along. Immense trains of ambulance carts, too well peopled, were jolted along by oxen. Carts piled with decrepid old women were dragged over the pavements. Old men with bundles on their backs trudged by the cart side. Weeping mothers carried babies in their arms, whilst sobbing children clung to their skirts, and formed a strange contrast to mounted aide-de-camps who darted to and fro. It was evident the Prussians were near. The red glare of our camp-fires sent a lurid light on the motley masses as they passed by, and the children of Israel going into the land of bondage could not have presented a more sorrowful picture than these French peasants fleeing before the hated presence of the German invader.

Suddenly the booming of cannon sounded close at hand. "Aux armes," was rung out by the buglers and in a few moments the Legion was in column. Filing past General Motte-de-Rouge and his staff, we marched to and through the Rue Banniers. Here we found scattered sections of Line Regiments, Chasseurs, and Gardes Mobiles, all in wild retreat. The coming of the Legion rallied them, and filing to right and left by company at a point where two roads meet, we deployed in skirmishing order through the vineyards. Just as X company was filing to the left, the com-

mandant was pierced in the neck by two bullets, and fell from his horse. I thought it very rash of him to move on horseback so near a thick line of hostile skirmishers.

The Bavarians—for such they proved to be—were in excellent position; but despite this and the fearful odds, we managed to drive them back, and soon advanced into more open country. Here on our left were some companies of Pontifical Zouaves; on our right a few Chasseurs and some companies of Line regiments; the two latter the debris of the fight at Arthenay, and covering our flanks were the Gardes Mobiles. Artillery and cavalry we had none. Now I could understand our position. We were covering the retreat of Motte de-Rouge, and his corps d'armee; but why were we kept the previous night for five hours in camp, and two hours on the boulevard at Orleans, instead of putting us to the front at once and thus enabling us to have taken up a good position. Alternately losing and gaining ground, we fought desperately in the open until about 3 p.m. Whenever we had a chance to meet the Bavarians at the bayonet's point we drove them back; but their artillery made great havoc amongst us, we having no guns to reply with, and their shells falling fast and thick rendered our exposed position untenable. What made our position worse was that the Gardes Mobiles, on being hotly pressed, gave way, and were not to be seen afterwards in any part of the field. Retreating in skirmishing order to the vineyards, and then driven thence by a front and flank fire, we took up our positions as best we could in the roads and streets, in barns and houses, and in any vantage ground we could find. Between four and five we could distinctly hear the French retreat being sounded in our rear, but our officers ordered us not to move, unless forward. Meanwhile the streets and roads were being literally swept with cannon, and the houses began to fall about our heads. Several times

the men proposed to erect barricades in the streets and roads to protect ourselves from the sweeping artillery fire, but the officers would by no means listen to the proposal. By this time the Germans had, after a fierce struggle, taken the railway, and thus our right was perfectly unprotected and even destroyed. Officers led us they knew not where until half the men were massacred, and then ordered retrograde and flank movements. Thus matters went on till dusk, when we found the remnants of the Legion, with two lieutenants only, halted on the bridge that crosses the railway cutting at the extreme end of the Rue des Banniers or its continuation. Here we determined to make our last stand. Dark columns of the enemy began to pour down upon us, but were at first repulsed at the bayonet point. Further than the end of the bridge we dare not move. However, cannon and shell soon drove us to the town side of it, but not before the bridge was covered with the slain. Here, crouching to the earth we lay for half an hour, springing to our feet and our bayonets whenever the cannon ceased and they tried to take the position by a charge. The houses in flames at our back shed a lurid glare on the small handful of the Legion, and we became excellent targets for skirmishers who had descended the railway cutting and climbed to the opposite summit. Suddenly from our rear a sharp musketry fire was opened on us, and turning round, we recognised a strong Bavarian column. Fire in front, fire on our flanks, and fire on our rear, all was over. The remaining lieutenant gave the word "Sauve qui peut !" and scrambling on hands and feet to the left, I reached a small garden, where also the lieutenant and some twenty men had managed to reach. From this position, with a shower of bullets after us, we wandered until we reached a more quiet spot. After a short consultation, during which the lieutenant said he did not know our whereabouts, nor how to save us,



and being hotly followed by patrols, we were ordered to disperse into threes and fours and endeavour to make our way into some dwelling-houses, obtain, if we could, civilian's dress, and make the best of our way to the Loire when morning came. Endeavouring to follow up this by no means practicable advice, I and two others managed to walk into the hands of a German patrol about midnight. Being disarmed and led into the town, we became prisoners of war. Being questioned as to the number of men defending Orleans, the probable route of the retreating corps, and knowing nothing about them, we answered accordingly. Great was the Germans' surprise when we told them in answer to their questions that we were volunteers and foreigners, and belonged to the "Legion Etrangere."

We passed that night in sight of the German camp-fires, when the wassail was loud, and where bright red wines and goblets of cognac were drained in honour of victory. But though the prisoners had during the day been foes to the death, a soldier's enmity ceases with the fight, and there were men around those German camp-fires whose kindness towards us extended itself to giving us a glass of schnaps, and a cigarette, which to us was highly welcome, and our captors drank to the Legion as good soldiers. The following morning we were marched down to the Boulevard du Moulin, the very spot where we had camped on the previous morning. Here I found one or two comrades only at first, but by degrees, when all the prisoners were brought in from various quarters, we numbered something like 1,000 men. Of these 250 were of the Legion, the rest being of the Line, Chasseurs, and five or six Pontifical Zouaves. Of Gardes Mobiles there were none. These great "Marseillase" howlers had studied the geography of the locality too well, and when the fray was hottest were at a comfortable and safe distance from shot and shell. It was a great mistake

to organise bodies of troops to serve only in their own department or country, and to select officers for them by the dimensions of their purse. If the Gardes Mobiles had been drafted into the army the country would have been benefited. As it was, France had at this time some 80,000 Mobiles, but at no time were more than 10,000 attached to any corps d'armee. In most cases isolated regiments waited in their own departments for the coming of the invaders, and, as was generally the case, were compelled to retire in the face of superior numbers or else, as in the south, pass their days in expectation of a foe that never came. While thus a prisoner, I discovered that the day of the month was October the 12th, and learned that on the previous day we, with Gardes Mobiles included, had numbered only 5,000 against 45,000 under Von der Tann, with a reserve of 100,000 within one day's march. Towards midday, by some good fortune, I tumbled over O'Donovan amongst some wounded prisoners. He had been hit by a piece of shell, and being rendered senseless, was thus easily made a captive. Poor fellow, he was pale with loss of blood and want of nourishment, but by selling a useless tent sheet, we managed to get him some cognac, and the Germans kindly gave him some food. Later on Moriarty turned up, and lastly the notorious "Hawk-eye" came on our gaze, armed with a stock of provisions that vied with our German guard's in delicacy and variety. He had fallen in with a German officer who understood English and who provisioned him for a week. His gaiety was a little gone for a bullet through his leg had not been beneficial to his animal spirits. However, he soon made us cheery with some tobacco, and there between armed files of Saxons and Prussians and exactly where the embers of our camp-fires had been rekindled by our foes, we talked on our campaign, of the brave comrades who had fought by our sides and who now were "slumbering in a nameless foreign tomb." Of that

little band of Irishmen six alone remained, and these captives. As the day wore on, O'Donovan improved sufficiently to relate to us the following :—

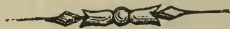
“I was in the act of picking off a huge Saxon, when a sudden crash at my side caused me to turn, I remember nothing more until I opened my eyes to see a helmeted German pouring water on my face. I had been wounded, and was evidently a prisoner. No chassepot was near me, and in the distance I could see the red kepis of my comrades moving to and fro. By degrees I became thoroughly conscious of my exact position, and another comrade, wounded also, was by my side, who I recognised as Sergeant Codilski of my own company. I was growing dark, and near us we perceived them forming an immense column of Bavarians and Prussians. Strangely enough, and to our great surprise, we were put in front of this column with four guards on each side. For an hour we marched we knew not where, until passing this very place I recognised the spot by the embers and debris of camp-fires. Right through the Rue Banniers we passed, and as we advanced we could distinctly hear a steady musketry fire. It was dark, and the column was divided and grouped its way under cover of the walls of the houses. Suddenly the street was lit up by the cannons flash and in the distance we perceived the red trousers of the French soldiery. On nearing them we could plainly see their position. Surrounded by blazing houses and their lines swept by artillery, they were for some inexplicable reason endeavouring to hold a bridge. Suddenly the cannon ceased, the column was reformed, and at the point of the bayonet we were forced forwards. Cries of “forworts” sounded in our ears. In front the French—a mere handful—turned, fired a volley or two, and fled. Fortunately neither Codilski nor myself were hit, but this cruelty and unsoldierly barbarity is worthy only of Germany.”

Just as he finished the bugles sounded the call,

and we were hurriedly marched far from where the Legion once lit their "camp-fires."

It only remains to record that during the war the 5th batallion had been decimated from 3,000 volunteers to some 300. The 4th Batallion was cut to pieces at Woerth, Gravelote, and Sedan. The 6th avenged their comrades, retook Orleans, were compelled to abandon it, covered itself with glory at Le Mans, and elsewhere. The 7th, or "Regiment Estrangere," was with Bourbaki and was ingloriously interned in Switzerland, not because it was unequal to its name, but because misfortunes had clouded the fortunes of France and the brave even must succumb to fate.

To day, however, the fame of the Legion lives in history. Prince Frederick Charles says of it—"During the Empire the finest troops were the Legion, and during the Republic the only soldiers were the Legion." The President of the French Republic won his epaulettes in the Legion. The late Marshal Neil gained his captaincy in the Legion. Bourbaki commanded the Legion, and most of the noted generals of France have gone through the "ordeal of fire" of the Legion, whose place in the fight is in the front and whose post on retreat is in the rear, and whose glories will yet live to be sung at many victorious "CAMP FIRES."



How the celebrated war terminated so disastrously for France is now a matter of history, although the prompt manner in which the monstrous war debt imposed by Germany was cleared off, shows what immense and unlooked for resources the defeated nation possessed, and how great was her recuperative power. In no country is the wish stronger than in Ireland



that she may soon again regain her former proud position among the nations. From the very outbreak of the war, the sympathies of our country were warmly with France. When victory seemed at any time to alight on her banners, Ireland rejoiced, and when crushing defeat came she mourned as if the humiliation were her own. Were she a nation she would gladly have drawn her sword and stood by the side of her great Celtic sister. As it was, had facilities been afforded them, there is no doubt but that many thousands of young Irishmen, burning with the martial ardour of their race, would have thrown themselves into the struggle, for there is always a latent desire in their breasts to learn the art of war, together with a feeling that some day the knowledge so gained may be used in a cause dearer still to them. The comparatively few Irishmen who fought in the late war sustained the ancient reputation of their fathers. Besides those who served in the Foreign Legion there was a company which was distinctively Irish, and commanded by Captain Kirwan. The men were some of those who had volunteered for the ambulance service, which was raised by subscription in Ireland, equipped in the most perfect manner, and presented to the French nation. On arriving in France however, there were more men than were required for the ambulance duties, and at once these volunteered for the more active duty of soldiers, which was evidently more congenial to their feelings. It was thought that afterwards the company would have developed into a regiment, and even into a brigade, and no doubt, had the movement commenced at an earlier period of the war, such would have been the case. Indeed, notwithstanding the obstacles which the Foreign Enlistment Act presented to such a movement, agents of the French Government, fully alive to the value of the soldiers Irishmen would make, were in this country and had made extensive arrangements for sending large numbers of men to France,

when the capitulation of Paris and the subsequent treaty of peace put an end to their negotiations. The Irish Ambulance Corps did their errand of mercy well, and wherever they appeared they earned the benediction of the French people and cemented still more strongly that cordial feeling which has always existed between the two nations. Their comrades who formed the Irish company shared in the vicissitudes of the French army and ultimately under Bourbaki struck the last blow which the German invaders received on French soil. Their leader, the gallant Captain Kirwan, has written and very lately published a very interesting account of the part which he and his comrades took in the campaign.



# HUGH O'NEILL.

THE

## GREAT ULSTER CHIEFTAIN,

By "SLIEVE DONARD."

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### CHAPTER I.—TANISTRY AND FEUDALISM.

**W**HEN the great Hugh O'Neill appeared on the scene of Irish history it was at a time when the old Brehon laws of Ireland and the Feudalism introduced by the Anglo-Normans were struggling for the mastery. It will, therefore throw some light on the career of this great soldier, if we take a rapid view of the condition of Ireland about this time.

Unfortunately then, and indeed from the time of the invasion, the feeling of clanship was generally far more powerful than the spirit of nationality, or the rule of the stranger might have been, over and over again, swept from Irish soil. Thus, while what should have been the common Saxon enemy attacked the O'Connors, the O'Briens perchance stood idly by as though it mattered not to them how much Connaught was ravaged so long as Thomond was inviolate. Nay, one Irish chief would frequently seek, as at the first the false Diarmid McMurrough did, the aid of the stranger to harass a neighbouring sept. On the other hand, a similar state of things existed to some

extent among the descendants of the invaders. In the course of time also they became so attached to the genial and kindly customs of the old Irish, that they were in reality more like Irish chieftains than feudal Norman nobles, until it became said of them that they were "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

Henry VIII., on assuming the title of King of Ireland, cut at the root of this state of things when he proclaimed his determination to assimilate the laws and institutions of Ireland to those of England. Towards this end many of the Irish chiefs who had attended the Parliament held in Dublin on the feast of Corpus Christi, 1541, whereat the Kingship of Ireland was formally conveyed to the English monarch, were rewarded with English titles of honour. These titles conveyed with them the ownership of the soil over which they formerly ruled as Irish chieftains, in spite of the fact that the Brehon law of Tanistry gave no such absolute ownership to the chieftain; every member of a free clan being as truly a proprietor of the tribe-land as the chief himself. In this way, Con (Bacagh) O'Neill, was created by Henry "Earl of Tyrone," and at the same time his illegitimate son Ferodach, or Mathew, was made "Baron of Dungannon," with the reversion of the Earldom.

The proud spirit of Shane O'Neill, the legitimate son of Con, could not brook this bartering of the rights of his clansmen for Saxon honours. Accordingly when he came of age he deposed his father, thrust aside the "Baron of Duugannon," and proudly received at the hands of the sept the title of The O'Neill. Although his career was marked by excesses, the enormity of which may have been exaggerated—for he who struggles for Ireland is sure to have maligners—he had also noble qualities. The haughty Shane was one who held high the banner in that fight which has lasted seven hundred years. Of him John Savage



has sung—

He was "turbulent" with traitors—he was haughty with the foe—

He was "cruel" say ye Saxons? Ay! he dealt ye blow for blow!

He was "rough" and "wild," and who's not wild to see his hearth-stone razed?

He was "merciless as fire"—ay, ye kindled him—he blazed!

He was "proud;" yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung away

Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking spray.

He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay, and preached it till Tyrone

Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red Hands to clutch their own."

Whatever his faults may have been he was pre-eminently Irish in heart and while he reigned in Ulster his name was a terror to the Saxon foe, from the day when on the rath of Tullogh-Oge he was "girt by his clan," until by the treachery of those who feared to measure swords with him in the field his bloody death was compassed

On the death of Shane, Turlogh Lynnough O'Neill, who was the grandson of, Art Oge, a younger brother of Con the first "Earl of Tyrone," was elected by his clansmen to be The O'Neill. The Lord Deputy, Sidney, however, so soon caused him to submit to the Queen's authority that it was very apparent he was no fit successor to "Shane the Proud."

#### CHAPTER II.—ENGLISH EARL OR IRISH CHIEF—WHICH?



HE clansmen of Tyrone looked long in vain for a true O'Neill, but little did they think of seeking at the court of the crafty Elizabeth for a leader worthy of them. Yet so it was to be, and in the person of Hugh, son of Mathew, Baron of Dungannon, who was receiving his training in the English court, Ulster in after years hailed as her chief,

one of the ablest statesmen and soldiers Ireland ever produced. Hugh O'Neill was an apt student in all that was to be learnt in the most intriguing court of Europe, and in his after career he knew well how to foil his opponents with the very arts they themselves had taught him. He was a prime favourite with the sagacious yet vain Elizabeth, Queen of England, who with her councillors, looked upon the accomplished young Irish noble as a fitting instrument to be used as a scourge to his country. He was trained also to be a skilful soldier, and, long years after, when he bore the Red Hand banner of his race triumphantly over Erin, his masters in the art of war must have acknowledged that their pupil did them credit. His powers ripened with his years and he continued to be to all appearance a "Queen's O'Neill," as Irish chiefs in his position were named.

In this capacity we find him in Ireland, commanding, among the force beseiging Smerwick in 1580, a squadron of cavalry in the service of Queen Elizabeth. Later on, in 1584, he was still a soldier of the Queen of England, fighting under Perrot and Norris against the Antrim Scots. Peter Lombard describes him as being admirably fitted by nature for desultory warfare and hazardous exploits. Patient, hardy, spirited, vigilant, athletic, temperate, and valiant, he was capable of enduring extreme privations without a murmur. In 1585 for his services he obtained the title of "Earl of Tyrone" which had been conferred on his grandfather, Con O'Neill. He was now in high favour with England, being permitted when he took up his abode at Dungannon to keep up a standing array of six companies of troops. In the meantime, although he had as yet shown no sign, he being now in the prime of life, must all along have been torn by conflicting feelings. Surely with that great Irish heart of his, notwithstanding his English training, he for long years must have silently and patiently watched for the day when he could strike a sure and final blow

at Ireland's oppressors. Although at first we find him simply asserting himself as an Ulster chieftain before he burst fully forth into the glorious character of the champion of his faith and country, it is but natural to suppose that, though even for a time he may not have seen where his path of duty lay, gifted with a mind, a heart, and powers such as his, he must have sketched out years before the splendid part he was destined to play in Irish history.

However this may have been it is certain that he had not long resided at Dungannon, until the ever watchful eyes in Dublin Castle began to see danger in the growing intimacy between the "Earl of Tyrone" and the neighbouring septs. They also could not but have heard that he had by degrees dismissed his six companies of soldiers, replacing them with his own clansmen, who, according as they became trained to the use of arms, in turn made room for others; his followers being thus evidently prepared for some great enterprise. Fynes Morison also says that he imported large quantities of lead ostensibly to roof his castle of Dungannon, but in reality to afford materials for bullets. Nay, more, within a year of his receiving his English Earldom, he aspired to what would now seem to him a far higher and prouder title, The O'Neill.

The quick witted Ulster clansmen soon saw that the subtle Hugh only sought the first favourable opportunity to fling his Saxon titles to the winds, and right joyfully did they, according to the ancient law of Tanistry—he being of the royal blood of Ulster—elect him to fill the place he so dearly coveted. Then came the day that filled Ulster—Ireland with hope, and with it a scene which is thus described by Thomas Davis:—

"Come look on the pomp, when they "make an O'Neill"  
The muster of dynasts—O'h-Again, O'Shiadhail,  
O'Cathain, O'h-Anluain, O'Bhrislein, and all,  
From gentle Aird Uldh to rude Dun na n-gall.

O'Neill having married a daughter of Sir Hugh O'Donnell, the intimacy thus brought about between these two noble Ulster septs was viewed with jealousy in England. This feeling became none the less from the knowledge that there was springing up into manhood in the halls of Tyrconnell, one of the purest, bravest, and ablest names that have brightened the pages of Irish history, Red Hugh, the eldest son of Sir Hugh O'Donnell. The youth, as yet only fifteen years of age, displayed so many noble qualities that he was idolised by his own clansmen and his fame was spread far beyond the bounds of Tyrconnell.

This seemed so much of a menace to English power, that by order of Sir John Perrot he was, with others of his companions, treacherously entrapped aboard a vessel laden with wines sent to the shores of Lough Swilly as though coming from Spain. Deceived by the apparent hospitality of the master of the vessel, the youths remained aboard until, before they were aware of it, or any alarm could be given, they were borne away from the shores of Donegal and conveyed to Dublin ; where for five years they were kept in captivity.

CHAPTER III. THE ULSTER CONFEDERACY—THE RE-  
HAND DISPLAYED—TRIUMPHS OF O'NEILL.



IT may well be imagined that Hugh O'Neill when he heard of the abduction of the young chief of Tyrconnell, must have been indignant at such treachery. He, however, knew from his own experience that if he made any sign just yet he had in England a powerful and unscrupulous foe who would stop at no means of crushing an opponent. For



the present then, much though it may have galled his proud spirit, it was craft that must be used against craft until the time would come when he thought himself strong enough to grapple with the enemy.

In the meantime he was closely watched, and it was plain to be seen that although he still affected to be keeping within the bounds of English law, and acting simply as "Earl of Tyrone," he showed in various ways that he was also determined to assert amongst the neighbouring chieftains something of the sovereignty which his ancestors had exercised in Ulster.

Hugh na Gimleach (of the fetters) son of Shane-andiomaish, having accused O'Neill to the English Government of having in 1590, aided the shipwrecked crews of the Spanish Armada, and of having formed an alliance with their nation, the chieftain of Tyrone had him seized, tried, and hanged as a common felon. This was considered in England and in Dublin a very high handed proceeding. O'Neill himself must also have felt convinced that he had committed a rash action, for in May, 1590, he went to London to state his case in person. On arriving there he was at first imprisoned, but finding it the most politic course to make submission, he returned to Ireland, apparently again taken into favour. The conditions were indeed hard ones, for in July, 1591, he agreed that his territory should be formed into a county, subdivided into eight baronies, with Dungannon for shire-town and site of the gaol.

About this time, his wife being dead, he married the sister of Marshal Bagnal, and thereby incurred that commander's lasting enmity.

During the five weary years of the captivity of young Hugh O'Donnell, O'Neill did not forget him, and used every effort to aid his escape, which was at length happily accomplished in Christmas week, 1572. The noble youth was joyfully welcomed at Duugannon

by Hugh O'Neill, who now that the fiery young soldier was at length free on his native hills, must have felt that with such an ally the coming day of freedom was at length about to dawn. Early in the following year, his father having retired from the leadership of the sept, Red Hugh O'Donnell was duly proclaimed the chief of the clan, from the ancient mound of Kilmacrenan.

On the arrival of Sir William Russell in Ireland in the summer of 1594, O'Neill appeared for the last time in the city of Dublin. So far he had always contrived to outwit and baffle his enemies, but on this occasion matters had become so serious for him that to escape arrest he had to retire precipitately to Dungannon.

He could now no longer hope to lull England into false security, and when he heard of the attack made upon his friend, Feach MacHugh O'Byrne in his Wicklow fastnesses, he took it as the signal for action. The famous Ulster confederacy which he had been secretly building up now openly took the field. Peter Lombard, the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, at this period tells us in this year, 1595, Hugh O'Neill having formed an alliance with the various other branches of the O'Neills, O'Donnells, Magennises, MacMahons, MacDonels, and O'Cahans, was appointed leader of their joint forces. The first act of hostility was to storm Portmore, built on the verge of the Blackwater and commanding O'Neill's territory. Alarmed by this movement, one of the most experienced of England's generals, Sir John Norris, was sent to put down the confederacy. O'Neill considered that Dungannon could not hold out against a regular siege, dismantled the town and took from it every article of value. Norris after reconnoitring the entrenched camp near Dungannon of the foe he had been sent out to crush, returned to Newry.

Meanwhile Red Hugh O'Donnell carried the war

into Annally O'Farrell, (now Longford), scattering the Saxon foe like chaff before him. With resistless impetuosity he then swept into Connaught, driving out the undertakers tenants from Boyle to Ballymore, and pursuing them up to the gates of Tuam. Returning homeward he reduced Sligo, defeated Sir Richard Bingham, and was welcomed back to Tyrconnell in triumph.

O'Neill also pursued the war with vigour and laid siege to Armagh, which Norris attempted to victual but was beaten with heavy losses. O'Neill and O'Donnell now joined their forces and besieged Monaghan, which was thrice taken and retaken in this campaign.

O'Sullivan, the Catholic historian of the period, to whom succeeding generations have been indebted for a truthful narrative of these stirring times, gives an account of a thrilling single combat in which the chieftain of Tyrone was engaged near that town.

The British army, under General Norris, had endeavoured to force a pass at Cluain T'bhair, (the Lawn of the Spring,) at a little distance from Monaghan. O'Neill's troops, separated from their opponents by the confluent waters of surrounding marshes, defended the strait, or shallow through which the English were to pass. Norris, baffled in repeated efforts to beat back his vigilant enemy, rallied his troops and rushed forward at their head to the conflict: but the general's horse, struck with a bullet, fell dead beneath him. His brother, Thomas Norris, and the commander himself were wounded in the heat of the battle.

Meanwhile Sedgrave, a Meathian officer, a man of great bodily strength and great prowess, galloped impetuously forward at the head of a troop of cavalry, and made good his passage across the ford. O'Neill met him in mid career, and the spears of the two champions were shivered on their armour. But Sedgrave, with desperate valour, seized his adversary by the neck and

dragged him from his horse. O'Neill also firmly grasped his enemy, and the warriors fell struggling to the earth. The Irish chief was undermost, and the contending armies already deemed him slain, when he thrust his dagger into Sedgrave's groin beneath his mail, and killed him in a moment. Norris's troops, dispirited by the issue of this single combat, retired from the combat in dismay.

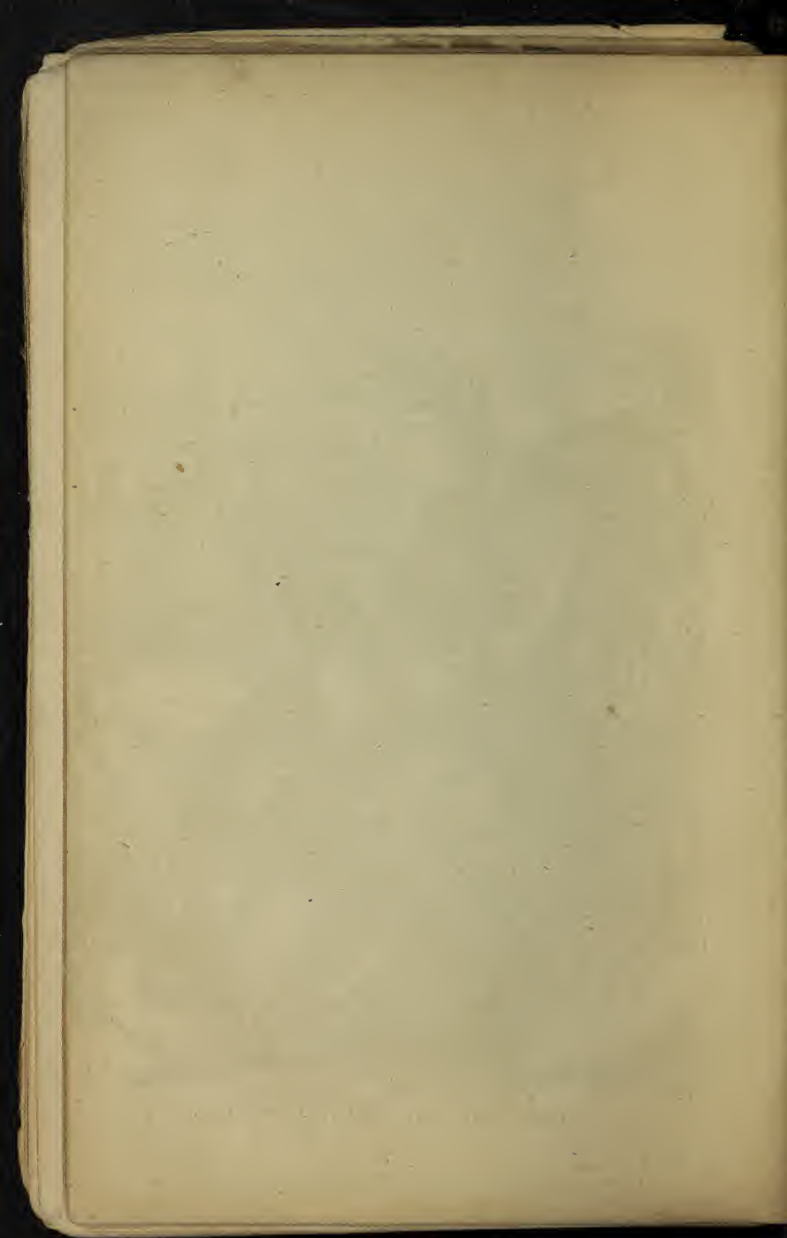
After the Lord Deputy's return to Dublin and the termination of the truce, the military affairs of Ulster were committed to the care of General Norris, who, in the year 1596, had stationed a considerable corps at the church of Kiloter. O'Neill, who viewed with horror the city of Armagh, which he held sacred on account of its founder, garrisoned by enemies to the Catholic faith, determined to make a grand effort to regain that important place. He therefore assailed the British forces with such desperate valour, that he compelled them to retire in confusion. He pursued them to Armagh, and slew many of Norris's troops in the fight. The English commander, as he passed through the city, left five hundred men under Francis Stafford for its protection, and withdrew to Dundalk.

O'Neill, master of the field of battle and of the whole adjacent country, took effectual measures to prevent all communication betwixt the town and the English army. Famine and disease soon reduced Stafford's little corps, as well as the inhabitants of Armagh to a most deplorable situation. Norris, anxious to relieve the garrison, forwarded a quantity of provisions from Dundalk, under an escort of three companies of foot and a squadron of horse. O'Neill surprised, defeated, and captured the convoy by night, and having stripped the British soldiers of their dress, he equipped an equal number of his own troops in their uniforms. With these men, thus disguised, he marched in the obscurity of the night,





COMBAT BETWEEN O'NEILL AND SEDGRAVE



to the ruined monastery on the eastern side of the city, in whose dark recesses one corps, under Con O'Neill lay in ambush. Hugh O'Neill, with the remainder, appeared at the dawn of day, in full view of the garrison. Here a sham fight commenced betwixt the troops who wore the British uniform and another body of O'Neill's army. The men on each side fired their guns, which were only charged with powder, and here and there soldiers fell to the ground as if smitten by the shot of their antagonists. Stafford deceived by this *ruse de guerre*, sent forth the half of the garrison to the aid of his supposed compatriots. When these men had advanced to the conflict, they were astonished to find themselves assailed by the troops whom they had been so eager to succour, as well as by the Ulster chieftain's forces. Con O'Neill also sprang forth at the head of his corps, from his ambuscade in the ruined monastery, and attacked them in the rear. The English detachment thus surrounded, was massacred in the very view of the garrison. Stafford, weakened by this disaster, surrendered the city and was permitted to retire with the residue of his troops to Dundalk.

While the arms of the confederated chieftains were thus successful, O'Neill considered that until they gained more strength it was his best policy to affect still to be anxious to make terms with England. In this way he misled the English court so far that commissioners were sent to treat with him as to the terms upon which he was again to be taken into the royal favour. But to their surprise he did not seem in any haste to meet them, and the mirth of Hugh O'Neill, who, like most Irishmen, seems to have been fond of a good joke, must have been greatly excited at the anxiety the Commissioners displayed in trying to get him to come and make his submission.

Meanwhile the resistless young chieftain of Donegal who preferred the sword to diplomacy, continued to

strike terror into the English forces in Connaught and their Irish allies.

In Leinster too, the power of the national confederacy made itself felt in the brilliant achievement of Richard Tyrrell, who, with a much smaller force, cut off a detachment of 1,000 men of the English army in an ambuscade, at a place since called Tyrrell's Pass, in Westmeath ; and it is said that only one man of the enemy escaped to relate the disaster.

Simultaneously, the Lord Deputy who had marched northwards to confront O'Neill himself, met the redoubtable Irish chieftain at Drumflugh, and sustained at his hands a crushing defeat and a wound of which he died in a few days at Newry.

The English now became so alarmed at these successes, and dreading every day to hear of the landing of a strong Spanish force, concluded that it would be their wisest course to make terms with O'Neill at any price. Accordingly, shortly before Christmas, 1597, Ormond, now the Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by the Earl of Thomond, attended only by their personal followers, visited Dungannon, and remained three days in conference with O'Neill and O'Donnell.

The Irish chiefs demanded freedom of worship, and the recognition of the power attached to their ancient rank, and on the other hand they would admit sheriffs, providing they were natives. In April 1598, the Queen affixed the great seal to O'Neill's pardon (!) but that wary diplomatist still seemed determined to indulge his humour at the expense of the Saxon, for he evaded the royal messenger who followed him with his pardon until the truce expired, and he found himself, having gained the time required, in a better condition than before to commence hostilities against the enemy.

It now became evident to England that a strong effort must be made to crush the rising power of the



Irish chieftains. Accordingly a formidable expedition was put into the field, under the command of the Irish chieftain's bitterest enemy.

Bagnall, at the head of a well-appointed army of four thousand five hundred foot, and four hundred horse, composed of veteran British troops and of Irish auxiliaries, prepared to relieve Portmor. To oppose this formidable force, O'Neill had formed a junction with the O'Donnel, MacGuire of Fermanagh, and MacWilliam, who commanded a body of Connacian troops. Their joint forces formed an efficient corps of four thousand five hundred foot and six hundred horse. Bagnall marched from Armagh just before sunrise, on the morning of Monday, August 14th, 1598. His spear-men were divided into three corps. The wings consisting of musketeers and cavalry followed, at a little distance; and the air, pure and serene, resounded with the clangor of trumpets and drums, and with the shrill tones of the fife (*tibia*). The army passed unmolested over a level and open tract of ground. About seven o'clock, they entered a narrow pass where trees and thickets were thinly scattered over the surface of the land. Here O'Neill had advantageously stationed five hundred active and lightly armed youths, who protected by the trees, poured in volleys of shot upon the British troops. In this desultory warfare, Bagnall's army experienced considerable loss, yet he succeeded in forcing his way, till he arrived at a large plain, which extended even to O'Neill's camp. But at the very entrance into the plain, the wily Irish chieftain had dug pitfalls and trenches, which he had carefully covered with a network of wattles, whose surface was strewn over with herbage. Many of the British cuirassiers, fearless of danger, and galloping precipitate'y into these invisible fosses were desperately bruised or maimed. Undaunted by the success of this stratagem, Bagnall, at the head of his troops, pushed right forward into the open

plain. Here a desperate but desultory conflict took place betwixt the British cuirassiers and the Irish light-armed troops. The cuirassiers, furnished with spears six cubits in length, which rested on the right thigh, made ponderous charges, when they were able to assail the foe hand to hand. O'Neill's light troops were armed with even longer spears, which they grasped in the middle with their hands, whilst the weapons rested on their right shoulders. These they used with advantage when a favourable opportunity occurred. Bagnall was repeatedly arrested in his progress, by these men, and was necessitated to fight his way with toilsome perseverance, till he arrived, about eleven o'clock, at a short distance from O'Neill's camp, within about three miles of Armagh. Here the plain was skirted, on one side, by a marsh, on the other by moor and a wood, and thus narrowed to a strait. Across this strait, O'Neill had thrown up a rampart of four feet high, and had sunk a fosse of considerable depth. The ground, in front of the mound, was moist with turbid waters, which flowed from the marshes, and hence the place was called *Beal na ath Buidhe*, "the mouth of the yellow ford."

The British commander made the most desperate and persevering efforts to surmount these obstacles, whilst O'Neills troops defended the pass with the most determined valour. In the very tempest of the fight a quantity of gunpowder was ignited in the English ranks, through the rashness and unskilfulness of a gunner. Many of the troops were blown into the air, and many thrown into utter confusion by its sudden and awful explosion. But Bagnall having restored order and assailed O'Neill's troops with a heavy cannonade, succeeded, after various efforts, in levelling a portion of the rampart, and in beating back its defenders. Instantly two strong corps burst into the level ground, one of which attacked the right wing of the Irish army commanded by O'Neill, whilst

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the other charged the left under O'Donnell. Bagnall himself led forward a third division as a "corps de reserve." Meanwhile, the Irish light-armed troops, who had been driven back by the cannon, returned to the conflict, when they saw the two armies commixed in the fight, and engaged horse to horse—man to man. And now Marshal Bagnal, who had already deemed the victory his own, raised his beaver that he might have a fuller view of the field of battle, and be enabled to give the necessary orders with better effect. At this instant he was smitten by a musket ball and fell dead to the earth. Astounded by this unexpected event, his division fell into utter confusion and though the two other corps fought with valour, the British army was finally and totally defeated. In their rout, many of the conquered troops tumbled headlong into the fosse and were trodden to death by the fugitive cavalry.

Mælmorra O'Reilly, a renegade Irish chieftain, and Bagnal's auxiliary, made repeated efforts to rally the flying troops, and was at last slain in endeavouring to cover their retreat.

Fynes Moryson and Camden state that there fell with the Marshal thirteen valiant captains and fifteen hundred common soldiers, many of whom had served in Brittany, under General Norris. But O'Sullivan, their contemporary writer, asserts that two thousand five hundred of the queen's soldiers, twenty-three superior officers and a number of lieutenants, ensigns and sergeants were slain in the fight. Thirty-four military standards, twelve thousand pieces of gold, all the musical instruments, artillery and provisions were captured by the victors. Of O'Neill's troops two hundred were slain and six hundred wounded.

The British commander, Montagu, fled with the cavalry and the survivors of the infantry to Armagh, and took refuge in the churches of that city. He however, withdrew in confusion from that station,

during the night, closely pursued by Terence O'Hanlon at the head of O'Neill's horse.

Now was Hugh of Tyrone repaid for the long years of silent preparation which had led up to this glorious victory. The news blazed from hill—from sea to sea, until the whole heart of Ireland thrilled with tumultuous joy that the Red Hand of Ulster had stricken down the most powerful army the Saxon had as yet placed upon Irish soil.

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CHAPTER IV.—THE ULSTER CONFEDERACY BECOMES AN  
IRISH CONFEDERACY—HUGH O'NEILL SUPREME.

**I**RELAND now lifted up her heart, for the night seemed passing away before the gleam of light that streamed from the victorious sword of the Ulster chieftain.

As if moved by a single power chiefs and people arose and their tyrants were cooped in their strong places; no where daring to face in the open field the gallant people they had so cruelly wronged. Everywhere there was a disgorging of plunder. Hugh O'Donnell established himself at Ballymoate, and all Connaught was at his command. The gates of Dublin were closed and the citizens manned the walls as the fierce war cry of the Leinster clans rang in their ears. In Munster, whither O'Neill had dispatched Tyrrell and O'Moore to raise the national standard, the Irish chiefs and nobles came forth and drove out the robbers who had despoiled them, until, except in a few strong places, the power of the foreigner was everywhere crushed. By common consent, so great was the faith in his wisdom and admiration for his valour, the will of Hugh O'Neill was now supreme throughout the land, and in every



way he acted as though he were King of Ireland.

To the list of Elizabeth's commanders who had been utterly crushed by the great Northern chieftain there was destined to be added yet another, in the person of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; landing at Dublin on the fifteenth of April, 1599. He had placed at his disposal an army of 22,000 men, besides £344,000, being three-fourths of the whole of the ordinary annual revenue of England. This was the most formidable expedition ever sent into Ireland, so that it was quite evident that the whole force of England was now being put forward for a deadly struggle to regain her supremacy.

But brave a soldier as Essex undoubtedly was, he feared to come within the grasp of the dreaded Red Hand, and the Northern winds, laden with the battle cries of the Ulster clans, seemed to chill his heart, for he evidently shrank from a hostile encounter with the victor of Clontibret and the "Yellow Ford."

Instead of acting according to his instructions and directing his forces against the Northern chieftains, he set out at the head of 7,000 men towards Munster; but the men of the South, emboldened by the successes of their Ulster brethren, were ready to give Essex a warm reception, and he soon retired from Munster without reaping much glory.

In Connaught Red Hugh O'Donnell besieged the Castle of Colooney, belonging to O'Connor Sligo; almost the only Irish chief now on the English side.

The chief of Tyrconnell defeated in the Curlew Mountains the English forces sent to relieve this stronghold, Sir Conyers Clifford, their leader, being himself slain. Colooney was then yielded up and O'Connor Sligo joined the confederation.

Meanwhile Queen Elizabeth was becoming frantic at the inactivity of Essex and his splendid army, and in September sent him, along with reinforcements he had asked for, a reproachful letter.

Urged on by these upbraidings, Essex at length with a body of foot and horse, moved Northward, until he found O'Neill encamped on the north bank of the Lagan, near Anaghclart Bridge. An interview was arranged between the two leaders, and O'Neill and Essex met on horseback midway in the stream.

Neither in peace nor war was the English Earl a match for the Irish chieftain. O'Neill carried out his old policy and affected to be ready to submit to the Queen on certain terms which amounted in effect to national independance. Essex, completely won by O'Neill's representations, promised to forward these propositions to England, and agreed to a truce to the first of May following. He soon afterwards returned in disgrace to England and was ultimately, in Feb. 1601, executed in the Tower.

The truce which Hugh O'Neil, had arranged with Essex was what he most desired, as he hoped thus to gain time for the arrival of the Spanish aid which had been promised him, and which, if it had come at a more favourable time than it did, would have enabled him to free his country of English rule for ever.

The year 1600 opened most auspiciously, for we find Hugh O'Neill setting out from Ulster in January, with a train of 3,000 men, and making what was in truth a royal progress through Ireland; and surely never had monarch better right than he thus to traverse, with all the surroundings of royal state, the land redeemed by the wisdom of his brain and the prowess of his own right hand. On his way he paused to punish traitors and evildoers, passing over the expanse of Leinster, through Roscrea, and the present Templemore, until he arrived at the stately abbey of Holy Cross, where the sacred relic whence the holy pile took its name was venerated by the Ulster prince and his army.

During his progress through the South the various Munster chieftains came and paid him homage as did their ancestors to the monarchs of Ireland; receiving

where the occasion required it the necessary authority at his hand to hold the dignity of chieftains of their respective clans.

The appointment of a new deputy for Ireland of a sterner mould than Essex and other circumstances caused the great Irish leader to return to the North somewhat sooner than he had intended.

His military fame had now spread all over Europe. Nor was the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement VIII. unmindful of these struggles of a faithful Catholic nation, and his warm sympathy was testified in a gracious letter which Hugh O'Neill received soon after his arrival in Dunganon, together with a crown of phoenix feathers.

CHAPTER V.—ENGLISH CRAFT SUCCEEDS WHERE  
ENGLISH FORCE HAD FAILED—SPANISH AID COMES  
TOO LATE—O'NEILL AT BAY—EXILE AND DEATH.

**E**NGLAND now resolved to effect by force and fraud what she had failed in accomplishing by force alone. She looked about for a fitting instrument for carrying out such a policy, and soon found one.

This was Charles Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, who landed as Deputy at Howth, on the twenty-fourth of February, 1600.

He at once set about the carrying out of a plan which had before been conceived, but had in the hands of Essex failed. This was to assail Ulster both by land and sea. Dissensions were also insidiously sown amongst the Irish chieftains, and the Deputy succeeded in obtaining the services of some traitors.

He stationed troops all along the Southern border of Ulster, and planted a garrison at Lough Foyle.

The Deputy returned to Dublin satisfied that his

plan of operation had been fairly initiated. The system of treachery had also borne fruit, for he had succeeded in buying over two powerful Irish chiefs, Art O'Neill, the son of Turlogh Lynnogh, and Nial Garve O'Donnell, Red Hugh O'Donnell's kinsman, and brother-in-law. These two traitors rendered considerable service to the English arms in Ulster.

While O'Donnell kept Dockwra in check in the North, O'Neill managed to keep the forces of Mountjoy well employed on the Southern border of Ulster. And thus the year 1600 went on, the war being prosecuted with varying successes on either side. The same state of things continued until June, 1601, when Mountjoy again crossed the Moyry, this time following out part of his fiendish plan for exterminating the native Irish by everywhere burning and destroying the crops. In August he again returned to Dublin, after placing garrisons at several strong points and, offering a reward of £2,000 for O'Neill alive, and £1,000 for his head.

At length the long expected aid from Spain arrived. On the twenty-third of September, 1601, 3,000 Spanish troops under Don Juan del Aguila landed at Kinsale. Lord Mountjoy was at Kilkenny at the time, and he, with Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, hastened to besiege Don Juan with an army of 7,000 men, which was soon after increased to 15,000. Notwithstanding that they were themselves sufficiently hard pressed by the enemy, the Northern chieftains at once set out to aid their Spanish allies. When the combined Irish army arrived at Kinsale it numbered 6,000 foot and 500 horse, with 300 Spanish troops. The Lord Deputy's force, which had suffered from disease and desertion, was probably about 10,000 men. O'Neill took up his position outside the lines of the English besiegers, and would have finally succeeded in reducing them, suffering as they were from sickness and famine, had not the impatience of Don Juan precipitated a conflict which had a most disastrous



termination. Contrary to the judgment of O'Neill, a night surprise of the Lord Deputy's forces was planned. This totally failed; partly through the guides losing their way, and partly through the English having obtained a knowledge of the intended attack. Over 1,000 of the Irish troops were slain and they retreated to Innishannon, where it was determined that Red Hugh O'Donnell should proceed at once to Spain for further aid. Alas, he never saw Ireland again, for though received with the highest honours in Spain, he became worn out by the delay of the expected help and the fierce excitement of body and mind; and the brave, generous, and pure minded young chief died at Simancas, on the 10th of September, 1602.

After the departure of Red Hugh, it was determined that Rory O'Donnell, his brother, should act as chieftain of Tyrconnell, and that O'Neill should return to Ulster with the remnant of the Northern army.

Kinsale surrendered nine days after the battle in which the Irish troops were defeated.

When Hugh O'Neill with his shattered forces regained Tyrone, it was to find himself surrounded by a host of foes. Yet his brave spirit never quailed. Early in August Mountjoy gave the word to his lieutenants, who moved upon Tyrone with a force of 8,000 men. Everywhere they cut down the crops, so that to the horrors of war there was also added famine; for Mountjoy evidently meant nothing less than the extermination of the entire people. The great chieftains last retreat was at Glencancean, near Lough Neagh, where he still held out with 600 foot and 60 horse. So bravely had he defended himself and so great was the military genius that he displayed in his last campaign, that, hearing O'Neill was disposed to surrender on honourable conditions, Mountjoy and the English Council urged the Queen to grant him terms. Resentful to the last Elizabeth, with much reluctance authorised Mountjoy to treat with him, and the Lord

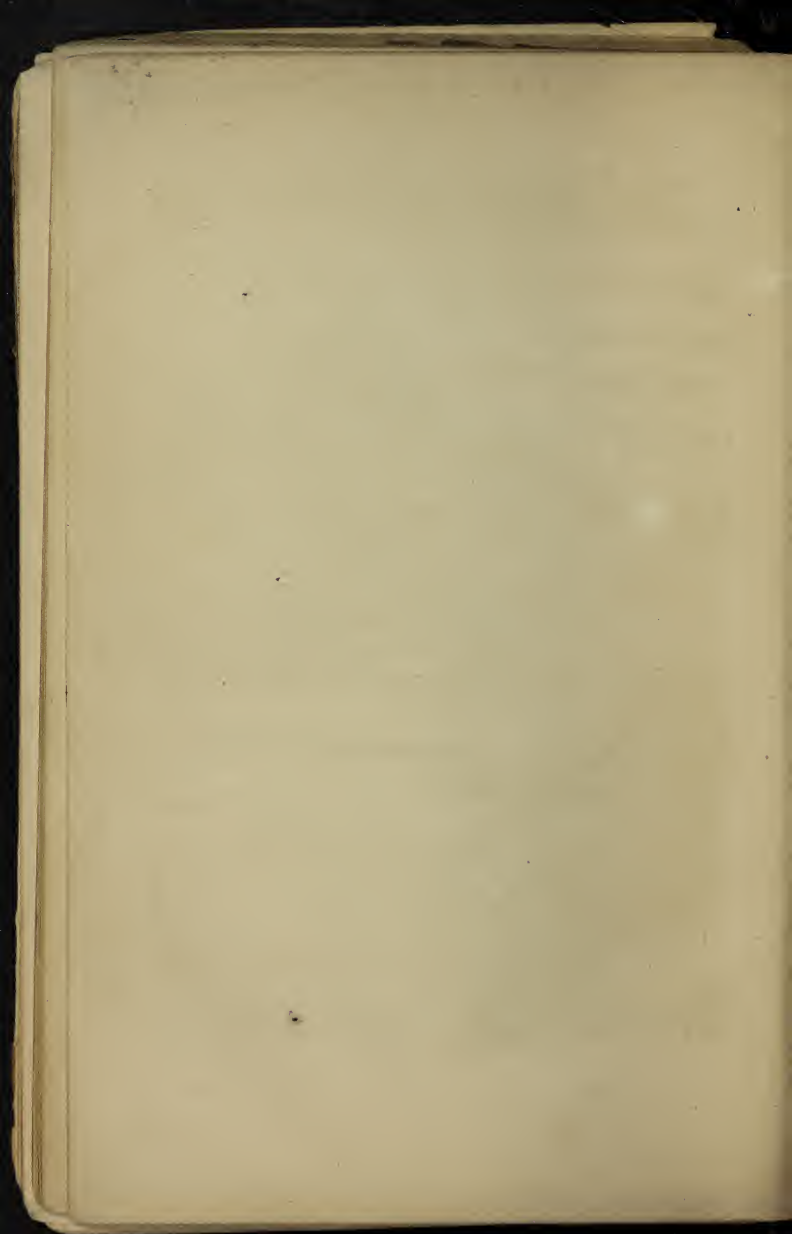
Deputy received O'Neill's submission on the 31st of March, 1603. He was to renounce the title of O'Neill and allegiance to all foreign powers. On the other hand he was to retain his estates, and the Catholics were to have the free exercise of their religion. And so for some few years O'Neill settled down peaceably at Dungannon as "Earl of Tyrone" but it was evident that now having obtained his submission, nothing less than the confiscation of Ulster and O'Neill's destruction would satisfy England.

A sham plot against the English power was got up, probably devised by Cecil himself, and St. Lawrence, Baron of Howth, entrapped O'Neill into joining it, which he no doubt did the more readily, seeing that the persecution of the Catholics was now becoming intolerable. Rory O'Donnell and other Catholics were also caught in the same snare.

An anonymous letter detailing the plan of the plot was dropped in the Council Chamber in March, 1607. O'Neill and O'Donnell were cited to appear in London before Michaelmas, but on the 14th of Sep., warned by friends that their destruction was inevitable if they remained in the country, O'Neill and Rory O'Donnell, with their families fled from Ireland. They took shipping at Rathmullen and sailed to Normandy, from whence they afterwards proceeded to Rome, where they were most graciously received by the Pope, and a liberal pension accorded to them. Hugh O'Neill survived almost all the companions of his exile. Yet never to the very last did the aged Prince of Ulster despair of Ireland's cause; but, bowed down with grief, and already blind, and in his old age, he at length died at Rome on the 20th of July, 1616; and in the Franciscan church of San Pietro de Montorio, on the hill of the Janiculum, buried by order of the Pope with regal honours, was laid the body of the dauntless Irish chieftain.



“THE TWELVE PINS OF BIN-A-BOLA.”





# ROSALEEN DHU;

OR

THE TWELVE PINS OF BIN-A-BOLA:

AN

IRISH DRAMA

IN

THREE ACTS;

BY

JOHN DENVIR.

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## CHARACTERS

STEPHEN BURKE, *a young Irish gentleman.*

BARNEY FLANAGAN, *always getting into trouble through doing a good turn for a neighbour.*

GENERAL O'REILLY, *of the French army in Algiers.*

TOM BLAKE, *a Farmer—Father of Mary.*

MARK LUTRELL, *formerly steward to the late Sir Hugh Dillon, but now, himself, Master of Castledillon.*

BEN MOUZA, *an Arab Chief.*

NED MALONE, *an accomplished scoundrel—the creature of Lutrell.*

ROSE DILLON, *or "Rosaleen Dhu," heiress of Castledillon.*

MARY BLAKE.

GRACE JOYCE.

MRS. BLAKE.

PEASANTS, SOLDIERS, POLICE, ARABS, &c., &c.

# ROSALEEN DHU;

## ACT 1.

SCENE 1st.—*Romantic landscape taking up full stage. Sun setting behind the mountain peaks called the Twelve Pins of Bin-a-Bola, in Connemara. On each peak is a bonfire, in celebration of St. John's Eve. Rustic bridge at back over chasm. BARNEY, MARY, TOM, MRS. BLAKE, and peasantry dance an Irish jig. They finish, and characters come to the front.*

TOM. Ah! then, Barney, its many a long day since I had such sport—but I'm dead beat.

BARNEY. Tut! man—you're worth any half dozen of the boys yet—and for the *Vanithee*, its younger I think she grows every day.

MRS. BLAKE. Well, Barney, you're the boy! If compliments was coin we'd be rowlin in riches.

BARNEY. Faith yer the richest couple in all Ireland, for ye own the brightest gem on her emerald sod (*takes MARY'S hand*) *Ma Colleen dhas, Ma Maureen!* But I'll be robbin' her from you one of these days.

MARY. (*striking BARNEY playfully*) Go along Barney now, ye thief of the world!

BARNEY. That's thrue, anyhow, I am a thief, for its yerself I'd like to be stalin'

(*Enter STEPHEN and GRACE arm in arm, coming along the rustic bridge at back. Peasants welcome them.*)

TOM. Yer welcome Masther Stephen!

BAR. And Miss Grace too—the pride of Connemara!—Grace and beauty combined.

STEPHEN. Why Barney! you're quite a wit—and so gallant too!

BAR. Would I be Irish else, with so fair a theme?

GRACE. Oh! Mr. Flanagon!—you overpower me.

MARY. Do you call it fair to be tazin' Miss Grace, Barney? (*aside*). But sorra wonder. Its Barney's self that's bothered me long ago.

STEP. But don't let us spoil the sport on St. John's Eve.

MARY (*curtseys to Stephen*) I'll be your partner Master Stephen.

STEP. With all my heart, Mary.

(*They take their places. BARNEY makes an excessively polite bow to GRACE, who becomes his partner, and all recommence the dance.*)

(*After a few bars of music enter LUTRELL and MALONE along rustic bridge. As they come down, the peasantry shrink from them coldly, having ceased their dance.*)

BAR. (*Aside*) Ould Nick and his prime minister!

MALONE. (*to Lutrell*) See how they shun you! Neither gentle nor simple will luk at you, for all ye're the master of Castledillon.

LUTRELL. They may laugh that win, Malone. This paper you have brought me transfers Carrickmore and all these grinning mummers to me, and I'll grind them like powder. It also leaves Stephen Burke, proud as he looks in the possession of Miss Joyce, penniless. Aye, and by heaven! I will rob him of his mistress too. I know her well. I will tempt her with a golden bait, I was never balked in any object that I ever sought, and will not now, though heaven and hell should war against me. (*comes forward*). Good evening, Mr. Burke! Good evening, Miss Joyce!

STEP. (*coldly*) Good evening.

*Miss JOYCE curtseys.*

LUT. (*going*). How haughty he looks! You can see the proud blood of the Burkes in the fellow as though he were Clanrickard himself. Poor wretch let him enjoy his happiness It wont last long—his fools paradise—

MAL. Will soon know the trail of the serpent.

(*Exeunt LUTRELL and MALONE.*)

BAR. There goes two of the biggest rogues from Galway to the Hill of Howth. I declare I thought I could smell brimstone.

(*Peasants go off various ways bidding each other good bye.*)

TOM. Aye, aye! times are changed in Castledillon since Sir Hugh Dillon and little Rose, his daughter, were lost in the "Ferdinando" coming home from Spain. It's just—let me see—Norah, how long is it since Lady Dillon went home to her own people to die in Spain?

MRS. BLAKE. It's asy reckonin'. Little Rose, "Rosaleen Dhu," we called her, for she was dark like her Spanish mother, was the one age with our own Mary. It'll be fifteen years now. The purty crayther, her mother, was too delicate for our Irish hills—you could see her witherin' like the laves in Autumn, and she only lived a month, I believe, from the time she left here with her husband and child.

STEP. This Luttrell, who was steward to the late baronet, was in Spain also at the time, but returned before Sir Hugh and his daughter left there, I am told.

TOM. Thru for you, Master Stephen, and soon after that kem the black bitter news of Sir Hugh and his daughter bein' lost at say. Lutrell gave it out that his master had been hard set for

money for long enough before he went to Spain, and he bein' steward, and no one to check him, had it all his own way. He made out that Sir Hugh had mortgaged the property to him, bit by bit, so that when the master and child and all were gone, he had a fast grip on Castledillon.

STEP. There were whispers of foul play—were there not?

TOM. As I'm a livin' man I believe there *was* foul play, and so did everyone, but who could prove anything?

STEP. He is a man of wondrous energy. His iron will prompts him to crush all who oppose him. I trust the lawsuit about Carrickmore, in which I am engaged against him may turn out in my favour, if it be only for the sake of you, Tom! and the rest of the tenantry on my estate.

TOM. Ah! then, the Lord preserve us from such a curse as Luttrell, and may *He* keep you long in possession of ould Carrickmore, Masther Stephen!

STEP. Amen! Tom, with all my heart—but I have my forebodings. Luttrell is an unscrupulous man, and will, I fear, stop at no means of accomplishing his ends—but come, Grace, it grows late—Good night, Tom! and you, Norah! Good night! Mary, and wishing you a good husband—Eh! Barney?—Good night.

(*Exeunt* STEPHEN and GRACE.)

BAR. There goes one of natures own nobility—a true Irish gentleman.

TOM. Well, well—it's time we wor home. Come Norah—come Mary. Good night, Barney *ma bouchal*!

(*As they go out* MARY *lingers behind* and BARNEY *steals a kiss from her*)

MARY. (*slaps his face*) Shure there's no standin' ye—ye impudent thief. (*Runs off*)

BAR. Thief again! What a bad character I'm gettin'. I couldn't sleep contint to-night if I hadn't stole that kiss. Is'pose, now, such stalin' done here in the open road would be called highway robbery. Faith I'm on the highway to happiness, anyhow, this night, with the love of my own Mary, "the flower of Carrickmore." The purty stars peepin' out from the dark clouds are not more bright than *her* eyes. See! how from the Twelve pins of Bin-a-Bola, and ivery hill of Connemara shoots up the merry, dancin' blaze of a hundred bonfires on this blessed St. John's Eve, as if payin' their devotions to the shinin' stars of heaven, but oh! not a fire of thim all burns as warm as *my* heart for my *Maire bhean asthore*. (*Exeunt*.)



SCENE 2nd. *Woody lane on the Castledillon Estate.*

*(Enter MISS JOYCE in riding dress, with letter.)*

MISS JOYCE. Let me look at Luttrell's letter again. *(Opens letter) (reads)* "So that I now lay at your feet the lands of Carrickmore as well as of Castledillon, and ask you to be their mistress, feeling that you could not think of throwing yourself away upon one who is now but a penniless adventurer."—Mistress of Castledillon and Carrickmore!—Not a lady in all Connaught would outshine me then. But Stephen Burke!—poor Stephen!—Aye, that's just it—poor Stephen! indeed now. I felt as though I could have been happy with him, but now it is impossible. No, I have a higher ambition than to be a poor man's wife. I will think about Mark Luttrell.

*(Is going off—meets STEPHEN entering)*

STEP. Ah! Grace, dear girl—I suppose you have heard the bad news.

*(She shrinks from his advances, and looks coldly on him)*

But how is this? Your looks chill me, Grace! I came to lay my troubles at your feet. I thought that *you*, at least, would sympathise with my loss of the Carrickmore estate, and I find you but a cold comforter.

MISS JOYCE. I am sorry for your loss, Mr. Burke.

STEP. Mr. Burke?—Oh! Grace:—this is cruel. Until this moment I had dreamt that, however poor I might be in the world's wealth, I would be always rich in your love, and that when we were married—

MISS JOYCE. Married? You, surely, must be dreaming, Mr. Burke. You cannot hope to keep me in the position I have been accustomed to, and I will not degrade myself by marrying beneath me.

STEP. But I am not so poor as that. Oh! Grace—I feel I am going mad. I thought—I could have sworn—you loved me.

MISS JOYCE. And so thought I, but I find I love someone else better.

STEP. Ha! Who?

MISS JOYCE. Myself.

STEP. Have you no heart? Oh! Grace, Grace, say you are but jesting with me

MISS JOYCE. No—I am perfectly honest with you. I promised to wed the master of Carrickmore—I am ready to keep my promise.

STEP. Heavens! Luttrell!—this is bitterer than all.

MISS JOYCE. And now there is no longer any necessity to prolong this interview, which can only be painful to both of us. Good morning, Mr. Burke *(going)*

STEP. *(following)*. But Grace! hear me *(Exeunt)*

*(Enter MARY BLAKE.)*

MARY. Widow Flanagan tells me that Barney hasn't been home all night. I know his hearts as pure as an infant's or I'd be uneasy about his night walkin'. His poor ould mother didn't sleep a wink all night—and as for myself—*(sighs)*.

*(Enter MALONE.)*

MALONE. Is it there ye are, my purty flower of Carrickmore? Be me soul I've long been wishing to have a word with you.

MARY. *(Aside)*. The sight of that man makes me thrimble.

MALONE. Don't be afeared me sweet burd. I s'pose ye hard that Carrickmore is now Mark Lutrell's?

MARY. I have.

MALONE. Do ye know, moreover, that yer father, Tom Blake, is to be put out?

MARY. Is this true? Oh! what has he done to deserve this?

MALONE. It is thrue. He is Stephen Burke's friend, and his friends are Mark Lutrell's inimies. Now do you know the rason?

MARY. Is there no way to save my poor father and mother?

MALONE. All lies in your hands—Mary Blake.

MARY. How?

MALONE. Mary Blake—I love you. Be my wife.

MARY. *(Shudders)* Oh! no—anything but that.

MALONE. Then think of your poor ould father and mother driven from Carrickmore. Mark Luttrell would crush them like vermin. I tell you he's a devil—without human feelins'. But I can save you.

MARY. No, no. Not at the price you ask.

MALONE. Don't drive me desperate, Mary Blake, I swear I'll have ye if it sinds my sowl to the pit of hell.

*(He approaches her—she shrinks away.)*

MARY. Oh! for the sake of the heavenly angels spare me!

MALONE. Ha! ha!—that's fine. I niver believed in angels till this minute. The angels of heaven!—Bah!—that's a story invinted by priests, as they invinted hell and the devil, to frighten women and children. But not a priest of them all could invint so sweet an angel as Mary Blake. Come—I must have one kiss from your purty lips.

*(He seizes her)*

MARY. Oh! holy angels!

MALONE. Ha! ha! *They* can send ye no help!

*(She screams, when BARNEY, dressed as an old beggarman rushes in. MARY breaks from MALONE and gets behind BARNEY.)*

MALONE. (*Looks contemptuously at BARNEY*). Ha!—ha!—be my soul you have a purty champion! Ha!—ha!—ould Jerry Durkin, the beggarman. (*angrily*) Come out of my way you ould baccagh!

(MALONE approaches as if to seize MARY, when BARNEY strikes him with his stick)

BARNEY. Asy!

(*They fight with sticks, when MALONE, finding BARNEY getting the better of him, pulls out pistol, and, as he fires, BARNEY strikes up his arm, and knocks him down with stick.*)

BARNEY. And now, ye mane murderous dog—begone! (*BARNEY motions him off*).

MALONE. That ould devil can give a hard knock. (*Rubs his head and shakes his fist as he goes*). I'll be even wid ye Jerry Durkin before yer much oulder. (*exit.*)

(BARNEY takes off his disguise, MARY recognises him and rushes into his arms.)

MARY. Barney!—darlin' I'm so happy.

BAR. And so am I, *Maureen*, with my arms full of happiness.

MARY. But where did you come from, Barney? and what's the manin' of ye goin' about like an ould baccagh? Will ye niver quit yer thricks and be settled?

BAR. Niver agrab!—till you settle me.

MARY. Ye settled Malone, anyway.

BAR. Oh! the villyan! He looked clane bothered to see ould Jerry Durkin, the beggarman, playin' a tune on his sheepskin with this bit of a dhrumstick. Tis little he thinks that Barney Flanagan was so near him.

MARY. Barney, I'm afeared ye'll niver mind. 'Tis all very well brakin' Malone's head, but yer brakin' my heart with yer thricks.

BAR. You'll wonder at the blaguard callin' me Durkin? Tis not the first time I've made a fool of him and his masther. Shure I'm well known and trusted at the Castle, as one that gives them the whole counthry's news. I wint up, just as you saw me dhressed a while ago, to Castledillon, hearin' that Lutrell was goin' to put your father out, and I got to hear that himself and a dozen of his dhriers and hangers on are to be at your father's at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, to take possession. I had to stop at the castle all night for fear they might suspect me, and I was goin' off to your father whin I heard your cries.

MARY. Here's Masther Stephen comin'. He looks in trouble, and well he may, to lose Carrickmore, the finest estate in Connemara.

(*Enter STEPHEN.*)

BAR. Masther Stephen, we're sorry for yer throuble.

STEP. Thanks, good Barney—but you hav'nt heard my trouble yet.

BAR. Shure all Connemara knows that Luttrell has gained the lawsuit.

STEP. He has gained more than that.

BAR. What?

STEP. A bride—Grace Joyce?

BAR. And has she sould herself like the brute bastes that wint with the estates?

STEP. (*Giving way to emotion*) True!—too true?

MARY. Niver grieve, Masther Stephen, forsuch as her. One day you will rejoice. 'Tis myself that always thought she had the cowl'd hard heart since the day I seen her whip the poor dumb dog that looked up in her face so pladin' and pitiful.

BAR. Mary is right. She niver was fit to be the wife of Stephen Burke. She has sould herself for riches. But 'tis *you* have the wealth that all the ill-got goold of Luttrell couldn't buy—the proud untarnished name that, for twinty generations, you and yours has borne; and 'tis high you will be yet my darlin' when *he* is grovellin' in the dirty mire he sprung from.

STEP. I cannot remain here in sight of the woman at whose feet I could have been a very slave. I have a friend in the French Foreign Legion in Algeria, and there I will go to try to forget Grace Joyce, or find a soldiers grave.

BAR. You are right, but mark my words—you'll be back befo:elong and have your own again.

MARY. The blessin' of the rich and poor will go with you.

STEP. Ah! Mary, 'tis you have the true metal of an Irish girl. The olden legends tell of gems concealed within our native hills. Barney, take her to your heart for such as she is brighter—purer than them all—Mary is a true Irish diamond. But I must say farewell, for I may not see you again (*grasps Barney's hand*) and you too Mary (*takes her hand*). God bless you. (*Exit*).

BAR. My poor boy!—Come Mary *machree!* (*Turns and looks after STEPHEN*) My poor boy!—God help him.

(*Exeunt on opposite side to STEPHEN.*)

SCENE. 3rd. *Tom Blake's cottage exterior, formed by a practicable flat at back, with barn joining and running at right angles to it. A stone wall faces barn. A gate adjoins barn and forms first entrance.*

(*Enter from porch of house (c.) TOM, MRS. BLAKE, MARY and two or three children.*)



TOM. Come Nelly and Mary—let ye and the children go over for the day to Widow F'anagans.

MRS. BLAKE. Tom, *agrah!*—I'm afeared yer goin' to do something desperate. (*Enter BARNEY.*)

TOM. Niver fear—we have the law on our side. Didn't I get Councillor French's advice? Lutrell won't dare to meddle with us although he may say the law is with him and he will have us out. He may come to show his teeth but he darn't bite, an 'tis betther you and Mary and the childhre should be away and lave him to Barney and myself.

MRS. BLAKE. Well, well, you know best, but I'm afeared there's going to be sad work.

TOM. Niver fear, Nelly. See now, here's Barney come to help me with a day's thrashin'. Yer welcome, Barney! Everything is ready for you in the barn. Go now, Nelly, and do you and Mary help the widow with her spinning.

MRS. BLAKE. Well maybe ver right—come Mary—come childhre. (*Exeunt MRS. BLAKE, MARY, and children.*)

BAR. I'm glad theyr'e gone, for I believe we're goin' to have hot work. Lutrell is on the way already with a dozen men, and he swears you shall be houseless this night.

TOM. We shall see, Barney, (*Grasps BARNEY'S hand.*)

BAR. Here comes more thrashers for you, Tom.

(*Enter SHAWN DOOLEY and about a dozen peasants.*)

TOM. Welcome boys. 'Tis ye have the hearts and the hands for a neighbour in trouble.

SHAWN. (*Grasps Tom's hand*) We have, Tom. There's not a throe man from Ballinahinch to Clifden that wouldn't stand up for you.

TOM. How can I thank you Shawn, and all the other dacent boys? Lutrell says he has a legal claim on my houldin' which I deny, for I have the law of the land on my side, and, more than that, I have the law of nature that teaches the wild aigles of Arran to defend their eyries.

SHAWN. You're right, Tom, and law or no law, we're the boys will stand by you.

TOM. So we'll *not* go out like the thousands of poor craythurs in Ireland that has starved by the roadsides. We'll strike blow for blow.

ALL. We will!

BAR. And now boys, take your places, for Lutrell and his crew will be here in a jiffey. You, Shawn Dooley and the Glenban boys, go into the barn there, and I'll follow you, and you'll see the fine day's thrashin' we'll have.

SHAWN. Yer as full of your thricks as iver, Barney.

BAR. Now go 'long in there, Shawn. There's not a black-

bird of the Lutrell-breed from ind to ind of Ireland, but will thrimble from this day out, when they hear of Shawn Dooley's thrashers.

*(Exeunt SHAWN and six men into the barn.)*

TOM. The rest of the boys and myself will take the house.

*(Exeunt TOM and rest of the Peasants.)*

BARNEY. And now, Mr. Lutrell, there's a hot reception in store for you, just to give you a taste of what you and the likes of you has to expect when the ould boy gets his own. 'Tis a fine gineral was wasted in me. The taste for sogerin' comes natural they say to an Irishman. But I must now go and watch the movements of the inimy. *(Exit BARNEY.)*

*(Enter LUTRELL and about a dozen bailiffs and drivers.*

*LUTRELL walks round.)*

LUTRELL. Not a soul to be seen—not a sound to be heard. Have the birds flown and left an empty nest? I thought Tom Blake's blustering words would end so. Come men, we can now easily take possession. The door is open. Come.

*(TOM appears at the Window)*

TOM. Stop! What want you here?

LUTRELL. Legal possession of your holding.

TOM. I hold it by legal possession.

LUTRELL. Forward men. Shoot down all who oppose you.

TOM. On your heads be it then.

*(Exit TOM from window.)*

LUTRELL and two of the men approach and enter the porch. Firing heard within. The men stagger out wounded and fall.)

LUTRELL. *(Retreating from the door)* By heaven! an ambuscade! We must get under cover. *(Looks around)* Ha! the barn—quick!

DOOLEY. *(appears at round opening over barn door for an instant. DOOLEY and another present their guns).* Back or yer dead men.

LUTRELL. Shoot the dog down! *(They fire, but SHAWN has disappeared).*

*They face to enter the barn when a volley from the barn strikes down all. LUTRELL rises wounded, and attempts to get off right Is met by man in mask with gun or pike. Staggers towards left and is met by another man as before. LUTRELL falls in centre. As he falls the peasants with faces craped or masked and armed with guns, come from house and barn. Picture.*

END OF ACT 1st.

## A C T 2 .

SCENE 1st. *Quarters of the French army in Algiers. A Moorish landscape with tents pitched.* GENERAL O'REILLY and CAPTAIN BURKE seated in front of tent at camp table. *Sentries walking to and fro. Arms stacked.*

O'REILLY. The French service pleases you then?

BURKE. How could it fail? From the first moment I seemed as if among friends. An Irishman can never, I think, feel himself a stranger in the service of France. In the old land we look upon your glory as our own, and when France is humiliated Ireland mourns.

O'REILLY. True, Captain Burke, and the same feeling is my own. It is all the stronger that my ancestors left the green Island with Sarsfield and his "wild geese" after the treaty of Limerick. Since then they and their descendants have been France's soldiers on many a battlefield. But your friend Flanagan, who joined some time after you did—is he contented to be a soldier of France?

BURKE. Barney Flanagan would be happy anywhere.

O'REILLY. He is a brave fellow, and the pride and delight of his regiment. His conduct was the admiration of the whole division, when he carried off his wounded companion, Philipon, from under the fire of the enemy's stronghold.

STEPHEN. He is the most faithful fellow in existence. It was for fighting in defence of a neighbour, his intended father-in-law, he had to fly from Ireland. (*Enter PHILIPON.*)

PHILIPON. The Arab, Ahmed, desires urgently to see you.

O'REILLY. Send him here. (*Exit PHILIPON.*) This Ahmed has often given us useful information of the movements of his countrymen.

(*Enter MALONE as AHMED.*)

O'REILLY. Your errand?

AHMED. Captain Leroux, with only 20 men, unless he is warned on the instant of his danger, will fall into an ambush laid for him by Ben Mouza.

O'REILLY. Then we must find a messenger to convey a dispatch to him.

BURKE. Let me be the messenger. My horse is the swiftest in regiment. I will soon be with Leroux or you will have heard the last of Stephen Burke.

O'REILLY. Good my dear Burke. (*Writes.*) There are his instructions. (*Gives paper to BURKE.*) And may heaven prosper your daring mission. (*Takes BURKE'S hand.*)

BURKE. Farewell, dear General. (*Exit.*)

O'REILLY. (*To AHMED*) You shall be rewarded. You have had a hard ride. Philipon will see that you and your steed are well cared for. (*Exit O'REILLY.*)

AHMED. So Burke has tumbled into my trap. Divil a bit did he know me in this dress. It was a long way to come from Ireland to run a man to death, but the pay is high and the game is worth it. They all thought Lutrell was killed at the scrimmige at Tom Blake's, but the divil's children has the divil's luck, and he lived to send me here. Burke's death is Lutrell's life and mine, for 'twas my hand forged the paper that lost Burke his estate. Lutrell is aqul to a goold mine to me, for I've still another card in my hand to keep him in my power. It niver yet failed, and I can work it to the ind. Oh! oh! Mither Squireen Lutrell do *you* show signs of closin' your purse, and I've only to say I'll produce "Rosaleen Dhu," the heiress of Castledillon, and the goold mine is at work once more. And now to sind Stephen Burke to his long home. *Exit AHMED.*

*Chorus of Irish song heard without. Then enter BARNEY as French soldier, PHILIPON and French soldiers. They sing as they enter.*

BAR. My bould fellows! I declare they couldn't do it better in Galway.

PHILLIPON. Ah! Monsieur Barney, you are always happy. I have seen you, when the bullets were whistling around us, laughing, as you marched into the face of what seemed certain death.

BAR. And why not? 'Tis there where we soldiers has the best of the bargain, for thim that dies in their beds, hasn't the chance to laugh as they go to their own funerals!

*(Enter O'REILLY hurriedly)*

O'REILLY. Where is the Arab.

PHILLIPON. He rode off as fast as his horse could carry him a few minutes since.

O'REILLY. He has played us false. To overtake Burke is I fear impossible. He was the best mounted man in the division, and went off with the speed of the wind. But quick! Flanagan, take my horse and fly. You may overtake him.

BAR. Niver fear me Ginerál darlin'. 'Tis a race for life or death—for the honour of Connemara and the life of Stephen Burke. (*Exit BARNEY quickly.*)

O'REILLY. Let the alarm be sounded! Get the troops in motion. There is mischief brewing—but first of all to save our Irish friend from destruction. (*Drum, alarm.*)

*(Soldiers take arms and fall into line, and march off.)*



SCENE 2nd. *Interior of Ben Mouza's stronghold. Portion screened off, in which is STEPHEN wounded, and asleep on couch.*

ZELISKA watches at his side.

(Enter BEN MOUZA and AHMED.)

AHMED. Feroz and Hassan disabled Burke and I would have despatched him when that girl rushed in and saved him. Blind old man do you not see that already Zeliska loves him? He must die.

ZELISKA. (*Sings old Irish air.*)

AHMED. Hark!—a song of Ireland! Beware how you recall to her mind the past.

BEN MOUZA. How can we kill him in her sight? She never leaves him. No, Ahmed, it cannot be. (*Exit BEN MOUZA.*)

AHMED. Can't it Ben Mouza? We shall see. How lucky I came across this Murad. He doesn't belong to Ben Mouza's tribe and would care no more for cutting Zeliska's throat than Burke's. Cutting *her* throat wouldn't be a short cut to fortune for me though, for her life's as good as a pension to me from Lutrell. Murad is a quick witted fellow too. I declare he might have been raised in Galway. Here he comes.

(*Enter BARNEY disguised as the Arab MURAD.*)

You're come to take your post. I rely on you to prevent the escape of this French soldier. You must contrive to get the girl out of the way and then we'll soon settle the Frenchman. Come with me. (*Exit.*)

BAR. Well, this Ahmed's the devil's own boy. I'm like the man I seen outside the show on the last fair day I was at Ballinahinch. My mother wouldn't know me. I've had to change my costume. Barney Flanagan is the first of his breed to be a turncoat, but it must be done to get Stephen Burke safe out of their hands. The villains thought to kill him but that angel saved him and he'll see ould Ireland yet, for while theres life there's hope. (*Exit.*)

STEP. (*Awakens.*) What a glorious dream!—an angel's face and form hovering round me, and strains of melody as sweet to me as would be the soft winds coming from the hills of holy Ireland. Again and again in my dream has that noble face with the deep, dark lustrous eyes—oh how beautiful?—looked down upon me, and the lips seemed to breathe forth in soft melody the old songs my mother—heaven rest her soul—taught me when I was a child. (*ZELISKA looks up.*) Heavens!—Oh! holy angel!—the face of my dream—lady!

ZELISKA. Gently, dear Sir. Remember you were badly

wounded. You will be ill again if you disturb yourself.

STEP. Pardon me dear Zeliska. My fancy has been making sport with me; but your face is marvelously like one I can never forget. 'Tis a face in a picture, in the old house at Castledillon, in Ireland.

ZELISKA. Oh! do speak to me again of your green island of the West. In your fevered moments, snatches of melody broke from your lips, and fell upon my ear like the voices of old friends I had known in childhood. You speak of a picture, and a face with deep, lustrous eyes of black. Do you know that I, also, imagine I have, somewhere, seen such a picture? Oh! do tell me of it.

STEPHEN. Well, Zeliska, shall I commence as they do in Ireland—"Once upon a time."—

ZELISKA. Oh! yes, yes,—as they do in Ireland.

STEPHEN. Well—once upon a time, in Galway, there stood, and does still stand, the noble house of Castledillon. I remember, when quite a child, roaming through the quaint old mansion. This was in the late Sir Hugh Dillon's time. I can just barely recall to my mind this noble Irish gentleman and his Spanish bride. They had but one child—a little creature of wondrous beauty, with the warm rich blood of sunny Spain, mantling in a face of purest Celtic mould. Like many noble females of the house of Dillon, this child was called Rose.

ZELISKA. Rose,—Oh! what a sweet name?

STEPHEN. Was it not, dear Zeliska?—but the peasantry, always so fertile in imagery—in allusion to her dark hair and eyes 'inherited from her Spanish mother, called her *Rosaleen Dhu*, or the "Dark little Rose."

ZELISKA. "*Rosaleen Dhu*,"—the "Dark little Rose." How beautiful?

STEPHEN. Why Zeliska, you have quite a Celtic love of poetry. Of what was I speaking? Oh, yes, the picture. But I must first tell you that Sir Hugh and his little daughter were lost at sea, after the death of Lady Dillon in Spain, where she had gone to seek health but found a grave. To this day, however, the good Sir Hugh is prayed for by the peasantry, as though he had gone but yesterday, and many a tear was shed for poor little *Rosaleen Dhu*; for she was the darling child of the whole country. And now the scoundrel steward of the late Sir Hugh, holds Castledillon and its broad acres.

ZELISKA. What a sad story?—but the picture?

STEPHEN. Well I was going to say, that in the old picture gallery of Castledillon, I have often, when a boy stood for hours, and gazed at two paintings. One represented an Irish

soldier and true gentleman, stout old Sir Phelim Dillon, who fought at Aughrim, with St. Ruth and Sarsfield. Side by side with this was the likeness of his daughter, the Lady Rose. That face, since I was a dreamy Irish boy, gazing entranced on its wondrous beauty, in the old house of Castledillon, has been ever present with me. It is a face to love—to worship. Never till now have I seen in bodily form such another. 'Tis yours—dear Zeliska.

ZELISKA. Ah!—now you dream again.

(Enter BARNEY.)

STEP. What means this intrusion?

BARNEY. Stephen Burke don't ye know me?

STEP. What miracle is this?—the figure of an Arab with the tongue of Galway!

BAR. Have ye ever seen the Twelve Pins of Bin-a-Bola?

STEP. As I live 'tis Barney Flanagan! (*Shakes hands*). Why, Barney, have you turned travelling showman?

BAR. Well, I believe I am making an exhibition of myself. But Stephen, *ma bouchal* how's ivery inch of you?

STEP. Ah the better for seeing your honest face, Barney. You are the true oases in the desert that the school books tell us of.

BAR. Always green, I suppose? But sure 'tis an angel of the desert I see beside you, and 'tis in the seventh heaven ye should be in such company.

ZELISKA. I am afraid you Irishmen are all alike. There is no resisting your honeyed speech.

BAR. Just what the girls in Ireland say, but isn't it from their own rosy lips we gather the honey. But Stephen, *agrah*, we're losin' time. We must fly! Your life isn't safe an instant from that devil's imp Ahmed.

STEP. (*aside*). What feeling is this comes over me? I know it is death to tarry and yet I cannot leave her side.

BAR. Come, Stephen darlin', there's no time to lose.

ZELISKA. I know that Ahmed seeks his life, and yet I cannot bid him leave me.

BAR. Come! Stephen, quick! (*Going*).

STEP. I must speak—Zeliska—I love you!

BAR. Hark!—they come. Quick! or it will be too late Fly!

(*Is going, when enter AHMED and ARABS.*)

AHMED. Who says fly? What? Murad false!—Down with them—Death to both!

(ZELISKA rushes forward between STEPHEN and AHMED, and falls at AHMED'S knees.)

ZELISKA. No ! no ! Ahmed !—you shall not kill him. Take my life, but spare his !

(*Combat. STEPHEN and BARNEY disarmed and bound*)

AHMED. And now you both shall share the same doom—the man who would dishonour the daughter of Ben Mouza, and this traitorous son of the desert.

STEP. False knave !—you shall see how an Irishman can die.

AHMED. But not till you know at whose hands. Has Stephen Burke no wish to know this ?

ZELISKA. (*Clings to STEPHEN*). No, no—you shall not die—'tis Ben Mouza's daughter speaks !

AHMED. Stephen Burke—you have lost lands, a wife,—and now your life !

STEP. That voice—that look—

AHMED. Ha ! ha ! you begin to see—

STEP. Malone !

BAR. (*forgetting his assumed character.*) 'Tis that devil's imp, sure enough. Oh ! that I had you for two minutes by the side of Lough Inagh !

AHMED. Ha ! ha !—better and better ! It's my bould Barney Flanagan we have here—no less. I had no idea I had got such a quare fish in my net—a Connaught Mussulman !

STEP. Have done with this mockery. We are ready to die.

AHMED. Tie them each to a post. (*The Arabs proceed to tie them as directed*). Get your lances ready.

ZELISKA. Oh ! no Ahmed, you dare not. My father knows not of this. If you kill him, kill me too !

AHMED. Peace girl ! Make ready—they shall die !

(*GENERAL O'REILLY and soldiers rush in.*)

O'REILLY. No ! they shall not die !

(*Tableau. French soldiers on side—Arabs on the other.*)

O'REILLY. Disarm these men !—secure their leader.

(*MALONE and ARABS bound.*)

(*ZELISKA rushes to STEPHEN'S arms.*)

BARNEY. (*To MALONE.*) My bould Connaught Mussulman. A purty fish you are to be caught in your own net.

STEP. Zeliska.

ZELISKA. My own.

STEP. For ever.

DROP SCENE ON TABLEAU.



# A C T 3 .

SCENE. *Same as in Act 1st. Scene 1st.*

(Enter TOM BLAKE, MRS. BLAKE, and MARY)

TOM. The whole country is right glad that Stephen Burke is come home again to the ould sod.

MRS. BLAKE. And by the same token, the whole country is lost wid fair admiration for his wife—the lovely young craythur he has brought home from abroad.

TOM. Ah! thin, 'tis they will have the happy home, although Stephen Burke is not the rich man he was before he lost Carrickmore. But shure Lutrell niver had a days luck since. Grace Joyce got her own punishment as I thought she would for bein' false to Stephen.

MRS. BLAKE. Thru for you Tom agraph—'twas little she thought when Lutrell married her that in six short months he'd break her heart and now—the Lord forgive them both—she's lyin' in her grave in the ould Abbey of Cong.

TOM. I'm sorry for poor Barney, should he vinture home again. Lutrell has sworn to have the law of him, as he declares Barney, Flanagan was the ringleader the day we gev him and his bailiffs such a warm welcome.

MARY. Father darlin'—do you think Barney will ever come back again?

MOM. Keep up your heart, Mary agraph! aud ye'll find he'll be home soon. I declare if he wor home this minit 'tis my firm belief he might snap his fingers at Lutrell. Didn't he take the law of myself and what kem of it. The divil's cure to him—he darent lay a wet finger on me.

MARY. When a villian like Malone dare show his face in Ireland, surely a dacent boy like Barney might come home.

TOM. Ned Malone has the ould boys luck entirely. I'm tould by Stephen that the French General actually condemned him to be shot, and still-and-all the vagabond slipped through their fingers and is here again at his ould thricks.

(MARY sits down on a rustic seat)

MRS. BLAKE. 'Tis tired ye are, Mary darlin'. Well thin acushla Tom and myself will go along and ye can follow after when yer rested. (Exeunt TOM and MRS. BLAKE).

(Enter BARNEY at back.)

BAR. 'Tis comin' on dark and I think I may vinture out. Connemara's just the same as I left it, and there's the Twelve Pins of Bin-a-Bola, standing as firm as iver. I'd give the wealth of ould Ireland to get a sight of my own Colleen noo.

(Sees her). Sweet good luck to me! but there she sits like the Queen of May!

MARY. My heart feels heavy for poor Barney.  
(Enter MALONE somewhat intoxicated).

BAR. (aside). Malone!—Thin I'm not a minit too soon.

MALONE. (Sees MARY). Ah! my jewel! Is it there ye are? Shure its no use cryin' for Barney Flanagan Ye'll niver see him again.

BAR. (aside). Folly on my boy.

MALONE. So ye see, ye can be my wife.

BAR. (aside.) Aye indeed—and live happy iver after.

MALONE. Come I'll have a kiss now.

(She screams and runs away and MALONE rushes in.)  
BARNEY'S arms).

MALONE. I have ye now.

BAR. Thru for you.

MALONE. Holloa! she's gone! (Looks at BARNEY)  
What, Barney Flanagan!—Curse you! (Draws pistol and is about to fire when BARNEY wrenches it from him and puts it in his own breast.

BAR. Would you!—you murtherin' dog!

MALONE then draws knife. BARNEY seizes, with his left hand, the hand of MALONE containing the knife, and in so doing cuts himself. He strikes MALONE down with his right hand.)

BAR. Get out of this ye filthy vermin. 'Tis a sin and a shame that the likes of you should pollute the land. (Drives him off). Go'long now! (Exit MALONE).

MARY. (Rushes to BARNEY). My own boy.

BAR. (Embracing her). Mary ma colleen!

MARY. (Seeing blood on his hand). But your hand bleeds. Malone's knife must have cut you.

BAR. Tut—that's asy cured. (Kisses her). Ye thief of the world—Maureen!—But its dark its gettin' and I'll see ye a piece of the way before I go to my hidin' place. (Exeunt).

(Re-enter MALONE.)

MALONE. I feel quite dizzy with the strength of the whisky I've drunk—not to spake of the strength of Barney Flanagan's fist—curse him. I'm runnin' short again. I must dhrav on my banker. (Unsteady.) Asy Ned Malone—asy. The dhrink I tuk has made my blood hot as the divel's hearthstone. I must be cool—cool to dale with Lutrell. They tould me at Castle-dillon he'd gone to Galway. I'll wait for him here, for he must pass this way as he goes home. I'll demand the money from him on the spot. Yis! I have him in my power. But t'was a black

deed to murder Sir Hugh Dillon. Often and often I see, in my dhramas, his bleedin' face lookin' into mine for mercy. But no, —I sthruck him again and again 'till the life was gone. That last dyin' look of his is branded on my brain. Ha! again that face!—away—to the fiend with you! Ha! ha, I'm a fool. The deep say has swallowed thim up—the dead and the livin' in one grave. These thoughts will not do. I must be cool, for 'tis the goold I want and must have. (*Enter LUTRELL*).

LUTRELL. Ha! Malone! What devil's work have you in hand now? Your face is bruised. Who did this?

MALONE. Barney Flanagan.

LUT. So! He's in the country again. I'll run that fox to ear th, cute as he is. You'll forgive him for the blow of course?

MALONE. Of coorse!

LUTRELL. (*aside.*) He is waiting for me for more money —I can see that plainly. I must put an end to this state of things. I might as well be his slave. If he were gone I could breathe freely.

MALONE. (*aside.*) What plot is he hatchin' now? Niver mind, I'll spake to him at once. (*To LUTRELL.*) Mark Lutrell—I want a thousand pounds.

LUTRELL. Are you mad?

MALONE. I niver was more in my sinses.

LUTRELL. (*Pushes MALONE*). Get out of my way—you drunken beast!

MALONE. (*approaches LUTRELL*). Come, I want this money—and I will have it.

LUTRELL. Do you threaten?—Out of my path I say!

(*Goes up path towards bridge.*)

MALONE. (*Follows*). You shall not go until I am satisfied!

LUTRELL. Keep back?

MALONE. (*Still follows up path*). Come now! your goold, or your blood! (*They are now on the bridge over chasm*).

LUTRELL. You dog!—you shall have neither!

MALONE. (*Draws knife*). Come!—the goold!

LUTRELL. (*Also draws knife*). Ha!—would you?  
(*They look fixedly at each other, as if ready to spring. Suddenly each grasps with his left hand the others right. They struggle.*)

MALONE (*Suddenly looks wildly as if at imaginavy phantom.*) Ha, that face again. (*Releases his hold of the hand of LUTRELL, who stabs him. MALONE falls on bridge and LUTRELL flings him into chasm and rushes off*)

(*Enter STEPHEN und ZELISKA.*)

ZELISKA. Do you know, dear Stephen, that every day I love

your country (my country now) more and more. All I see seems like a vision of my childhood come back again, and the songs of dear Ireland fall on my heart like the echoes of the music that floated round my cradle.

STEP. And are you happy then in our poor home? It was not always so poor.

ZELISKA. Can all the world's wealth buy love like yours?

(Enter BARNEY.)

STEP. My poor Barney. 'Tis hard that you should still have to lurk about like a hunted wolf, while the real vermin can go forth in the open day.

BAR. (*Looks cautiously round*). Is the coast clear?

STEP. I'm sorry to see you in such a straight.

RAR. A sthraight is it? Is'nt the sthraight way always the best?—and after all I'm not the first dacent boy that's been on his keepin'. But I must be goin' to my mansion. I couldn't move in higher society for I live on the mountain top beyant. Good night Stephen—Good night acushla!

(*Is going when enter LUTRELL with the police and people following*)

LUTRELL. (*Pointing to BARNEY*). Arrest that man!

STEP. You know you cannot hurt a hair of his head for that affair of Tom Blake's.

LUTRELL. Don't mistake. This is a more serious charge.

BARNEY. What?

LUTRELL. Murder!

ALL. Murder?

LUTRELL. Yes—the murder of Ned Malone!

BARNEY. 'Tis jokin' ye are—Mark Lutrell. 'Tis thrue I sthruck Malone a while ago, but I left him as much alive as you are this minit.

LUTRELL. Ha! you see he acknowledges his crime. I myself, unobserved by either of them, saw Flanagan and Malone struggling on the bridge above there. He then stabbed Malone and threw him over into the chasm.

BARNEY. 'Tis all a lie.

LUTRELL. It is true, I tell you (*To Police Sergeant*). Search him!

(*BARNEY is searched and MALONE'S pistol is found on him.*)

SERJEANT. The pistol has Malone's name on it.

LUTRELL. Did I not tell you he was guilty?

SERJEANT. See there is blood on his wrist too!

LUTRELL. There is no doubt of his crime. Away with him to prison!

STEPHEN. Mark Lutrell, pause!—I am sure he is guiltless



of this crime.

LUTRELL. Would you interfere with me, in my duty as a magistrate? Beware!—Stephen Burke!

STEPHEN. I will save you, Barney, if it costs me all I have.

LUTRELL. It will take all you have to keep your own head above water.

STEPHEN. This comes badly from you, who have robbed me of my inheritance.

(Enter TOM, MRS. BLAKE, BARNEY, and peasants.)

MARY. (*Rushes to embrace Barney.*) Oh! Barney. What is this I hear? They call you a murderer!

BARNEY. Keep up your heart my darlin'—they can't harm me.

LUTRELL. I cannot permit this interference with the prisoner.

STEPHEN. Are you human, that you would poison the last drop in the cup of a fellow creatures existence.

PEOPLE. Shame!—shame.

LUTRELL. I demand justice on the murderer.

(MALONE appears at back, feeble and supported by two peasants.)

MALONE. I demand justice on the murderer. (*Points to LUTRELL and falls exhausted.*)

LUTRELL. (*aside.*) Malone returned to life! I'm lost!

(Attempts to rush off STEPHEN stops him.)

STEPHEN. Hold! By heaven you stir not till you have rendered a full account of your villainy. Boys stand by me! Before heaven, I believe we have run this wolf to earth at last.

TOM. (*Raises MALONE.*) Give him air boys—He's comin' round.

MALONE. (*Faintly.*) Where is he?—Ha! that's right. Let him not escape. (*The Police guard LUTRELL.*) He would have murdered me but I live to bring him to justice. Listen all to what I say! There (*Points to LUTRELL*) stands the murderer of Sir Hugh Dillon.

STEPHEN. Heavens! (*Sensation among people.*)

MALONE. Thru—my hand struck the death blow, but it was he (*Points to LUTRELL*) paid me for it that he might saze on ould Castledillon!

LUTRELL. He raves—'Tis all a lie!

MALONE. I do not rave—and 'tis all true! You all thought Sir Hugh and his daughter was drowned in the Spanish ship. Sir Hugh Dillon and all the crew of the ship were murdered by the Algerine pirates, hired by Mark Lutrell, and the vessel was burnt and sunk. *Rosaleen Dhu*, the heiress of Castledillon, was

taken by the pirate captain and sold to a Moorish chief. Come near me lady. (*To ZELISKA.*)

ZELISKA. Methinks I have dreamed of a scene like this he speaks of.

MALONE. You have a locket—show it to me (*She gives him locket.*) See!—I touch a secret spring! *Touches spring.* There!—who's likeness is that?

TOM. (*Taking locket in his hand.*) 'Tis Sir Hugh Dillon's, and she—

MALONE. Is his child!—"Rosaleen Dhu."

BARNEY. (*Who is now released.*) Hurrah! boys, for the fair young Rose of Castledillon!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!

ROSE. Have I waked from my dream at last to the joyful reality. Oh! friends—Stephen! husband. (*They embrace.*)

STEPHEN. My own little Rose.

BARNEY. Mary ma colleen! Always folly a good example. (*Kisses MARY.*)

MALONE. Stephen Burke, there is yet more that you should hear. The deed produced in court by Lutrell, that robbed you of Carrickmore, was forged by my hand and you are still Master of Carrickmore.

(*The Twelve Pins are here lit up with bonfires as in the first act.*)

BARNEY. Look boys!—Look at the Twelve Pins all ablaze. 'Tis St. John's Eve again and the bonfires burn on ivery mountain top to welcome home the Masther of Carrickmore and the heiress of Castledillon, our own darlin' "Rosaleen Dhu," and to gladden ivery Irish heart that dwells within sight of the

"TWELVE PINS OF BIN-A-BOLA."

E N D .



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# THE STORY OF '98.

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BY ROSS E. TREVOR.

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## CHAPTER I.—THE UNITED IRISHMEN, AND THE CAUSE OF THE INSURRECTION OF 1798.

INCE the English first invaded our country no generation of Irishmen has passed away without disputing either by moral or physical force, England's so-called right of conquest. The many gallant efforts made for Ireland's freedom were, however, rather the struggles of individual chieftains than of a united nation.

Occasionally a master mind seems from time to time to have grasped at the idea of a united Ireland, but this idea can scarcely be said to have been realised until Grattan, aided by the *moral force* of the arms of the Irish Volunteers, extorted from the fears of England that freedom which she would not yield to a sense of justice.

The Constitution of 1782 was, however, unfortunately, far from being perfect. It left the Parliamentary representation of Ireland, not in the hands of the people, but in those of the nominees of the British Minister. It was this monstrous evil that afterwards carried the Union; and still left unrepealed those penal laws, that were so oppressive to the Catholics. To reform these evils, for it was patent to men at that

time that to make Ireland secure in her prosperity, it was necessary to reform them; the seed of the '98 insurrection was sown by the foundation of the Society of the United Irishmen in Belfast, in 1791. This famous Association, which possessed great comprehensiveness, ingenuity of organisation, and perfection of details, was founded by Theobald Wolfe Tone, and, from the first, the society included in its ranks, Dr. Drennan, A. Hamilton Rowan, Thomas Russell, J. Napper Tandy, Samuel Neilson, and many other noted men. Their original objects were to effect, by constitutional means, the reform of the Parliamentary representation, and the abolition of the Penal Laws.

Their, programme, read at the first meeting in Belfast on the 18th of October, 1791, declared:— That the great evil in Ireland was "English influence," that this influence could only be opposed by a complete and radical reform of Parliament: and, that no reform would be just which did not include Irishmen of every religious persuasion. The Dublin branch was founded on the 9th of November, 1791, and the principles of the society extended quickly through the country. But as time wore on, events occurred that changed the mode of action and objects of the society. That revolutionary fever which had swept the Bourbon from the throne of France and the English from America, was spreading rapidly through the world, and as would be supposed, had taken hold of the mind of Ireland. This revolutionary spirit gained an immense impetus from the fact that no reform could be effected in Parliament, owing to the corruption of the House of Commons. Bills to lessen the hardships which the Catholics suffered were thrown out, with the addition of virulent abuse and gratuitous insult to the professor of the proscribed creed. The introduction of any measure, aiming at reform was utterly useless, as the result was known before-hand.



But if there was hesitation to pass any popular measure, there was none to pursue an opposite policy. Measures more coercive and tyrannical than those already existing were passed by a slavish majority, such as the Insurrection Act, the Indemnity Act, the Gunpowder Act, the Convention Act, and innumerable others, all with different titles and phraseology, but all for the same object—the scourging of Ireland. In fact, the efforts of Grattan and other Parliamentary patriots were fast becoming, or had become nothing but “eloquent futilities.” Even Grattan himself, though bitterly opposed to separation, ultimately saw the hopelessness of his own course, as evidenced by his secession from Parliament in 1797. The frightful atrocities that were being committed by the Orangemen in the North, tended still further to exasperate the people. So frequent and brutal were these outrages that the Catholics were obliged, as no other protection was afforded them, to band together for mutual safety; and bitter struggles, which served to intensify the already existing hate, took place between the two parties.

Meanwhile the new organisation gained ground.

In 1792, Simon Butler and Oliver Bond, for acting as chairman and secretary at a meeting of United Irishmen, were each fined £500, and sentenced to six months imprisonment. In 1794, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, for circulating an address to the Irish people, was by a packed jury, committed to prison for two years, but he escaped to France. On the 4th of May, in the same year, a meeting of the society was dispersed by the police and the officers arrested. From this time the society began to organise afresh, a new oath was administered, new plans were made, and on the 10th of May, 1795, the new organisation was complete—the United Irish Society had become a secret revolutionary body, pledged to obtain separation from England, and a republican government.

Ireland had now fallen back on the only course which seemed open for her to obtain redress. About this time the society was strengthened by the accession of four important members. In 1795, Lord Edward Fitzgerald took the oath; and towards the end of 1796, Thomas Addis Emmet, the elder brother of the pure and gifted Robert Emmet; Arthur O'Connor, and Dr. Wm. James McNevin were enrolled. These able gentlemen were elected to serve on the Executive Directory, and the first named was made Commander-in-Chief of the United army, when the military organisation was formed. At the close of the year 1797, the test had been taken by 500,000 men. Of these nearly 300,000 were armed. Ulster returned 110,000, Leinster 60,000, and Connaught and Munster, the remainder.

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#### CHAPTER II.—FRENCH AND BATAVIAN EXPEDITIONS.

**W**HILE these events were occurring in Ireland, France was no indifferent spectator of her growing discontent. In 1794, an agent of the French Government, the Rev. William Jackson, an Anglican clergyman, was arrested in Dublin, tried for high treason, and through the evidence of a friend, a London attorney, in whom he had indiscreetly confided, he was found guilty, but as he was being sentenced to death, he died in the dock, having taken arsenic in prison. Several of the United leaders were compromised by his committal. Amongst these was Theobald Wolfe Tone, who, however, was not arrested on promising to leave the country. He sailed with his wife and family from Belfast for America in June, 1795. Previous to his departure, however, he promised his friends that he would go


from there to France, where he arrived on the 1st of February, 1796, and immediately set to work to accomplish his object, a French expedition to aid Ireland. After tedious and discouraging negotiations, he obtained the co-operation of Hoche, then one of the ablest generals of the French Republic. With his aid, and his own indomitable energy, he succeeded in getting an expedition fitted out, the command of which was given to Hoche. This armament, which consisted of 43 vessels, having on board 13,975 troops, with arms and ammunition for 45,000 men, sailed from Brest on the 16th December, 1796. There is no doubt that if this force had succeeded in landing on Irish soil, it would have overthrown British power, but misfortune seemed to have attended it from the commencement. On the first night, in the darkness, several ships were separated from the fleet—one of them being unfortunately, the *Fraternite*, on board of which were General Hoche and the Admiral. The next day many more of the vessels parted in a thick fog. Thirty-five ships, however, made the coast of Kerry after a voyage of four or five days, but here a violent gale sprang up and more than half of them were blown out to sea. Sixteen vessels, however, containing 6,500 men, managed to cast anchor in Bantry Bay, where they remained inactive until Christmas Day, waiting the arrival of the *Fraternite*, containing Hoche. No sign of her being visible at that time, it was determined, yielding to the earnest pressure of Tone, to land the forces the next day. But the elements again opposed them. During the night a fierce storm arose, many of the vessels dragged their anchors, others had to cut their cables, and all were forced out to sea. Thus, on the morning intended for landing, this magnificent expedition, which had sailed so auspiciously a week previously from France, was scattered and dispersed. Tone's vessel arrived in Brest again on the 1st of January, 1797, and on the 15th, Hoche and

the admiral entered the port of La Rochelle.

Thus ended so disastrously the first expedition from France ; but Tone, though bitterly disappointed, was not disheartened, and so energetic was he, and so ceaseless in his labours, that aided by Edward John Lewins, an agent of the United Irishmen, and by General Hoche, who again entered into the project, another expedition, consisting of twenty-six vessels and 15,000 men, organised this time by Holland, then called the Batavian Republic, was ready to sail by the 8th of July. Here again the elements favoured England. A head wind prevented the fleet from sailing. For five weeks they lay in the Texel waiting for a favourable wind, but they waited in vain, and at the end of that time, the Dutch Executive abandoned the project for a time. They subsequently sailed out but were met by the English fleet, and after a hard struggle the Dutch were defeated. Thus ended the second expedition meant to aid Ireland. The gallant Hoche, a warm and ardent friend of Ireland, died in September, and Tone now had but his own energy to depend on, to obtain some other help for his suffering country.

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### CHAPTER III.—OUTBREAK OF THE INSURRECTION.

HE year 1797 was a dark and woeful one for Ireland. Her bright hopes of foreign aid faded with the failure of the expeditions from France and Holland. Pitt too, with infamous cruelty, was fostering the spirit of revolution, for though he had full knowledge that an outbreak was about taking place and could have suppressed it without much bloodshed, he systematically drove the people to rebellion, for the purpose of afterwards carrying with



greater certainty his act for the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland. To this end the brutal and debauched soldiery were let loose upon the country, armed and protected by the Government, and allowed unlimited license. The land teemed with outrage and blood. The whipping-post, the triangle, the rack, and gibbet were crowded with victims. The civil and military tribunals seemed to vie with each other as to which would immolate the more victims. The civil court, with more hypocrisy than the other, went through the farce of a trial, but partizan judges and packed juries were as merciless in their action as their military colleagues. This despotic and cruel legislation was continued with more severity, if possible, in 1798. Early in that year, the government, discovering that the organisation of the United Irishmen was more extensive than had been thought, came to the conclusion not to crush it completely as might have been done, but just to weaken it sufficiently that the insurrection would be almost powerless on breaking out. To effect this, the first blow was struck at the insurrection by the arrest of its leaders. Arthur O'Connor, Father Coigley, and others were arrested in February, when passing through England on their way to France. In Ireland, the leaders were arrested on the information of Thomas Reynolds, the Leinster delegate, who informed the Government that a meeting of deputies would take place in Oliver Bond's, Bridge Street, Dublin, on the 12th of March, and at that place, on the day named, thirteen of the principal leaders were captured, and papers were seized by which their plans were discovered. On the same traitorous information, the other leaders were also arrested in different places. To fill the vacancies caused by these arrests, John and Henry Sheares became members of the Executive Committee. These gentlemen, in conjunction with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, now laid the final plans for the outbreak, and

gave full instructions to their subordinates. The 23rd of May was the day fixed on which to commence hostilities. The signal for the rising through the country was to be the non-arrival of the mail coaches which were to be stopped ere leaving Dublin.


But a second blow was struck by the Government, and a second time was the organisation deprived of a head by the arrest of Lord Edward, after a heroic struggle on the 19th of May, at a house in Thomas Street, Dublin; and on the 21st, by the information of Captain Armstrong, the basest traitor of '98, the Brothers Sheares were taken in their own houses. But nothing could now prevent the outbreak. Dublin and the adjoining counties were the first to rise. On the 24th and 25th of May, conflicts took place at Naas, Slane, Prosperous, Kilcullen, Hacketstown, Carlow, Monastereven, Dunboyne, Baltinglass, Rathangan, and many other places throughout Leinster. The peasantry were generally successful in the first dash, but for want of military leaders, discipline, ammunition, and suitable arms, they were unable to follow up their successes. At Naas, owing to the knowledge possessed by the garrison that an attack was about being made, the insurgents were repulsed with the loss of 140 men, while the royalists lost only about 30 men. At Prosperous, the English troops to a man were killed. In the Kilcullen action, the insurgents were at first successful, driving back General Dundas with a loss of 22 men, but ultimately they were dispersed, losing 130 men. At Monastereven, and Hacketstown, the peasantry were defeated. An escort of Scotch soldiers, in passing through the village of Dunboyne, were killed and their baggage seized. At Baltinglass, the United Irish lost 150 men. The attack on Carlow was very badly executed. The defenders of the town had full knowledge of the intended attack and made preparations for the insurgents. About one thousand of

the latter marched on the morning of the 25th, in a very disorderly and noisy manner, on the town. As they passed through the principal street, they were received by such a deadly fire, that they attempted to retreat, but could not. They then sought shelter in the houses on each side of them, but these were immediately fired by the soldiers, and a great number perished in the flames. In this carnage, for it was not a battle; the peasantry must have lost 400 men. The loss of their opponents was but trifling. On the hill of Tara, too, the insurgents were, after a hard struggle, severely defeated. The conduct of the English soldiers after these struggles was barbarous in the extreme. They shot or hung every peasant who fell into their hands. After the defeat at Carlow, 200 men were shot or hanged, and the infamous savagery of Sir James Duff, in butchering 300 people on the Curragh of Kildare, who had submitted and laid down their arms at that place, is a fair example of how the people were treated at this period. He was careful in commencing the massacre, after and not before the people had given up their arms,

A fortnight sufficed to crush the insurrection in Dublin, Meath, Kildare, and Carlow, but heroic Wexford made a more stubborn resistance.

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#### CHAPTER IV.—WEXFORD RISES.

AD it not been for the system of torture practised by the brutal yeomen, and sanctioned by the Government, Wexford would most probably have remained a passive spectator of the '98 insurrection. The principles of the United Irishmen had made so very little headway in this county, that in the return of their strength by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, at the end of 1797, no mention whatever

was made of Wexford. Yet, in the January and February of 1798, almost every man in the county had taken the oath.

It was impossible to remain inactive during this time. Men who had no connection whatever with the insurgents and who even discountenanced their objects met the same brutal treatment as the most prominent in the insurrectionary movement. Men saw their homes burnt to ashes and their families sometimes perishing in the flames. They daily suffered the torture of the pitch-cap, the lash or the triangle—they saw their relatives wantonly shot or hung—and, goaded thus to desperation, they resolved to make an effort for their homes and lives. Nobly and heroically did they fulfil their resolution.

The insurgent standard was raised in Wexford on the 26th of May, 1798. Father John Murphy, a Catholic priest, who previous to this time had counselled the people to deliver up any weapons they possessed, on finding that his little church and several houses with their inhabitants had been given to the flames, and seeing that inaction was no safeguard, boldly advised his parishioners to arm themselves, and under his leadership, fight in self-defence. The same evening, headed by Father John, they attacked and destroyed a body of yeomen cavalry, captured their arms and horses, and proceeded to the residence of Earl Mountmorris, where all the arms were stored that had been taken from the people for months before. These were taken possession of, and then they marched to Oulart Hill, distant about 12 miles from Wexford, and 5 from Enniscorthy. Here they camped all night, and next day, the 27th, Father Murphy found himself at the head of 4,000 or 5,000 men, most of whom had joined him during the night. On this day, Whitsunday, he was attacked by a large force of cavalry and infantry from Wexford. The cavalry surrounded the hill, whilst the infantry proceeded to



attack the insurgents who were posted on the hill-top, but the latter fought with such fury and determination that whilst losing but some three or four men, only four or five of the royal troops escaped. The cavalry on seeing this were panic stricken and fled. This victory had the effect of rousing the whole county. Another priest, the Rev. Michael Murphy, finding his church also destroyed, immediately joined the insurgents. On the 28th, the victors marched to Camolin, then to Ferns, and meeting no opposition determined to capture Enniscorthy, whither the Royalists had fled after the defeat of Oulart Hill. On the evening of the same day (28th) they attacked Enniscorthy, and after a severe struggle of four hours the English were again defeated with the loss of ninety men. The remnant fled to Wexford.

The victorious insurgents now decided to capture, if possible, the county town. At this time it was defended by a garrison of 1,200 men. The walls round Wexford were still standing and were pretty strong. Yet, with these advantages, the yeomen were afraid of a body of peasants having scarcely any arms and no discipline. General Fawcett, commander of Duncannon Fort, made an effort to succour the town. He left the fort for this purpose on the evening of the 29th and on the morning of the 30th a detachment he had sent forward were surprised as they were rounding the base of the "Three Rock" Mountains distant about three miles from Wexford. Nearly one hundred of the troops were killed and some prisoners and guns were taken. The insurgents now took possession of the town, the large body of troops that had occupied it having sought safety in a cowardly flight, during which they committed frightful atrocities on the unarmed people, shooting the old men, women, and children and burning every cabin they met with.

After these uninterrupted successes, the people

realised the necessity of adopting some system in their struggle. They therefore divided the county into three encampments. One in the northern part of the county at Carrigrew Hill, seven miles from Gorey; another on Vinegar Hill, overlooking Enniscorthy; and another in the southwest, on Carrickbyrne Hill, about six miles from New Ross. They also appointed Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey Commander-in-Chief, which was a fatal error; as from his want of military knowledge he was altogether unqualified for such a position.

The first check received by the people was on the 1st of June, by the northern division, which had advanced to attack Gorey but was met by the garrison of that place and driven back with the loss of nearly 100 men. After receiving large reinforcements, the English troops at Gorey advanced in two divisions on the 4th of June, to attack the insurgents at their encampment on Carrigrew Hill. At Tubberneering the insurgents having heard of the advance of the English, had formed an ambuscade, and the main portion of the Royalist army under Colonel Walpole were here surprised. A deadly fire was poured on them from each side of the road. Walpole was one of the first to fall, and before a terrific charge of pikemen, foot and horse were overthrown, their flags were captured as well as their guns, which were turned upon them as they fled. The survivors retreated to Gorey, and with other Royalists fled swiftly north to Arklow. The other division which had left Gorey at the same time as Walpole's, finding the insurgents so strongly posted, wisely retreated into the County Carlow. The insurgents after this important victory took possession of Gorey prior to marching onwards to Arklow. The division encamped on Vinegar Hill had attacked Newtownbarry on the 2nd of June, and with their usual bravery had driven the English troops out, but after doing this they im-

prudently spread themselves through the town and gave themselves up to pleasure. The Royalists on hearing of this returned, attacked the peasantry again and drove them from the town with a loss of 200 men.

For a similar reason the storming of New Ross was a failure. The southwestern division, under the command of Bagenal Harvey, advanced on the town from their position on Carrickbyrne Hill, on June the 4th. On the night of that day they encamped on Corbet Hill, one mile from the town, and early on the 5th they advanced to the attack. An officer who went forward to demand the surrender of the town was shot. The original plan of attack was to assail the town from three points, but owing to the impetuosity of the insurgents the plan was defeated. They rushed in one disorderly body into the town, drove back the cavalry and infantry by the fierceness of their charge, and captured their cannon. After terrible fighting the troops were driven out of the town across the river into Kilkenny. But now when the victory was theirs, the insurgents, with fatal imprudence, weary with their severe fighting, dispersed through the town and many, overcome by the drink they took, fell asleep. The Royalists, as at Newtownbarry, finding themselves unpursued, were rallied by their officers, returned, and, taking advantage of the disorder of their opponents, regained their lost ground. The insurgents, made desperate by their losses, were partially rallied and again gained a slight advantage. They were again driven back, renewed the fight a third time, and ultimately were repulsed. This desperate struggle lasted ten hours, and both sides suffered severely, the insurgent losses being the heavier. The remainder of these fell back on Carrickbyrne Hill, where the people being dissatisfied with the conduct of Harvey, he resigned, and Father Philip Roche was appointed in his place.

The troops which had retreated to Arklow after the defeat of Colonel Walpole at Tubberneering on the 4th, had been reinforced by General Needham, who had arrived from Dublin with 2,000 men composed of cavalry and infantry. To defeat this force and clear the road to Dublin the northern division of the Wexfordmen advanced from Gorey on the 9th of June, in two columns. This fight lasted several hours and was carried on with great bitterness and stubbornness. The leaders of the United Irish, in the arrangement and management of their men, showed great ability, and several times they had the advantage. General Needham had advised a retreat, as his ammunition was running short. The insurgents also were in a similar position, and theirs becoming exhausted first, they fell back unmolested to their former station. There was great bloodshed on both sides, the insurgents, losing among others, the gallant Father Michael Murphy, who was killed by a cannon shot as he was leading on his men to the charge for the third time.

After the "drawn" battle of Arklow, the Wexford leaders concluded to muster all their forces on Vinegar Hill. On this point also the Commander-in-Chief of the English forces, General Lake, decided to concentrate his whole available force, and this meant almost the entire English troops in Ireland, for owing to the failure of the insurrection in some places, and the non-rising of others, the Government was able to bring its whole force to bear on the gallant county. The last important struggle of the heroic Wexfordmen was fought on the 21st of June. The insurgents to the number of about 20,000 were encamped on Vinegar Hill. The English troops numbered 13,000 men, including cavalry and infantry, with a strong force of artillery. The original plan of the Royalists was to invest the hill completely, but the non-arrival of General Needham left the road to Wexford unguarded. The English opened a terrible fire on the insurgents



and advanced steadily up the slope. The peasantry had scarcely any guns, but they fought fiercely and bravely, and maintained their position for a long time, but were at length defeated, when they escaped by the unguarded road to Wexford. Many of the leaders now surrendered, having been promised protection by several prominent Englishmen. But when was England ever known to keep faith with Ireland? The value of this protection was soon known by the number of human heads that were seen on spikes throughout the county. Bagenal Harvey, Father Philip Roche, and many other popular leaders were amongst those who were executed as soon as they surrendered. The conduct and actions of these peasant patriots, nobly sustained the name, not alone for heroism, but for the chivalry and gallantry that Ireland's sons have ever borne in every age and clime. Not one single instance is on record of an insurgent having insulted a female during the outbreak, either by word or action, but it is known that many females were protected and saved from danger by these insurgents, those thus saved by them being oftentimes the relatives of their brutal oppressors. Both the Rev. Mr. Gibbon, a Protestant historian, and Taylor the Royalist, bear witness to this fact, and while the British troops destroyed 65 Catholic churches, 22 of these being in Wexford alone, only one Protestant church was destroyed by the peasantry. Although the rising was stained by a few cases of unnecessary violence on the part of the insurgents, these do not appear astonishing when we remember the frightful provocation given by the English soldiers, who frequently butchered in cold blood, men, women, and children. We must remember that the excesses on the other side were committed by individuals who were the mere hangers on of the insurgent forces. their acts being condemned by the leaders, who never sanctioned outrage.

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**T**HE disorganisation that followed the defeat of Vinegar Hill, prevented any further united effort being made by the men of Wexford, but isolated bands kept the struggle still alive for some time. Father Kearns and Anthony Perry having joined their men with those of Kildare, they planned a surprise on Athlone, but in their march thither their force was totally scattered and both these leaders were captured and executed at Edenderry. Father John Murphy, who first raised the standard in Wexford, led a body of insurgents through Carlow, crossed the Barrow at Goresbridge, where they defeated a regiment of militia, and entered Kilkenny. They captured the town of Castlecomer, but some time after they were forced to fight under great disadvantages at Kilcómney Hill, where they were defeated. Three days after Father Murphy was taken, tried at Tullow, and, after being cruelly scourged, was executed, and his head spiked in the market-place. Another force of Wexfordmen retreated northward, joined the men of Wicklow, and made a spirited resistance. An attack on Hacketstown on June 25th was unsuccessful, but at Ballyellis on the 29th. where the United men had formed an ambuscade, the English troops were utterly defeated, and one regiment, the "Ancient Britons," specially hated by the people for its brutality, was completely annihilated. The royalists were again defeated on the 2nd of July, but on the 4th of July the insurgents were dispersed.

In Munster, a slight attempt was made at insurrection in the County Cork, but a few days sufficed to crush it. In Ulster, by the arrest of the leaders, the United Irishmen were not prepared to rise on the appointed day, 23 May, but early in June a few

determined spirits in Antrim and Down resolved to make an effort. In the former county the town of Antrim was attacked on the 7th of June by the insurgents, who drove out the garrison and took possession of the town. Another body of troops, had, however, been sent to strengthen the garrison by General Nugent, who had gained information that an outbreak was imminent, but this force only arrived after the town had been captured. Their attempt to retake it was at first unsuccessful, as they were repulsed by the insurgents, but a large force of artillery being brought into action the peasantry were compelled to evacuate the town, and, being pursued by the troops, their loss was very heavy. A few other slight actions took place in this county, but the peasantry, disheartened by their non-success and their want of leaders, separated in a short time and returned to their homes.

In Down, on the 8th of June, a body of insurgents having burnt the house of an informer, surprised next day a large force of yeomen and militia, of whom they killed 60 men, but the troops being rallied by their officers, forced their opponents to retire, but were unable to pursue them. On the 10th, the insurgents encamped on a hill above the town of Ballinahinch, and here they were attacked on the 12th by a large force of Royalists. The battle was a very severe one, at one time the insurgents having driven back their foes, but want of discipline prevented them succeeding fully, and at length they were forced to retreat, having lost 100 men and killed nearly 50 of their opponents. These and a few minor actions constituted the rising in Ulster. All the leaders met the usual fate. Henry Joy McCracken, and other Antrim leaders were executed at Belfast. Henry Munro, the leader at Ballinahinch, was executed at Lisburn, in sight of his wife and family.

And now was continued unopposed throughout the

country, that frightful system of torture which had driven the people to insurrection. Thousands of people were sentenced to death by those terrible court-martials into which justice never entered. The air was filled by the shrieks of those unfortunate people who were being tortured to force confessions from them; the brutal and licentious soldiers were unrestrained in their atrocities, and bloodshed was so universal that the land resembled one vast slaughter-house.

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CHAPTER VI.—FRENCH AID—THE STRUGGLE IN THE WEST. SUPPRESSION OF THE INSURRECTION.

**A**FTER the defeat of the Batavian expedition, Wolfe Tone, with that unconquerable spirit, which no failure seemed to daunt, again opened negotiations with France, and succeeded in obtaining a promise of aid from Napoleon, who gave orders for the fitting out of a large armament for Ireland. He however, deceived Tone, for when this expedition left France on the 20th of May, it sailed not for Ireland, but for Egypt. Three days after its departure the rising took place in Ireland, and as the news of each atrocity from that country brought crushing woe to Tone's noble heart, he vehemently urged the French Government to despatch some succor to his struggling countrymen. They decided at last to send small expeditions to different parts of Ireland. But impatient at the delay, a gallant French officer, General Humbert, in the disturbed state of France, sailed from La Rochelle with a small independent expedition consisting of 1,000 men with arms for 1,000 more. He arrived in Killala Bay on the 22nd of August, 1798, and the landing of the troops and the



capture of Killala were effected without opposition. His small force marched and took possession of Ballina, on the 25th, the English troops flying from the place as soon as they heard of Humbert's approach. Here he was joined by many of the peasantry. Their next step was to attack Castlebar, where General Lake, with many other officers and 6,000 men were stationed. Humbert marched from Ballina on the 26th by unfrequented mountain roads and appeared before Castlebar early on the 27th with 800 of his own men and less than 1,500 Irish. So unexpected was his appearance that almost without striking a blow, these valiant 6,000 who were so brave when dealing with women and children, became panic-stricken, and in a disorderly mob, fled, without once stopping, some to Tuam and others to Athlone, a distance of over seventy miles. The English admit that they lost on this occasion 14 guns, 5 colours, and in killed and wounded nearly 400 men. The French say their opponents lost 600 men. This rout is to the present day ironically called the "Races of Castlebar." But the English who had by this time suppressed the insurrection throughout the country were now able to direct all their force against Humbert's little band. The latter had marched inland after the capture of Castlebar, and several times checked the English forces, which were gradually hemming him in. At length, on the 8th of September, he was surrounded at Ballinamuck, in the County Longford, by a force ten times more numerous than his own, and after a fight, lasting half-an-hour, the French surrendered as prisoners of war. But scant mercy was now extended to the peasants who had joined the French. The savagery of the troops, which had somewhat abated, was now resumed, and very many were put to death. Bartholomew Teeling and Matthew Tone, brother to Theobald, who had accompanied Humbert, were taken and executed, and at the recapture of Killala, a few days afterwards, four

hundred unarmed people were wantonly butchered by the "heroes" of Castlebar.

Another small expedition, consisting of 9 vessels and 3,000 men, under Admiral Bompard and General Hardi, sailed from Brest on the 20th September, Theobald Wolfe Tone being on board the Admiral's ship. For three weeks they were beaten about by head winds, and on October the 10th only 4 vessels appeared off Lough Swilly. As they were about entering the Lough, next day, an English fleet of 9 vessels, under Admiral Warren, hove in sight, and a long and severe engagement took place, and not until their vessels lay like logs in the water did the French yield. Tone, who had fought most desperately, was landed in Donegal. He had not as yet been recognised, but at a dinner given to the French officers, by the Earl of Cavan, he was identified by Sir George Hill, an old schoolfellow, who had him arrested. He was conveyed to Dublin, tried by court-martial, and found guilty. He claimed, as an officer in the French army, a soldier's death by shooting, but his inhuman captors refused this, and rather than gratify their savage vengeance, he opened a vein in his neck with a pen-knife, and after a week's painful suffering, he died on the 19th of November, 1798. By his death Ireland lost one of her ablest sons, and England was rid of the most powerful and subtle opponent to her sway in Ireland, since the death of Hugh O'Neill,

Thus ended the insurrection of 1798, in which 20,000 lives were lost by the English and 50,000 by the Irish, most of the latter being cruelly murdered.

Never had an insurrection more chances of success, and never was an attempt at insurrection more unfortunate than that of '98. If the brilliant band of men who were its original leaders had escaped arrest, if the magnificent force of Hoche had succeeded in landing, and if all Ireland had risen with the determination and heroism of Wexford, how different would

have been its ending. This time another of those ever recurring efforts to burst the chains that bind her was savagely crushed,—another attempt of brave and noble men was unsuccessful.

How the men of '98 were remembered in Ireland the following noble poem composed during a still later struggle tells us.

—♦♦—  
THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

—:0:—

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?  
 Who blushes at the name?  
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
 Who hangs his head for shame?  
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,  
 Who slights his country thus;  
 But a *true* man, like you, man,  
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
 The faithful and the few—  
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—  
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;  
 All—all are gone—but still lives on  
 The fame of those who died—  
 All true men, like you, men,  
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
 Their weary hearts have laid,  
 And by the stranger's heedless hands  
 Their lonely graves were made;  
 But, though their clay be far away  
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—  
 In true men, like you, men,  
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;  
 Among their own they rest;  
 And the same land that gave them birth  
 Has caught them to her breast;  
 And we will pray that from their clay  
 Full many a race may start  
 Of true men, like you, men,  
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days  
 To right their native land ;  
 They kindled here a living blaze  
 That nothing shall withstand.  
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—  
*They* fell and passed away ;  
 But true men, like you, men,  
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be.  
 For us a guiding light,  
 To cheer our strife for liberty,  
 And teach us to unite.  
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;  
 And true men be you, men  
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

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Whether or not the "living blaze" kindled in '98  
 still burns in Ireland it would surely be needless to  
 venture an opinion, in the presence of such exalted  
 testimony as that of the late and present Prime  
 Ministers of England, Messrs. Gladstone and Disraeli.  
 The former in disestablishing the Irish Protestant  
 Church gave as one of his reasons for so doing "the  
 intensity of Fenianism," while the latter spoke of  
 Ireland as being in a state of "veiled rebellion."





# HOME RULE BALLADS.



THE Irishmen of this generation are more fortunate than their fathers, possessing as they do, in addition to the works of Moore and the other classical Irish writers, another body of noble poetry, more especially representing the national aspirations and resolves for "Home Rule." Chief amongst these are the "Songs of the *Nation*," from which source some of the pieces in the present number are taken. Since it commenced in O'Connell's time the stream from this fountain head has never run dry. The strong and deep current has gone on its course fertilizing the mind of Ireland and preparing it for the harvest time we all look for. Not only have we seen this in the columns of the *Nation* but also in its witty offshoot *Zozimus*; which during the too brief time of its publication, worthily represented the genius and patriotism of Ireland with that brilliancy and buoyant humour, which, even in our darkest days, could never be wholly crushed out. Taking *Zozimus* in its graver mood, I have selected from its pages two pieces written when the present Home Rule movement was beginning to take root, and appealing to the Protestants of Ireland to take their place in the national ranks. From other sources also I have made selections bearing more or less on Ireland's numerous efforts to obtain Home Rule, by whatever name the struggle, from time to time, may have been called. There are also several original pieces from the pens of some of the valued contributors to the "Irish Library."

## DENVIR'S PENNY IRISH LIBRARY.

## HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

AIR.—“*I'd Mourn the hopes that leave me.*”

BY “SLIEVE DONARD.”

When brave King Brian round him  
 Gathered Erin's warlike might,  
 The savage Norsemen found him  
 Their victor in Clontarf's fierce fight.  
 What ringing cry resounded  
 Throughout the isle, from hill to hill,  
 As freemen's hearts high bounded?  
 'Twas Home Rule for Ireland still!

For this great cause have perished  
 Men of pure and high renown;  
 For this was life less cherished,  
 And great souls won the martyr's crown.  
 We've seen O'Neill's sword flashing,  
 And pikemen stout at Oulart Hill  
 Upon the feemen crashing  
 For Home Rule for Ireland still!

To-day, no longer meeting  
 Her ancient foe with sword in hand,  
 With firm yet friendly greeting,  
 Erin makes her just demand—  
 That, alien laws unknowing,  
 Her sons may find the soil they till  
 With freedom's gifts o'erflowing  
 From Home Rule for Ireland still!

Our true old land ne'er faltered  
 Though chained and crushed for weary years;  
 Her purpose never altered,  
 Nor yielded once to craven fears:  
 And now again she's telling,  
 In tones that speak a nation's will,  
 Her firm resolve—loud swelling—  
 Home Rule for Ireland still!

NATIONALITY.

By THOMAS DAVIS.

A nation's voice, a nation's voice—  
 It is a solemn thing!  
 It bids the bondage-sick rejoice—  
 'Tis stronger than a king.  
 'Tis like the light of many stars,  
 The sound of many waves;  
 Which brightly look through prison-bars;  
 And sweetly sound in caves.  
 Yet is it noblest, godliest known,  
 When righteous triumph swells its tone.

A nation's flag, a nation's flag—  
 If wickedly unrolled,  
 May foes in adverse battle draw  
 Its every fold from fold.  
 But, in the cause of Liberty,  
 Guard it 'gainst Earth and Hell;  
 Guard it till Death or Victory—  
 Look you, you guard it well!  
 No saint or king has tomb so proud,  
 As he whose flag becomes his shroud.

A nation's right a nation's right—  
 God gave it, and gave, too,  
 A nation's sword, a nation's might,  
 Danger to guard it through.  
 'Tis freedom from a foreign yoke,  
 'Tis just and equal laws,  
 Which deal unto the humblest folk,  
 As in a noble's cause.  
 On nations fixed in right and truth,  
 God would bestow eternal youth.

May Ireland's voice be ever heard,  
 Amid the world's applause!  
 And never be her flag-staff stirred,  
 But in an honest cause!  
 May Freedom be her very breath,  
 Be Justice ever dear;  
 And never an ennobled death  
 May son of Ireland fear!  
 So the Lord God will ever smile,  
 With guardian grace, upon our isle.

## THE PLACE WHERE MAN SHOULD DIE.

BY M. J. BARRY.

How little reck's it where men lie,  
 When once the moment's past  
 In which the dim and glazing eye  
 Has looked on earth its last—  
 Whether beneath the sculptured urn  
 The coffined form shall rest,  
 Or, in its nakedness, return  
 Back to its mother's breast.

Death is a common friend or foe,  
 As different men may hold;  
 And at his summons each must go—  
 The timid and the bold!  
 But when the spirit free and warm,  
 Deserts it, as it must,  
 What matter where the lifeless form  
 Dissolves again to dust.

The soldier falls, 'mid corpses piled,  
 Upon the battle-plain,  
 Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild  
 Above the mangled slain;  
 But, though his corse be grim to see,  
 Hoof-trampled on the sod,  
 What reck's it, when the spirit free  
 Has soared aloft to God!

The cowards dying eyes may close  
 Upon his downy bed,  
 And softest hands his limbs compose,  
 Or garments o'er them spread;  
 But ye, who shun the bloody fray,  
 Where fall the mangled brave,  
 Go—strip his coffin-lid away,  
 And see him—in his grave!

'Twere sweet, indeed, to close our eyes  
 With those we cherish, near,  
 And wafted upwards, by their sighs,  
 Soar to some calmer sphere.  
 But, whether on the scaffold high,  
 Or in the battle's van,  
 The fittest place where man can die  
 Is, where he dies for man!



## THE HEROINES OF LIMERICK.

1690.

DR. JOHN T. CAMPION.

King William's English cannon  
 Has battered Limerick town,  
 And crunched beneath its iron teeth  
 The good stout wall deep down—  
 A fearful breach, that shows the plain  
 Full up of armed foes,  
 From Cromwell's Fort to the broad banks  
 Where the lordly Shannon flows.  
 But Sarsfield—noble Sarsfield—  
 Is not the man to yield,  
 Whether behind a leagured wall,  
 Or in the tented field.  
 He heeds not English vaunting,  
 Nor her allies—Dutch or Dane;  
 Nor her Germans—nor her Prussians—  
 Nor her furious iron rain.  
 His fresh reserves of horse and foot  
 Flank the reft wall within,  
 And there they stand as still as death  
 Amid the horrid din;  
 Whilst men in the trench and counterscarp,  
 Still check the English van,  
 And William marks with wondering gaze,  
 Each warrior Irishman.

Now, seethes the grape-shot 'long the walls,  
 Mowing the Irish down;  
 Now rush with hand-grenades the foe  
 Upon the fated town.  
 They crowd the trench and counterscarp  
 With whelming furious force,  
 Trampling with might of hundreds strong  
 O'er many an Irish corse.  
 The trenchmen fly—they mount the breach—  
 But Sarsfield meets them there:  
 "What—cowards! have ye left your post,  
 And fly ye thus for fear?"  
 "Sir General, fosse and trench are lost,  
 And our comrades slaughtered, all!"  
 And with hurrying speed they bounded down  
 From off the tottering wall.  
 "Ho! townsmen!" Sarsfield cried aloud,  
 "Stop, stop this coward horde;  
 And meet them with the charging spear,

And with the pointed sword !  
 Here come the English grenadiers !  
 Give way men—let them down !  
 Now, hem them in—and strike for life,  
 And for old Limerick town !  
 Now, to the walls ! charge ! charge ! hurrah !  
 Beat back the Dutch and Dane !  
 Let not a man of their reserves  
 'op our fair walls again."

The hand-grenades burst all around,  
 And the Irish, wavering, stand ;  
 And Sarsfield in advance alone,  
 Shouts forth the vain command.

\* \* \* \* \*

An answering shout, shrill, wild, and clear,  
 Then thrilled the autumn sky,  
 Like a clarion-call on a distant hill  
 Proclaiming a victory.  
 And forth rushed a band of matrons,  
 And maidens of beauty rare—  
 Their brows all flushing with anger,  
 And flowing their long rich hair—  
 Their white fingers clutching and clasping  
 Some weapon or missile of war,  
 Or the iron balls strewing the city,  
 Or the stones from the wall's shivered scar—  
 Crying, " Fathers and brothers, and lovers !  
 Would ye give up our homes to the foe ?  
 Would ye yield us to foreign invaders,  
 Like knaves, without striking a blow ?  
 Ye would !—but the women of Limerick  
 Will teach ye to fight and to die !  
 We will stand in the breach with you, Sarsfield,  
 And never will waver or fly !"

And they did stand, and hurl their weapons,  
 In front of that red leagured wall ;  
 And the wavering men saw them all fighting,  
 And they saw one young heroine fall !  
 Then, then, with a shout that rent Heaven,  
 Their moment of terror had past ;  
 And they rushed to the front of the danger  
 With the speed of the wild-tempest blast ;  
 And they hewed down the Saxon and stranger,  
 And Sarsfield's fierce shout rose again,

## HOME RULE BALLADS.

And the red crowds of William and England  
Were hurled back, down on the plain.  
In a thick living torrent they tumbled,  
From rampart and ladder and wall,  
Till their camp-trumpets, out at Fort Cromwell,  
Sounded forth a loud craven recall.  
Then Sarsfield charged home on them flying,  
With his fierce Irish war-shout of glee.  
Oh ! 'twas glorious to see his sword flashing,  
And the old English warriors flee !  
And the women still up on the ramparts,  
And their hair flowing wild in the wind,  
And the flag-staff embraced in their arms,  
And its green pennon fluttering behind !  
And to hear their clear notes of defiance,  
And their shrieked bitter taunts to the foe,  
Who was flying for life and for succour  
Along the broad valley below.

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## THE UNION.

BY SLIABH CUILINN.

How did they pass the Union ?  
By perjury and fraud ;  
By slaves who sold their land for gold  
As Judas sold his God :  
By all the savage acts that yet  
Have followed England's track :  
The pitchcap and the bayonet,  
The gibbet and the rack.  
And thus was passed the Union,  
By Pitt and Castlereagh ;  
Could Satan send for such an end  
More worthy tools than they ?

How thrive we by the Union ?  
Look round our native land :  
In ruined trade and wealth decayed  
See slavery's surest brand ;  
Our glory as a nation gone—  
Our substance drained away—  
A wretched province trampled on,  
Is all we've left to-day.  
Then curse with me the Union,  
That juggle foul and base,

The baneful root that bore such fruit  
Of ruin and disgrace.

And shall it last, this Union,  
To grind and waste us so ?  
O'er hill and lea, from sea to sea,  
All Ireland thunders, No !  
Eight million necks are stiff to bow—  
We know our might as men—  
We conquered once before, and now  
We'll conquer once again ;  
And rend the cursed Union,  
And fling it to the wind—  
And Ireland's laws in Ireland's cause  
Alone our hearts shall bind !

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### A SONG FOR THE TIME.

*From Zozimus.*

Irishmen, of every creed,  
Of every rank and station,  
Come and aid by word and deed  
Our isle's regeneration :  
Come together, heart and hand,  
Join our gallant patriot band,  
Standing for the dear old land  
To lift her up, a Nation.

Let the bitter past *be* past  
With all its pain and sadness ;  
Better days have come at last,  
And strife is sin and madness :  
Come together, heart and hand,  
Join our gallant patriot band,  
Standing for the dear old land  
To give her peace and gladness.

Each to worship the Divine  
Before his chosen Altar ;  
All for Ireland to combine  
In love that will not falter :  
Come together, heart and hand,  
Join our gallant patriot band,  
Standing for the dear old land  
To honour and exalt her.



So though Ireland's fame comes down  
 From ages old and hoary,  
 We shall make her new renown  
 Outshine her ancient story ;  
 Come together, heart and hand,  
 Join our gallant patriot band,  
 Join, to raise the dear old land  
 From grief to joy and glory.

## RESISTANCE.

BY M. J. BARRY.

When tyrants dare to trample down  
 The rights of those they rule,  
 When toiling men must meet the frown  
 Of every lordling fool,  
 When laws are made to crush the weak,  
 And lend the strong assistance,  
 When millions, vainly, justice seek,  
 Their duty is—Resistance !

When tyrant force aids tyrant laws,  
 When brothers sever'd stand,  
 When failure *must* be his who draws  
 On power the freeman's brand,  
 True man will bid the millions pray  
 For God's divine assistance,  
 And calmly bide a better day,  
 Their duty still—Resistance !

When times of better hope arise,  
 And feuds are laid aside,  
 When men have grown too calm and wise  
 For traitors to divide,  
 When first to aid a people's right  
 There springs into existence  
 Its surest stay, a people's might,  
 The hour is for—Resistance !

No empty boast be ours to-day,  
 No braggart word or tone,  
 Enough to feel we know the way  
 That men should win their own.  
 Our hope and trust for Fatherland  
 Now gleam *not* in the distance;  
 Let tyrants dare unsheath the brand,  
 That hour will teach—Resistance

## SHEMUS O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF 'NINETY-EIGHT,

*As Related by an Irish Peasant.*

LE FANU.

## PART FIRST.

JIST after the war, in the year 'Ninety-Eight,  
 As soon as the Boys wor all scattered and bate,  
 Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got,  
 To hang him by trial—barrin such as was shot.  
 There was trial by jury goin' on by day light,  
 And the martial law hangin' the lavings by night.  
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon;  
 If he missed in the judges, he'd meet a dragoon;  
 An' whether the sojers or judges gave sentence,  
 The devil a much time they allowed for repentence;  
 An' the many a fine boy was then on his keepin',  
 With small share of restin' or sittin' or sleepin'.  
 An' because they loved Erinn, and scorned to sell it,  
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullit—  
 Unsheltered by night and unrested by day.  
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.  
 An' the bravest an' honestest Boy of them all  
 Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town of Glingall;  
 His limbs wor well set, and' his body was light,  
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half as white.  
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,  
 An' his cheek never warm'd with the blush of the red;  
 An' for all that, he wasn't an ugly young Boy,  
 For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,  
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,  
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night,  
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,  
 An' the elegantest hurler that ever was seen,  
 In fencing he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,  
 An' in jumpin' he bate Tom Molony a foot;  
 For lightness of foot there was not his peer,  
 For, by Heavens! he almost outrun the red deer;  
 An' his dancin' was such, that the men used to stare,  
 And the women turn crazy he did it so quare;  
 An' shure the whole world gave into him there!  
 An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,  
 An' it's often he ran, and it's often he fought,  
 An' it's many the one can remember right well  
 The quare things he did, and it's oft I heard tell

How he frighten'd the magistrates, in Cahirbally,  
 An' escaped through the sojers in Aherloe valley,  
 An' leather'd the yeomen, himself agen four,  
 An' stretched the four strongest on old Galtimore.  
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest  
 And treachery prey on the blood of the best ;  
 An' many an action of power an' of pride,  
 An' many a night on the mountain's blake side,  
 And a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,  
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.  
 Now Shemus look back on the beautiful moon,  
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon ;  
 An' take your last look at the dim misty light,  
 That falls on the mountain and valley to-night.  
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,  
 An' one at the sheltering far distant wood :  
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,  
 And farewell to the friends that will think of you still.  
 Farewell to the pattrern, the hurlin', an' wake,  
 An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake !  
 An' twelve sojers brought him to Maryborough jail,  
 An' with irons secured him, refusin' all bail.  
 The fleet limbs wor chained and the strong hands wor bound  
 An' he lay down his lenth on the cold preson ground,  
 And the dhramas of his childhood kem over him there,  
 As gentle and soft as the sweet summer air ;  
 An' happy rimimbrances crowdin' an ever,  
 As fast as the foam flakes dhrift down an the river.  
 Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,  
 Till the tears gathered heavy an' thick in his eye.  
 But the tears didn't fall ; for the pride iv his heart  
 Wouldn't suffer one dhrup down his pale cheek to start ;  
 An' he sprang to his feet in the dark preson cave,  
 An' he swore with a fierceness that misery gave,  
 By the hopes iv the good an' the cause iv the brave,  
 That when he was moulderin in the cowl'd grave,  
 His inimies never should have it to boast  
 His scorn iv their vengeance one moment was lost.  
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry ;  
 For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

PART SECOND.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over an' gone,  
 The terrible day of the trial came on !  
 There was such a crowd, there was scarce room to stand,  
 An' sojers on guard, an' dragoons sword in hand ;  
 An' the court house so full that the people were bother'd

An' attornies and criers on the point of being smother'd;  
 An' counsellors almost gave over for dead,  
 An' the jury sittin' up in the box over-head.  
 An' the judge settled out so determined an' big,  
 An' the gown on his back, and an elegant wig,  
 An' silence was call'd an' the minute 'twas said,  
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead.  
 An' they heard but the opening of one prison lock,  
 An' Shemus O'Brien came into the dock:  
 For one minute he turned his eyes round on the throng,  
 An' then looked on the bars, so firm and so strong,  
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,  
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;  
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,  
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone.  
 An' they read a big writin', a yard long at least,  
 An' Shemus didn't see it, nor mind it a taste;  
 An' the judge takes a big pinch of snuff, an' he says:—  
 "Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you please?"  
 An' all held their breath in silence of dread,  
 An' Shemus O'Brien made answer an' said:—  
 "My lord, if you ask me if in my life-time  
 I thought any treason, or did any crime,  
 That sho'ld call to my cheek as I stand alone here,  
 The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,  
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,  
 Before God an' the world I would answer you No!  
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
 An' fought for ould Ireland, from the first to the close,  
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes—  
 I answer you Yes; an' I tell you again,  
 Though I stand here to perish it's my glory that then  
 In her cause I was willin' my veins should run dry,  
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."  
 Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright;  
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;  
 By my soul it's himself was the crabbed ould chap!  
 In a twinkling he pulled on his ugly black cap.  
 Then Shemus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,  
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry,  
 "Oh! Judge, darlin', don't,—oh! don't say the word!  
 The crathur is young—have mercy my lord!  
 You don't know him, my lord; oh! don't give him to ruin!  
 He was foolish—he didn't know what he was doin':  
 He's the kindest crathur, the tinnerest hearted—  
 Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted!



Judge mavourneen, forgive him—forgive him, my lord !  
 An' God will forgive you—oh ! don't say the word !"—  
 That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,  
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken !  
 An' down his pale cheek, at the word of his mother,  
 The big tears were running, one after the other ;  
 An' two or three times he endeavoured to spake,  
 But the strong manly voice used to falter an' break.  
 But at last by the strength of his high-mounting pride,  
 He conquer'd an' master'd his grief's swelling tide ;  
 An' says he, " Mother, don't—don't break your poor heart  
 Sure, sooner or later, the dearest must part.  
 An' God knows it's better than wand'ring in fear  
 On the bleak trackless mountain among the wild deer,  
 To be in the grave where the heart, head, an' breast,  
 From labour an' sorrow for ever shall rest.  
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more—  
 Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour ;  
 For I wish, when my heart's lyin' under the raven,  
 No true man can say that I died like a craven."  
 Then towards the judge Shemus bent down his head,  
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

## PART THIRD.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,  
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;  
 But why are the men standing idle so late ?  
 An' why do the crowd gather fast in the street ?  
 What come they to talk of?—what come they to see ?  
 An' why does the long rope hang from the cross tree ?  
 Oh ! Shemus O'Brien, pray fervent and fast—  
 May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last.  
 Pray fast, an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,  
 When strong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die !  
 At last they drew open the big prison gate,  
 An' out came the Sheriffs an' sojers in state.  
 An' a cart in the middle, an' Shemus was in it—  
 Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minit ;  
 An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,  
 Wid prayin' an' blessin', an' all the girls cryin',  
 A wild wailin' sound kem on all by degrees,  
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees :  
 On, on to the gallows the Sheriffs are gone,  
 An' the car an' the sojers go steadily on.  
 An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
 A wild sorrowful sound that would open your heart.  
 Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,

An' the hangman gets up with a rope in his hand.  
 An' the priest, havin' blest him, gets down on the ground  
 An' Shemus O'Brien throws one look around.  
 Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still,  
 Young faces turn sickly, an' warm hearts turn chill;  
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,  
 For the gripe of the life-strangling cords to prepare;  
 An' the good priest has left him, having said his last prayer.  
 But the good priest did more—for his hands he unbound,  
 An' with one daring spring Jim has leap'd to the ground!  
 Bang! bang! go the carbines, an' clash go the sabres:  
 He's not down! he's alive! now attend to him, neighbours!  
 By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken—  
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken;  
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
 But if you want hangin', 'tis yourselves you must hang.  
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe glin,  
 An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him again;  
 The sojers run this way, the sheriffs run that,  
 An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday-hat.  
 An' the Sheriffs were, both of them, punished seavely,  
 An' fined like the devil, because Jim done them fairly.  
 A week after this time, without firin' a cannon,  
 A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon;  
 An' the captain left word he was going to Cork,  
 But the devil a bit—he was bound for New York.  
 The very next spring—a bright mornin' in May,  
 An' just six months after the great hangin' day—  
 A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,  
 An' on the outside was written out fair:—  
 "To ould Mrs. O'Brien, in Ireland, or elsewhere."  
 An, the inside began—"My Dear good ould Mother,  
 I'm safe, and I'm happy; an' not wishin' to bother  
 You in the readin'—with the help of the priest—  
 I send you inclosed in this letter at least  
 Enough to pay him an' to fetch you away  
 To the land of the free an' the brave—Amerikay!  
 Here you'll be happy, an' never made cryin'  
 As long as you're mother of Shemus O'Brien.  
 Give my love to sweet Biddy, an' tell her beware  
 Of that spalpeen who calls himself 'Lord of Kildare';  
 An just say to the judge, I don't now care a rap  
 For him, or his wig, or his dirty black cap.  
 "An' as for the dragoons—they paid men of slaughter—  
 Say I love them as well as the devil loves holy water.  
 An now, my good mother, one word of advice—  
 Fill your bag with potatoes, an' bacon, an' rice;

An' teli my sweet Biddy, the best way of all  
 Is now an' for ever to leave ould Glengall,  
 And come with you, takin' a snug cabin berth,  
 An' bring us a sod of the ould Shamrock earth,  
 An' when you start from ould Ireland, take passage at  
     Cork,  
 An' come straight across to the town of New York ;  
 An' there ask the Mayor the best way to go  
 To the town of Cincinnatti—the state Ohio :  
 An' there you will find me, without much tryin',  
 At the ' Harp and the Eagle,' kept by Shemus O'Brien."

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### BRIGHT HOPE.

*From Zozimus.*

You Protestants of Ireland,  
 Again you stand in front,  
 To aid us in our fight for right,  
 And meet the battle's brunt.  
 Whatever trench Dissension dug  
     Betwixt us, and 'twixt you,  
 To-day be friends for common ends,  
     You'll find us, Papists, true.

Whoever loved your friends as we ?  
 Whoever sang and wrote  
 Of Tone who died, to lift our pride,  
     The red gash in his throat ?  
 Who sang like we of Emmet's fate—  
     That glorious Protestant,  
 Who shed his blood, to work us good,  
     And close the reign of cant ?

And who of Lord Fitzgerald thought  
     When thieves defamed his name—  
 When, far and wide, the foes allied  
     To blast his name with shame ?  
 We wove his cere-cloth from our blood,  
     And from the flaxen plant ;—  
 He loved both well—how hard to tell !  
     That generous Protestant.

And what of Grattan ! who forgets  
     His labour in our cause,  
 When his wild force and withering curse

Arraigned the ailen's laws?  
 He sought to make us stand alone,  
 To feel that we were men.  
 Oh, let some man, of equal span,  
 Renew his work again.

England betrayed you, though your trust  
 In her was stout and strong;  
 With offered sword, and scheming w  
 She cheated you too long.  
 She strove to make us enemies—  
 Oh, tearful heaven, for what?  
 Oh, friends come on, that feud is gone—  
 That quarrel is forgot.

Better to band for our own selve  
 Against the common foe;  
 Better to strive with hearts alive  
 In common weal or woe,  
 Our Capital a beggar stands,  
 Beside the teeming sea—  
 Its glory gone—its prowess flown—  
 Good men, why should it be?

Blood of our blood, race of our race,  
 This Ireland, sure, is ours—  
 A land that smiles 'min myfiad isles  
 A paradise of flowert.  
 Help to redeem her, help to save  
 The fragment that remains.  
 And, with the blessing of the Lord,  
 Who never breathed unfaithful word,  
 We two shall rend her chains.

## N E E R

By T. D. S.

Brothers, tell me—If you know—  
 Speak it boldly, brothers mine  
 When did Ireland's sons forego  
 Ireland's cause, and, bowing low,  
 To a cruel foreign foe,  
 All her rights resign!  
 You can answer—so can I—  
 Making no delay whatever;  
 One small word is the reply,  
 And the word is—Never!



*Chorus.*

You can answer—so can I—  
 One small word is the reply,  
 Here it is, clear, loud, and high—  
*Never, NEVER,*  
 NEVER!

Brothers, yet would I be told,  
 Shall the time in Ireland be  
 When our race, grown base and cold,  
 Shall look back on days of old  
 Loving not the true and bold  
 Who died to set her free?  
 You can answer—so can I—  
 Free from any doubt whatever;  
 One small word is the reply,  
 And the word is—Never!  
*Chorus.*

Tell me, brothers, can you say  
 When shall force or wily arts  
 Make us cast our hopes away,  
 Stamp our banner in the clay,  
 Take the flag we hate to-day  
 And clasp it to our hearts?  
 You can answer—so can I—  
 Making no delay whatever;  
 One small word is the reply,  
 And the word is—Never!  
*Chorus.*

Brothers, I would have it known,  
 Shall our race, when years have **fled**,  
 Spurn the glory now their own,  
 Into English ways have grown,  
 English be in blood or bone,  
 Soul, or heart, or head?  
 You can answer—so can I—  
 Making no delay whatever;  
 One small word is the reply,  
 And the word is—Never!  
*Chorus.*

You can answer—so can I—  
 One small word is the reply,  
 Here it is, clear, loud, and high—  
*Never, NEVER,*  
 NEVER!

## SARSFIELD'S WISH.

BY ROSS E. TREVOR.

When the Gael pursued the Saxon from Landens bloody plain  
 Where stubbornness to chivalry had once to yield again,  
 Where Marlborough failed so signally the pride of France to  
     lower,  
 In the vanguard of the victors was the flag the "Wild Geese"  
     bore.

But vict'ry brought no conquerors joy to cheer their hearts that  
     day.  
 For brave and noble Sarsfield had perished in the fray,  
 And as he saw his life-blood flow, and pressed his wounded side,  
 "Oh! that this were for my native land," he murmured, ere he  
     died.

Ah! those dying words of Sarsfield are noble, pure, and grand;  
 They index deep undying love for his sorrow-stricken land,  
 And they point the men of Ireland a moral they should heed;  
 For they teach them how they best can serve their country in her  
     need;

And they tell them when their efforts for her olden cause should  
     cease—  
 Not until their life-blood's left them—'till in death, they rest in  
     peace;  
 And where'er an Irish soldier died, untended and uncared,  
 His dying thoughts turned Erin-wards, and Sarsfield's wish was  
     heard.

It was heard when Erin's exiles chased their foes from Fontenoy,  
 At Cremona, which the "Wild Geese" saved, when lost by  
     Villeroy.

It was breathed by dying exiles, who wished their blood were shed,  
 For that island o'er the ocean, for whose cause their fathers bled,

And on other alien fields where fought the sons of Innisfail,  
 Where the Saxon or the Teuton strove for power against the  
     Gael;  
 On the war-fields of Columbia, too, or where'er a Celt may fall,  
 The dying wish of Sarsfield's been the dying wish of all.



STREET BALLAD SINGERS.





## MARSHAL MACMAHON.

BY J. F. O'D.

Written immediately after Sedan, and consequently previous to MacMahon's  
 Presidentship.

We saw his star ascend, and blaze o'er many a desperate field,  
 Where under shaken flags and plumes the clashing squadrons  
 reeled ;

And Ireland's heart throbbed swift with hope, her gray eyes  
 flashed with pride

To watch her victor son along the lines of battle ride.

Courage was his to dare and do—to lead the headlong van,

When battery and rifle-pit the work of death began—

When down reeled horse and rider in the plunging storm of  
 fire,

And through the cloud, blood-stained and proud, the Flag of  
 France flew higher.

That glorious star, that fated star, that orb of Destiny,  
 Burned bright on fifty battle fields : its light lit land and sea.  
 Red Afric saw its lustrous beam with withering radiance shine,  
 When dared to flout the power of France the bare-armed  
 Algerine.

And, later still, the Austrian, with pride and power elate,  
 Beheld its crimson splendour pierce the loopholes of his fate.  
 The Flag of France the Peoples Flag, the blended colours  
 three,

That day was lowered if not for stout MacMahon's chivalry.

Her son so crowned, our Ireland's face waxed splendrous with  
 surprise—

What if that star one day should gleam across her tearful  
 skies !

What if some hour the message ran, like blast of victory :

"England has broken with the Gaul, and France is on the  
 sea !"

That hour had seen the suffering lanb unbend its bruised  
 knees—

That hour had heard round darkened hearths hope's joyful  
 melodies ;

And, as the lightning from the hearts that rends and bursts  
 the gloom,

A million men had leaped to face deliverance or doom.

That dream has paled; that hope expired, nor left one straggling  
 ray—

Has melted like the matin mist before increasing day.

The valiant sword we trusted, to defeat has snapped in twain,

As falls a shattered thunderbolt in fragments on the plain.  
 Not vanquished was MacMahon by the storm of equal fight,  
 But crushed to earth by multitudes resistless in their might.  
 The world beheld the combat from its citadels afar,  
 Whilst loomed through clouds of fiery smoke the hero's falling  
 star.

Fallen ! not quenched. Its lustrous orb a little while has run  
 Into the shadow of the fate that hides it from the sun ;  
 That barrier of rayless black whose verge is yet agleam  
 With splendours of remoter earths—with shoals of lights which  
 stream

From worlds whose vague infinitude is only vaguely felt—  
 The crest that whitens on the Swan, the studs in Neptune's  
 belt.

And heaven wheels round, and systems swim, and, in God's  
 earnest time,  
 The hidden star, MacMahon's star, the steps of light shall  
 climb.

Thou, breathing in that white-walled town, with hair like  
 ashes grey,  
 And eyes that strain, and look, and pierce the weary mourn-  
 ful day.

We dare not call thee what thou art, if the pale ghost of care  
 Paced, like thy shadow, at thy steps, comparison of Despair,  
 Worstest thou wert ; in many wounds beho'd thy pedigree  
 Torn from the battle's stormy scroll (ye heralds where be  
 ye ?)

Here is a parchment which nor time, nor dew, nor mould  
 shall rot,  
 Written in red and generous blood, and stamped with cannon  
 shot.

Fear not, true heart, though France should veil her suffering  
 head in shame,  
 Or mount the barricade to save her all but wasted frame ;  
 She will recover, she will thrust her foul invaders back,  
 With scars and ruins for their spoils, and ashes in their track.  
 But sink, or rise, thy state is sure ; no nobler name is told  
 In earth's heroic litanies—in the world's Book of Gold.  
 Son of our Ireland and our France, thy blood not vainly wet  
 The victor's blade, if it but link and knit us closer yet.

#### DAYS OF BOYHOOD.

BY ROSS E. TREVOR.

My days of happy boyhood, ere my brow was crossed with  
 care,  
 Were passed in holy Ireland, in her pure and balmy air,

'Mid her ruined fanes and castles, where her flag was oft unfurl'd,  
 When the chivalry of Erin was renowned throughout the world.  
 By her clear and flowing rivers, where the trout and salmon play,  
 On her blest and verdant hillsides where the peasant knelt to pray ;  
 When tyrants and their myrmidons ignored the name of God,  
 And fattened on the soil they'd won by treachery and fraud.

It was there I passed my boyhood, mid those scenes so grand and fair,  
 It was there my childish mind was taught the piety and prayer  
 Of the faith my fathers followed in the days long drifted by,  
 For which they had to fight and bleed, and oftentimes to die.

It was also there that I was taught to love my native land,  
 To aid her cause whene'er I could by voice and heart, and hand,  
 To guard her safe from bitter foes, and all her rights restore  
 And raise her up from serfdom to her nationhood once more

And as I passed from boyhood, to manhood's riper years,  
 As reason calm and steady grasped my country's hopes and fears,  
 I laboured hard, and thought and toiled, her fortunes to re-cast—  
 To make her future glory pale the darkness of her past ;

And now at length its dawning, the day of Ireland's bliss,  
 That day long hoped and looked for, in many an hour ere this,  
 When Ireland freed and fetterless, mid joy and pride untold,  
 Shall fill again her rightful sphere, a Nation as of old.

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#### KINDRED HEARTS.

BY THE REV. J. O'DONNELL, ("MOY.")

HERE is the place that we used to tread,  
 Beside the river, in days gone by,  
 When youth's clear light encircled my head,  
 Ere life's dark shadows crept down from the sky ;  
 Two boys who spoke out their hearts as one—  
 Two men now severed by leagues of sea ;

Both wishing that life's dull course were run,  
To be joined in a happy eternity.

Ah ! well I remember when last we met—  
'Twas eve—and we stood on the pebbly shore,  
As the summer sun in the red West set,  
With a splendour I never remembered before  
We spoke of the Future in faltering tones,  
Of the land we loved, and her glories all—  
We talked of the time when crumbling thrones:  
Would shake the world of Wrong by their fall.

My friend was a boy, with the red-hot blood  
Of youthhood surging from heart to head ;  
Ah ! me, such love for his land—not rude,  
But sweet and sad, as the love for the dead.  
He told me tales of our country's woe—  
Her wrongs, her shame, and I blushed to hear  
Of the craven sons, who allowed one blow  
To fall on the face of their mother dear.

We spoke of the dark, grim, hateful past,  
That flung its shadows athwart our way—  
Of the glorious Light that was coming fast,  
In the sanctified blaze of another Day ;  
He promised if ever that dawn should come  
To brighten the hills of his native land,  
That his steps would follow the fife and drum,  
And his arms brandish the patriot brand.

But that Day ne'er came, and my fair young friend  
Soon left this land for another clime,  
Where the red-deer bounds, and the palm-trees bend,  
And the men have never been slaves of time ;  
And here I stand by the Western waves,  
With sad, wet eyes, as I mutter my prayers  
In a land crammed fast with forgotten graves,  
Where men have the timorous hearts of hares.

Perhaps some day, when we both are old,  
My friend may come from his Southern clime,  
When our heads are grey, and our pulses cold—  
Not wild and hot, as they were one time  
No matter—if hearts be united in heaven,  
As once they were joined on earth before—  
I care not how soon this Life were given,  
If I only but meet my friend once more.



# IRISH STREET BALLADS.

BY JOHN HAND.

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**T**HERE are few subjects nowadays which a writer or lecturer can take up that have not already been done to death in one shape or other. From the man in the moon to Arthur Orton picking oakum, and from Mr. Whalley's last act of buffoonery to King Coffee's umbrella—all have had their tithe of talk, have been elaborately discussed, rehabilitated, and discussed over again in the most approved fashion. Amongst the very few, however, the present subject has been left comparatively untouched. Irish Street Ballads have, as if by a miracle, escaped the dissection of the essayist and reviewer, and the *post mortem* examination, so to speak, of the lecturer. And yet there are few subjects richer in material, or from which a more abundant harvest might be gleaned.

Ireland owes much to her ballad poetry, and not a little to that portion of it which is associated with the streets. Most, if not all, nations owe more or less to poetry. The songs of Homer, even more than her banded might, preserved Greece independent for over a thousand years. The ballads of Spain kept Spanish patriotism brightly burning throughout the centuries which saw the Moor rooted in the land, and finally, by the potency of their magic, swept Boabdil and his legions from Granada—from Spain—tore down the

Crescent from the high places of the Saracen, and raised in its stead once again the glorious emblem of man's salvation—the Cross of the Redeemer. For Ireland, the ballad and the song have done more than for even Spain or Greece. It is true, she has not obtained a result so significantly brilliant as that achieved by Spain. She has not succeeded, after all her struggles, in shaking herself free of the foreigner's yoke. Spain, like Ireland, was seized and held by a foreign foe; but that foe, though infidel, was less rapacious and less brutal than the pretentious christian one that fastened upon Ireland. The Moor was the patron of learning, and gave almost lavish encouragement to the arts and sciences in the celebrated schools which he established at Cordova, and throughout Spain. The Englishman's instruments of civilisation in Ireland were the sword and the halter—the destruction of her schools, the violation and robbery of her sancturies, the outlawry of her language and its teachers. It was not the province of England to build up, to foster and encourage learning there, but to despoil, to destroy, and to brutalise, by every means that the dark fiend himself might suggest, the Irish race, because, forsooth, the children of that race refused to reach out their arms, and meekly receive the shackles of the slave. Learning was banned in Ireland, but the Irish mother, with a fervour almost amounting to religious devotion, taught her child the old ballads and songs which told of Ireland and of Ireland's faith, and which her own mother in a similar way had taught to her. From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, in every peasant homestead throughout the length and the breadth of the land, were those songs sung and those ballads conned over. Under God they have been the means of preserving her nationality and her faith through centuries of disasters and persecutions such as nation never before suffered and survived. When English laws

put the ban of outlawry on her bards, and finally destroyed them, did England even then succeed in her nefarious design? No!—the song lived, though the lips that first chaunted it were silent for ever. The ballad never lost its significance or its power; generation after generation were swayed by the magic of its numbers—the fierceness of its invective, the pathos of its love, or the wild agony of its wail, still exercised the same talismanic effect on the Irish heart.

The Irish language, with its graceful idioms and epigrammatic terseness, was peculiarly adapted for poetry. Even when fairly translated into the English tongue, much of the beauty of the original is perceptible. What a magnificent ballad have we not in poor Clarence Mangan's beautiful translation of "Dark Rosaleen." It is unsurpassed by any ballad of any language—a real gem—classic as Homer. It was written by an Ulster poet of the clan of Red Hugh O'Donnell, more than 300 years ago, and purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to his beloved Erin, which he speaks of as Roisin Duh—the Black little Rose. No apology need be offered the reader for quoting the ballad entire. Its insertion will the better convey to those who may be unacquainted with the composition, some idea of its impassioned and rare beauty.

O, my Dark Rosaleen,  
 Do not sigh, do not weep!  
 The priests are on the ocean green,  
 They march along the deep.  
 There's wine from the royal Pope,  
 Upon the ocean green;  
 And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
 My Dark Rosaleen!  
 My own Rosaleen!  
 Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
 Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
 My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,  
 Have I roamed for your sake ;  
 All yesterday I sailed with sails  
 On river and on lake.  
 The Erne, at its highest flood,  
 I dashed across unseen,  
 For there was lightning in my blood,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !  
 My own Rosaleen !  
 Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,  
 Red lightning lightened through my blood,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,  
 To and fro, do I move.  
 The very soul within my breast  
 Is wasted for you, love !  
 The heart in my bosom faints  
 To think of you, my queen,  
 My life of life, my saint of saints,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !  
 My own Rosaleen !  
 To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
 My life, my love, my saint of saints,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,  
 Are my lot, night and noon,  
 To see your bright face clouded so,  
 Like to the mournful moon.  
 But yet will I rear your throne  
 Again in golden sheen ;  
 'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !  
 My own Rosaleen !  
 'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
 'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,  
 Will I fly, for your weal :  
 Your holy delicate white hands  
 Shall girdle me with steel.  
 At home in your emerald bowers,  
 From morning's dawn till e'en,  
 You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !



My fond Rosaleen !  
 You'll think of me through daylight's hours,  
 My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !

I could scale the blue air,  
 I could plough the high hills,  
 Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,  
 To heal your many ills !  
 And one beamy smile from you  
 Would float like light between  
 My toils and me, my own, my true,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !  
 My fond Rosaleen !  
 Would give me life and soul anew,  
 A second life, a soul anew,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !

O, the Erne shall run red  
 With redundance of blood,  
 The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
 And flames wrap hill and wood,  
 And gun-peal, and slogan cry,  
 Wake many a glen serene,  
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
 My Dark Rosaleen !  
 My own Rosaleen !  
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,  
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,  
 My Dark Rosaleen.

It was to such ballads as this Ireland was accustomed prior to that long night of darkness and agony which set in upon her with the reign of England's Elizabeth. Such were her "Street Ballads" in those days ; and it can be readily imagined what an effect such a ballad as "Dark Rosaleen," sung or recited in the native tongue, would have on the excitable Irish temperament—how it would stir, how it would fascinate, how it would impress and mould, the susceptible Irish heart. Why, even in the foreign tongue, in the heavy, and by no means poetical language of England, the blood runs faster as it is declaimed—it carries you along in its grand flow, and

its every impassioned sentiment becomes your own. But in the old tongue, in the language of the land, the effect of such a ballad would be magical.

Since the days when it became treason to love their country, the Irish bards usually adopted allegory, such as we find in "Dark Rosaleen." They sang of Ireland as the "Dark little Rose," the "Shan Van Vocht," the "Coolin," and under a hundred other names. A great writer has said that the Irish are one of the most poetic of the peoples on earth; that in them is the true spirit of poetry to be found. With an old, brave race, such as the Irish, having grand traditions and proud memories, it could scarcely be other. Nature is the great rudimentary school in which poetry is imbibed; and in "green Erin of the streams" the child of the land is ever present face to face with the high teacher, in what mood soever she chooses to array herself. And though he may never measure a line of poetry, or indeed know the difference between *iambics* and the Hill of Howth, he is not the less a poet, for his soul drinks in the glories of nature, and responds to her thousand fitful, but always beautiful aspects.

Ireland has been happily termed the "land of song." In the pre-Christian, as in the Christian era, song was her delight, and she delighted to excel in the art. It swayed her with a certainty true as the moon sways the tides. The strains of McLaig, the bard of Brian the Brave, nerved the arm of the Dalcassian at Clontarf with a power before which the steel-guarded and fiercely-fighting Dane went down like stubble. Many a time has the war song of the bard served to fling the saffron-shirted gallowglass and kern of O'Neill or O'Donnell against the mail-clad men of the Pale, sweeping them down with a resistless force, despite their science and their armour. A people whom the impassioned strain could thus move, must have the germ of poetry deep in their nature, they

must share in the feelings of the poet, and with them, too, the latent spark would doubtless, flower into song had they the like power of giving expression to the thoughts that burn within.

If the physical aspect or features of a country have any share (and they have) in forming the character of its people, Ireland—with its green hills, its romantic glens and luxuriant valleys, its majestic rivers, beautiful lakes, streams, and wierd mountains, must have a surpassing influence in this respect. It is a land pre-eminently formed to engender and to nourish the poetic sentiment in the nature of its children. Stand on one of her green hills, when the broad sun is wheeling his course in the bright heaven above, and a sight is presented—even in the most unfavoured locality—sufficient to stir the soul to its very depths; and unnatural must the heart be, gazing on such a scene, that would not feel itself drawn closer, as it were, to nature and to nature's God. The same is it in the mystic night, with the round moon in her majesty walking the skies, and the silent, wonderful stars moving mysteriously in their orbits, and no stir over the broad face of creation save the distant bark of the watch-dog, or the whirl of the plover's wing cleaving its way through the still air. By day or by night, in sunshine or in storm, on the mountain top or within sound of the fitful roll of the mighty sea—at all times, and in all places throughout the length and the breadth of that olden isle is the genius of the land to be found—all pervading—omnipresent—moulding the hearts of the children of that old race, whose fathers she alike influenced in the misty ages of a great antiquity, whilst the world was yet young.

Nine out of every ten men you meet with in Ireland are poets; and the tenth man will, in all probability, be a Saxon or other "benighted foreigner." The majority of them, however, it need scarcely be added, remain "mute inglorious Miltons," but might, and no doubt

would, under different circumstances become glorious ones. In Ireland rustic bards swarm thick as blackberries in harvest-time, and not a few of the craft have we ourselves personally known. As in every other department, so in the rhyming trade, there is always to be found in each parish or district a workman superior to his fellows. Phil Markey was, *par excellence*, the poet of our neighbourhood. As compared with his brethren of the lyre there, Phil was a very emperor, and ruled the realms of rhyme with a majesty and *esprit* peculiarly his own. A rollicking, good-natured fellow was Phil—a compound of the most extraordinary inconsistencies—ready to embrace or fight—it didn't matter which—on the slightest possible notice. A conscientious attendant of every fair, pattern, or wake for miles around, he managed to make life pass away pleasantly at all events, whatever might be said of the *morale* of the thing. At a festive gathering, or indeed at a wake, it was that Phil brightest shone, reciting his compositions with the air and self-complacency of a Homer. Phil, in his youth, had been rather remiss in his school attendance, or what is more probable, the schoolmaster, during that period of the world's history, had been abroad; and in consequence Phil's knowledge of ethics, and his conception of the ideas of Lindley Murray, on the construction of words and sentences were rather limited. But he could "indite," as he said himself, and had a memory capable of retaining his compositions perfect as if engraved on steel or bronze. Phil's best known, and most successful poem was "Johnny Toal," made on a poor simpleton of that name who went about the country. As a matter of course the "poem" opened grandiloquent as the loftiness of the subject warrented the "nine muses," and the "goddess Flora" brightning up the foreground of the picture. It was a summer's evening, and Phil was alone in his cabin—all alone, barring the companionship of a child



and the cat. Whilst "contimplatin' and ruminatin," a stealthy figure darkened the doorway, and anon stood before him on the cabin floor. But let Phil describe the visitor :—

"His wiry hair it stood so straight,  
I thought this imp my life would take,  
And then his looks they wur so wild,  
Says I, 'lave the house, or you'll scare the child!'"

The wiry-haired imp was not, however, to be driven away so unceremoniously. He implores the poet to allow him to remain for the night, saying,

"Over rocks an' vallies I came dodgin'  
To you, Phil Markey, for one night's lodgin'."

Finally, he tells Phil that he is a mundane mortal like himself, and that his name is *Johnny Toul*, a fact which Phil begins slowly to recognise, as shown by the following admission—

"When I begun to know this creature,  
I made him a bed that grew by nature,  
I rowled him up in a good strong sack,  
And immediately he began to scratch;  
My sack and walls he did'nt spare,  
He left the bones and sinews bare."

The poem has a most dramatic ending. Next morning, whilst the merry lark was yet piping his notes on high, Phil essayed to rouse his lodger of the night; the sack was to the fore, but its occupant, having divested himself of the covering with which nature had provided him, had, by some mysterious means, disappeared, leaving his bones behind in the sack. A poetic plot with a vengeance truly!

Then there was Paddy McVey, a hedge-schoolmaster, whose style was severely classic. Paddy knew everything about Parnassus, could tell to a certainty where the winged steed Pegasus was stabled, knew the true history of Venus, Cupid, Flora, and Diana, as well as that of Apollo, and the obliging sisters, the Muses. His compositions were many and varied; but yet he never attained a tithe the popularity of Phil Markey,

a fact which he regretted exceedingly, and attributed to the degeneracy of the age.

During the last century or so the Irish street ballads have been written by the Phil Markeys and Paddy McVeys, with an occasional one by a bard of a superior class. It is unfortunate that there should not have been a higher standard, but, under the circumstances, how could it be other? Owing to the savage legislation of which Ireland was the victim learning was not to be procured by the peasantry, and hence, having been kept in a state of enforced ignorance, they could scarcely be supposed to well understand or appreciate ballads and songs of real literary merit. The productions of the period were composed by peasants of little education for peasants of still less. Most of the effusions, however, bear the stamp of having been written by men of poetic minds; and many of the rhymesters, had they received a fair amount of education, might have made a mark in the literary world. It was a thousand times better, too, that those ballads—trashy, as most of them were, should have been written and circulated than that the people should have had nothing to tell them of passing events, and to remind them of glorious old Ireland, and her grand old faith, both of which were being trampled upon. Like the lamp in "Kildare's holy fane," they kept the light of nationality and religion still aglow through the long years of persecution, just as vividly and as bright as the refined and classic ballads—written in the old tongue—had done centuries before.

The Irish street ballad proper was on every conceivable subject—embraced love, politics, religion, war, shipwreck, in fact, took in the whole range of creation—sun, moon, stars, skies, and the earth, with all its belongings, but more particularly that delightful portion of it ycleped the "Emerald Isle." Indeed it was no uncommon thing for a countryman, on being asked to sing, to inquire on what subject the

company would wish him to oblige—whether they would have a love, or love-and-murder, a “rale ould Irish ; (meaning a national) a controversial, or a sea song. We have often heard the question asked in this way, when the minstrel would take his cue from the majority, and treat them to what they liked best.

Love was a deity the rustic bard very frequently bowed before. Her he invoked, and to her he poured out the woes of his wounded spirit in swelling numbers. Here is one who tells us he came a stranger to the country about Ardee, where he lost his heart. He thus makes us acquainted with the sad tale :

“When first to this country a stranger I came,  
I placed my affections on a comely fair maid,  
She was proper, tall and handsome, in every degree,  
She’s the flower of this country, and the Rose of Ardee.

I courted lovely Mary at the age of sixteen,  
Her waist it was slender, and her carriage genteel ;  
Till at length a young weaver came for her to see,  
Stole the flower of this country and the Rose of Ardee.”

Poor fellow, this was a sad ending to his dreams. Though the provocation was great, he did not commit suicide, however. After cursing the weaver “by day and by night,” he proceeds—

“When I get my week’s wages to the *shebeen* I’ll go,  
And there I’ll sit drinkin’ with my heart full of woe,  
I’ll sit there lamentin’, expectin’ to see,  
Once more my own true love, the Rose of Ardee.”

After a good deal of “lamenting,” the bard arrives at a philosophic conclusion, and ends by bidding his false fair one an eternal farewell.

“Farewell lovely Mary, tho’ fled from my sight,  
For you I am weepin’ by day and by night,  
But I fear my sweet angel I never shall see,  
So adieu evermore to the Rose of Ardee.”

Here is another characteristic effusion, entitled the “Star of Slane.” Observe how the bard displays his

knowledge of history and mythology. It is so loaded with classic allusions that, like the "other" straw breaking the camel's back, one other would be more than it could actually bear. Bright Sol, Paris, the Grecian Queen, Troy, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Alexander, Cupid, Diana, Suanna, and the River Boyne, are all marshalled up to give effect. We cannot refrain from placing it in full before our readers. Here it is.

You brilliant muses, who ne'er refuses,  
But still infuses in the poet's mind,  
Your kindest favours to his poor endeavours,  
If his ardent labours but appear sublime ;  
Preserve my study from getting muddy,  
My ideas ready to preserve my brain,  
My quill refine, while I write these lines  
On a nymph divine, called the Star of Slane.

In beauteous spring when warblers sing,  
And their music rings thro' each silent grove,  
Bright Sol did shine, which did me incline,  
By the river Boyne for to go to rove.  
I was contemplating, and meditating,  
And ruminating as I paced the plain,  
When a charming fair then beyond compare.  
Did my heart ensnare near the town of Slane.

Had Paris seen this young maid serene,  
The Grecian Queen he would soon disdain,  
And straight embrace this virgin chaste,  
And peace would grace the Trojan plain ;  
If ancient Cæsar would on her gaze, sir,  
He'd stand amazed to view this dame,  
Sweet Cleopatra he would freely part her,  
And his crown he'd barter for the Star of Slane.

There's Alexander, that famed commander,  
Whose triumphant standard did conquer all,  
Who proved a victor over crown and sceptre,  
And great warlike structures did before him fall,  
Should he behold her, he would uphold her,  
From pole to pole he would then proclaim,  
For the human race in that large wide space,  
To respect the chaste blooming Star of Slane.



To praise her beauty then it is my duty,  
 But alas! I am footy in this noble part,  
 And to my sorrow sly Cupid's arrow,  
 Full deep did burrow in my tender heart.  
 In pain and trouble yet will I struggle,  
 Tho' sadly hobbled in my stupid brain,  
 Yet backed by nature, I will tell each feature  
 Of this lovely creature called the Star of Slane.

Her eyes, it's true, are an azure blue,  
 And her cheeks the hue of the crimson rose,  
 Her hair behold, it does shine like gold,  
 In fine flowing rolls it so nicely grows:  
 Her skin is as white as the snow by night.  
 Straight and upright in her portly frame,  
 The chaste Diana, or the fair Susanna,  
 Are eclipsed in grandeur by the Star of Slane.

Her name to mention it may cause contention,  
 And its my intention for to breed no strife,  
 But to win her as I am but poor,  
 I am really shure she won't be my wife.  
 In silent anguish I here must languish,  
 Till time does banish my love sick pain,  
 And my humble station I must bear with patience,  
 Since great exaltation suits the Star of Slane.

This was the style of versification most admired, particularly when the words were, as here, of "learned length and thundering sound"

Who is not familiar with the "Colleen Rhu," and "Colleen dhas cruthathna mho." Then there is "Mary Neil," "Jemmy and Nancy," "Rise up Willy Reilly," and a whole host of a similar class, many of them of much poetic feeling.

Who but an Irish street-balladist could express affection for the angel of his love in so happy a manner as does the wooer of *Peggy Brady*? What colleen but would melt at so moving and so artless an assurance. The unselfishness of the declaration is most refreshing read in an age sordid as the present.

"O Peggy Brady, you are my darlin',  
 You are my lookin'-glass from night to mornin',  
 I'd rather have you without a farthin',  
 Than Susy Gallagher, wid her house and garden."

The polemical ballad was always in high favour. The Church was persecuted with fiendish malignity; and the people loved and clung to her the more for that very persecution. Innumerable were the ballads written in her behalf, or pourtraying her sufferings—the majority of them, from a literary point of view, being the very quintessence of absurdity; yet they were disseminated and sung, and kept the subject ever green in the susceptible hearts of the Irish peasantry. Of the religious class, the controversial was perhaps most admired. It gave scope to the bard for the display of his biblical lore and sublime invective, qualities altogether indispensable to the rustic muse. “One morning in July,” the poet tells us—he was “ranging” over “Urker Hill,” when a church and chapel adjacent had a regular “set to”—to use a modern phrase. The Protestant church was the aggressor on the occasion, scornfully alluding to the poverty-stricken appearance of her rival. But she had evidently calculated without her host, for the chapel, putting forth all her powers, administered her such a drubbing as Lutheran structure never received before. The church had made some grave charges, but,

“The prudent chapel then made answer,  
And was not angry, nor yet confused,  
Sayin’, madam, sittin’ in yer pomp an’ grandeur,  
I beg the favour to be excused,  
I do renegade and flatter none,  
I was erected by true Milesians,  
An’ my ordination is the Church of Rome!”

This was an effective hit, but is even surpassed by what follows.

“I do remimber, in former ages,  
Whin you wur naked as well as I,  
Till by false teachin’ ye did invade us  
By prachin’ doctrines of heresy.”

Needless to say that undersuch admirably-administered castigation, the church was forced to succumb.

"The Ass and the Orangeman's Daughter," as the title implies, was another classic production. It proved, besides, a mine of wealth—a very Golconda—to scores of street-minstrels. Should the reader be sceptical and choose to doubt these facts, here is the effusion, which let him read, and feel convinced.

'In the county Tipperary, at a place called Longford Cross,  
There lived one Thomas Brady, who had a stylish ass,  
He was seized by heresy and canted for tithes,  
On Forrens' hill those verses you will find, his name was Henry  
Boyd.

This ass was sold by auction for a great sum of debt,  
And was purchased by an Orangeman, which caused him to fret,  
He was seized him with a cable, and fettered him across,  
He confined him in a stable without either hay or grass.

For three long days he was kept there without one bit to eat,  
And on the morning of the fourth in walks his daughter Kate,  
She opened a large bible and began to read to me,  
Says she, my Papist donkey, deny the Popery.

If you will become an' Orangeman and join King William's host,  
And deny the holy water, and the ransom of the past,  
You shall be set at liberty and fed on oats and hay,  
And the word of prayer you shall hear with me on every Sabbath  
day.

My charming lass replied the ass, the truth I now must tell,  
Our Saviour suffered on the Cross and died for every man,  
I never will deny the banner of the Cross,  
I wear it on my shoulder, altho' I am but an ass.

Miss Kate she frowned and said, you rascal, how dare you me  
refuse,  
I will make you suffer sore before you will get loose,  
To whip your side I'll strip for to begin the strife,  
Where is the Papist rascal dare come to your relief?

This Orange lass she seized a stick to knock the donkey down,  
When a multitude of asses there soon gathered from around,  
They tore her flounces into rags, and then set the donkey free,  
They told this Orange lass that they would fight for liberty.

Few public men had more ballads written about

them than Daniel O'Connell. For fully forty years every town and hamlet in Ireland were flooded with poetic effusions in praise of the Liberator. Among others the following had a wide spread popularity—

“You sons of Hibernia, now listen awhile to my song,  
When you hear it, you won't say that it's wrong,  
It's of a bold Eagle, his age was over three score,  
He was the pride of the tribe and the flower of Erin's green shore.

From the green hills of Kerry, so merry my Eagle took wing  
With talents so rare and clear he began for to sing ;  
The people admired and delighted in his charming air,  
So soon they elected him as member for Clare.

It was straight off to London my Eagle took a flight o'er the main,  
His voice reached to America, all o'er France and thro' Spain,  
But the black feathered tribe thought to bribe his sweet note,  
But he would not sing to the tune of that curious oath.

In the Parliament house my Eagle at first took his seat,  
At the first flowing tide quite wide he opened the gate :  
That once was kept closed against those who professed Popery  
But my Eagle Dan led the van to sweet liberty.

Back to Granuale he set sail, like a cloud through the smoke,  
And told her that one of her fetters was broke ;  
Then for Emancipation they stood up to a man,  
My Eagle in triumph united the whole Irish land.

The boys of Tipperary, Roscommon, Westmeath, and Mayo,  
Sweet Wexford, Kildare, and Clare, manfully rose ;  
Cork, Limerick, Kilkenny, likewise the sweet county Louth,  
With Meath, in a struggle for liberty my Eagle was crowned.

Here we find, as at an earlier period, the bard dealing in allegory.

The death of O'Connell, all unexpected as it was, produced a deep sensation throughout Ireland, and plunged the entire country into profound grief. For nearly half a century he had been struggling for his country, as few had ever struggled before ; he had been one of the most, if not *the* most prominent character ; certainly in Ireland, perhaps in Europe. And now





IRISH STREET BALLADS.



that the Titan had been struck down—the great leader had departed—the magic tongue of the Liberator silenced for ever—Ireland, whose faithful child he was, felt acutely the irreparable loss she had sustained, and mourned O'Connell with a grief intense as was his love for her. He was her own, her dearly beloved. He had been her buckler and her shield in many a foray. From her he had inherited genius; she had given him eloquence, wit, majesty; endowed him with her own indomitable courage; clothed him with more than regal power; and all these talents were employed in her behalf; all these attributes were given to and for her. The national grief found expression in divers ways, and not the least sincere, and real was its burden as uttered through the verse of the rustic bard, and sang through the streets of every town and village in the land. Some of these ballads had a prodigious sale—not less than a million copies of several of them being sold in an incredibly short space of time. “Erin's Lament” ran through countless editions. Large crowds used to surround the street minstrel as, with stentorian lungs, he poured forth the words of the ballad, which, by the way, were attached to a beautiful and plaintive melody. The ballads were purchased fast as they could be handed out. The singer generally sang the song right through, and then started afresh as follows:—

“ One morning ranging for recreation,  
Down by a river I chanced to rove,  
Where I espied a maiden in conversation,  
Just quite adjacent to a shady grove;  
I was struck with wonder, so I stood and pondered,  
I could stand no longer, so I just stept o'er,  
And the song she sung made the valleys ring,  
It was Erin's King, brave Dan's no more.

When I heard the news I was much confused;  
And myself excused, when this I did say,  
Is O'Connell gone, old Granua's son?

The brightest orb that e'er stood the day;  
To relate his glory, his name's famed in story,

Whilst Erin will sorely feel the fall,  
For his sweet voice, will no more rejoice,  
Whilst our harp quite mute lies in Tara's hall.

In a similar fashion are reviewed the principal incidents in the career of the departed ; and the song relates that

"The Emancipation, without hesitation,  
To our lovely island he soon brought o'er,  
And our clergy crowned him with wreaths of glory,  
When that he sailed to old Erin's shore ;  
Our chapel bells they do ring melodious,  
Where no vile scorpion dare cross the door ;  
Quite broken hearted, from us departed,  
The pride of Kerry, brave Dan's no more."

"The "Rights of Man" is another allegorical effusion. The bard had a vision, and among other phenomena the following quaint picture is limned :

"Through the azure sky I then did spy  
A man to fly and for to descend  
And lights came down upon the ground  
Where Erin round had her bosom friends ;  
His dazzling mitre and cross was brighter  
Then stars by night or the mid-day sun,  
In accents rare then I do declare  
He prayed sincere for the rights of man."

Again we have "The Banished Defender," in which politics, religion, and pikes are beautifully mingled. In the first verse the poet tells us he is fled to the mountains, and in the next—probably forgetting what he had told us in the former—we are assured that he is a convict in Van Dieman's Land. Here is a sample.

"You Catholics of Erin, give ear unto these lines I write,  
I've fled unto the mountains, for ever I am banished quite ;  
For the sake of my religion, I'm bound to leave my native home,  
For being a bold defender, and a member of the Church of Rome.

Then woe attend those traitors that forced me from my native shore,  
Those perjured prosecutors that has me banished for evermore.  
They say I was a traitor, and a leader of the Papist band,  
For which I'm in cold irons, a convict in Van Dieman's land."



He knows something of theology, as the following extract will show.

"Transubstantiation is the faith we depend upon,  
Look and you will find it in the fifth chapter of St. John,  
As Moses and Elias they told us of our heavenly church,  
That we in future ages should suffer persecution much.

The gentleman who penned the following must have risen fresh from the study of Virgil, his mind all aglow with the stately harmony he found in the Latin poet. How else could he sing

"Near Castleblayney, lived Dan Delaney,  
And the broth of a boy was Pat McCann,"

Observe the harmonious connexion. We have it that "Dan Delaney" lived near Castleblayney, and in the same breath are assured of the important fact that

"The broth of a boy was Pat McCann."

Who could doubt it? or doubt the versatile genius and originality of the poet who, with this single touch, dubs the above worthies immortal.

"McKenna's Dream," Brannon on the Moor," Bold Traynor O," "Donnelly and Cooper," "The River Roe," "My Brown Girl Sweet," and "Lovely Mary of the Shannon Side," have had an immense run in their day, and have been sung from the Hill of Howth to the wild shores of Arran, and from Slieve-na-mon to the wierd pieked mountains of Donegal.

This class of ballads is now rapidly fading away—becoming fast absolute before the spread of a better education. The ballad to be sold now in Ireland must have literary merit, and instead of the "Bold Defender," the "Rights of Man," the "Star of Slane," &c., inquiries are made for "O'Donnell Abu," "Rory of the Hills," "God Save Ireland," "Gra-gal-Machree," "Brian the Brave," "Rich and Rare," and other of the sparkling gems of Thomas Moore. The old street-ballads are dying—smooth be their passage to oblivion. They had their day, and performed their mission

well. They lived in a rugged time ; and recalled many a wavering heart, in their own rude fashion, to a sense of duty. They can now only survive in the sketch book of a Carleton, or other delineator of the Irish of a past generation. Yet among the street ballads proper are to be found stray pearls that must and will survive. Many such there are that cannot and should not be allowed to depart from amongst us !

Happily there are ballads to take the place of the dead or dying ones. Instead of the "Rose of Ardee," and others of that ilk, we have "Cushla Gal Machree," from the pen of brave-hearted Michael Doheny, the ballads of hopeful, earnest-souled Thomas Davis,—ballads that thrill you like an inspiration—the wierd but melodious productions of the muse of Clarence Mangan, and all the varied and magnificent treasure of "Young Ireland." '48 saw the commencement of a new era in Irish ballad poetry.

The tocsin was sounded by Mangan in "The Nation's First Number." A wave of the magic wand of Thomas Davis, and the accumulated poetical absurdities, in the shape of the accepted street ballad, were swept away in the flood which his great and impassioned genius had conjured. The rustic song-maker found his occupation gone ; for who of the new generation—all of whom had or were receiving more or less of an education—would buy or read such an effusion, for instance, as "Mary Neil," where the hero, with a modesty by no means uncommon, introduces himself thus—

"I am a bold, undaunted Irishman, my name is John McCann,  
I am a native of sweet Donegal, convenient to Strabane ;  
For the stealing of an heiress I lie in Lifford jail,  
And her father swears he will me hang for his daughter Mary  
Neil."

But the lady was true to her suffering lover, as herein doth appear. For

'Whilst in cold irons I lay bound, my love sent word to me,  
Don't fear my father's anger for I will set you free."

And true to her promise, and the instinct of her woman's love, "Mary Neil," at the trial of "John McCann," put in an appearance, not to "swear his life away," as her father fondly hoped, but to exculpate him before judge and jury. According to the song—

"Like a moving beauty bright, to appear she did not fail,  
She freed me from all danger, she's my charming Mary Neil."

This was as it should be. We are not told, however, whether the lady succeeded in gaining the fortune to which she was "heiress"—the not inconsiderable sum of £500, if we remember aright. The cruel-hearted parent perhaps, spent it on law or other equally vicious excesses. John and Mary took passage for America; a storm arose, and among a number of unfortunate passengers washed overboard was Mrs. McCann—*nee* Mary Neil. But would the bard allow her to perish thus ignominiously? Forbid it Parnassus, Helicon, and all ye "Muses nine!" The bard—still Mr. McCann personified—rescues her heroically, and in the very nick of time. He tells us that

"Her yellow locks I soon espied came floating on the gale,  
I jumped into the raging deep, and saved my Mary Neil."

We forget how the drama closes, but believe it ended in the stereotyped fashion, happily for all concerned—that the lovers were lovers to the end. "Mary Neil" went "out of print." The freshened ideas of "Young Ireland" extinguished it and all of its class. Who would buy such when a song like this could be purchased?

"Come in the evening, or come in the morning,  
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;  
Kisses and welcome you'll have here before ye,  
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore ye."

"The Blackbird," the "Shan Van Vocht," and such other of the *genus* political, were literally snuffed out by the grand march forward then inaugurated. The hopeful, melodious, glowing, and martial verse of Gavan Duffy, D'Arcy Magee, Dalton Williams, Lady

Wilde, and all that brilliant phalanx who gave to the period such a lustre, contributed to this desired event.

The old street-ballads are gone ; with many of them were associated pleasant memories. May the pleasure remain, but what of them was rancorous, uncharitable, bigoted, or envenomed, pass away, and be buried in the same oblivious grave.

"Give me the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who make their laws," was the saying of an ancient philosopher, and the wisdom of old Fletcher of Saltoun, author of the saying, was never better exemplified than in the case of Ireland. Her nationality has been preserved by the aid of her ballads ; seeing what they have accomplished, may we not safely predict that the potency of their magic will yet help to consummate what for centuries has been her fixed and grand idea—Ireland a Nation—the arbitèr of her own destinies.





# THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

BY HUGH HEINRICK.

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**T**HE position of the Irish people in the moral, mental, and religious economy of Western Europe has been from the earliest ages of Christian record the theme of praise and commendation, of wonder and of gratitude in those nations which derived from the sainted Island of the Seas the light of Salvation. These tributes have been paid to Ireland because of the learning that abounded in her schools—the illumination which she sent forth with a generous charity, which made her as beloved as she was respected—the high tone of chivalrous honour, the elevation of spiritual idealism to which, in emulation of her superiority, her followers and imitators aspired in the schools which she founded or which followed her example—in fine, because of her absolute repudiation of the barbarisms of the age, and the generous self-sacrifice with which she devoted herself to the labour of dispelling them by the light of her intelligence, or moulding them into milder forms by the gentle force of her example. Early Christian thought in the West bore her mental impress. Her schools and her monasteries were centres of enlightenment and sanctity which conferred on her the distinguished title of mother of saints and doctors. Her children were missionaries to the Gaul and the Helvetian, the Lombard and the Saxon. The “wisdom sellers” in

the French towns were the brethren of the men who penetrated amongst the semi-savage Goths, and planted the standard of the faith of Christ among the Alpine fastnesses. The sweet-tongued Gael held the keys of enlightenment, and with true Celtic generosity opened its doors to all who choose to come and claim it in their household, and to those who would not they themselves bore it with an exotic prodigality which was purely Irish. Out from the schools of Ireland went the veterans and neophytes of the faith to plant the Cross among the heathens, and bear learning to the barbarians. The seed thus sown has borne ample fruit. The Irish people are no longer the first in the schools of the nations to which they bore Christain enlightenment and civilisation, but their work lives in the ever expanding force of mental progress. The light they bore through the darkness has illumined ten thousand fanes—the civilisation which they planted has grown into the magnificent moral, mental, and political comity now known as the states of Western Europe.

Ages have since rolled away and Ireland herself has passed through an ordeal of persecution such as has never been visited on any other Christian state. Spain under the Moors was mildly and mercifully treated in comparison with Ireland under the penal laws—and the precedent enactments designed to break the spirit, barbarise the moral sentiment—and crush the principle of nationality in the heart of the people. But with all the Irish people have preserved their primitive and innatic characteristics. Among them education was proscribed, but they preserved it; religion was banned, they upheld it, sacrificing all and dying for it. Nationality was trampled on—but like the verdure of our native hills and vales it grew the greener and the more vigorous with each effort made to destroy it. The ages—long and bitter ages of persecution—have seen its trials and its sufferings, its

resistance and its triumphs—till our own day when the Irish race is again a power on the earth—when the Irish intellect is again among the most potent forces of modern enlightenment—and the Irish people are awaiting the hour for the celebration of the jubilee of their national deliverance.

To-day, Ireland does not send out her saints and her scholars in the same sense as she did in the past, but the primitive character of the race marks their progress, and the missionary spirit follows like light in their footsteps. In the north and the south, in the east and the west the Irish people are to be met, and wherever an "Irish colony" exists, there are to be found the spiritual and moral characteristics of the Irish people. In the United States of America there exists an Irish population endued with the peculiar characteristics of the Irish race, and numbering double the population of the island that cradled their name and their fame. In Canada, in New Zealand, in Australia, and at the Cape are large and prosperous Irish communities, the members of which are rapidly assuming leading positions, and in many instances taking the foremost places in the gradual development of those colonies into independent nations. In each and every one of these settlements the spiritual excellencies which distinguished the Irish people from the first are marked and distinct. The world bears testimony to this. The number of Irish priests, bishops, and teachers scattered over the earth furnish the proof. Ireland, even in her poverty and depression, has done more for the spread of faith and enlightenment than any of the modern states of the world—and, while doing so, true to her inherent instincts, she is inflexible in the resolution which has lived for ages to win back her ancient but long eclipsed liberties, and re-edify again the temple of her banished glories.

The Irish people have been for ages deprived of the

ordinary means of enlightenment, and, consequently, do not now, as in the olden times, exercise their masterly intellectual influence on the mind of the world but, in another way, their influence is not less striking and beneficial. The instinct and mental aggressiveness of the race is marked wherever they are to be found. I have merely indicated their influence in the colonies of England and in all lands where the English tongue prevails. The purpose of the present essay is to show the influence exercised by the Irish people in Great Britain—their numbers—their position—the religious change to which their advent in England has given rise—the force of their intellect as observed in English Art and English Literature—in fine, to show that though our people have only just thrown off their chains, and come forth from the house of bondage—though the cloud of darkness which gathered round and overshadowed the national intellect has only now been dispelled—yet is the Irish mind possessed to-day of all its original attributes of brilliancy, beauty, and progressive energy. The lowly and outcast race has made itself felt in the land of the stranger, and has built up from its scattered fragments an edifice of power which is now among the most potent of the forces employed by the advocates of the legislative independence of the Irish nation. It may be safely affirmed that there is now dispersed over the earth a population of Irish—by birth or descent in the first generation—numbering more than double the population of Ireland. Of this immense offshoot of Irish growth, some 2,000,000 have found residence in England, and here, as elsewhere over the earth, the Irish people have preserved their individuality intact and resisted all the forces, religious, political and social, which would destroy their national characteristics by facilitating their absorption by the races amongst whom they have found a home. In England the Irish people are in everything more intensely and more



invincibly Irish than even their brethern at home. The calls of Faith and Fatherland ever receive from them hearty and generous support, and they resist the insidious advances or open opposition of their enemies as resolutely as did their forefathers the force and fraud, the open assault or covert cunning of the cruel and crafty denizens of the Pale.

In most of the large towns in England the position and power of the Irish people are so marked and signal as to form one of the most potent element in their strength—an element which now is so intertwined with their business and other arrangements, as to render the Irish people indispensable to the daily routine of English life. Of course the Irish exercise a political influence corresponding with their numbers, and their importance in the marts of labour and of trade. In London and in Liverpool the power and preponderance of the Irish population are most remarkable—but in all the large towns from Bristol, London and Leicester, to Carlisle and Newcastle, and again from the Scottish border to the Western Highlands, the Irish are to be found in numbers wherever honest toil can command a reward, or native ability win a higher place in the open field of merit.

Though in the limits prescribed in this publication anything like a systematic arrangement and description of the Irish in England, according to their strength and influence, in the various towns would be impossible, it will be advisable to follow such an arrangement as nearly as possible in the general view which I desire to present to the reader.

Beginning with the capital, we find in the great fevered, restless, heartless, community of London, the largest number of our people to be found in any spot on earth out of their native land. Nearly half a million of the inhabitants of London are of Irish birth or parentage. Here we have the very extremes of Irish society, mixing and commingling

in the rush and roar of life that rolls ever through the haunts of fashion, in the busy marts, the crowded thoroughfares and the sweltering, wealth-encumbered docks, where the Irish are to be found toiling in their thousands. Here are to be met the tyrant and his victim, the oppressor and the oppressed. Here the fruits of the bitter toil of the Irish peasant are daily and nightly squandered in the haunts of fashion and of vice, while the wretched victims of the system that makes London the sweating house of Irish wealth, exist in squalid misery in some obscure and unhealthy East-end court, pining for the soft sunlight and healthy breezes of their native hills and valleys.

In the west end squares and in the parks are to be met the solemn Sybarites and fashionable *roues* who batten on the poverty of Ireland; while in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Mile End, the Minories, and numerous other Irish centres of population is congregated the vast army of Irish toil and Irish misery whose degradation and poverty are due to the pernicious land system, which rooted them out of their once happy homesteads in the green glens and smiling valleys of their native land. Between the poor who here, as elsewhere, as a rule, struggle manfully and hopefully against the bitter decrees of destiny, and the high-bred harpies who bear away the wealth won by the toil of the Irish people, to be swallowed in the vicious vortex of British fashion and profligacy, there has grown up in London and elsewhere a lower and a higher middle, forming a considerable per-centage of the total Irish population in each town. These are the men who, from the ranks of toil, have elevated themselves by the innate force of ability and perseverance. But the destiny of the great mass of the people is daily toil—toil but seldom respited, and too often alternated with the relaxation of the gin shop, and associated with the vices which are its inevitable concomitants. In this struggle of

labour for existence, amidst vices which corrode and destroy the lives and morality of the people, thousands are contaminated and lost—some go down broken hearted to the grave.—others into the surrounding quagmire of vice. Here are the strong and the sensitive struggling side by side for an existence—the one battling and braving destiny, the other withering like foreign plants beneath the inclemency of strange skies. Some there are who win their way to the highest positions in trade, in art, in commerce and literature; others are drawn into the vortex of surrounding vice, and sink to rise no more. The Irish people are in every moral attribute infinitely superior to the people amongst whom they live, but vice is contagious, and contiguity produces the same effects in morals as in disease. Custom makes vice become less hideous, and blunts the finer feeling and higher spiritual and moral sensibilities of the Irish nature; and hence it is, that the system which drove the Irish people from their native land has been so terribly destructive of their lives and morals in the English towns. This is manifest everywhere—but most notably in the large towns, such as London, Liverpool, and many of the great centres of population in Lancashire and Yorkshire. But withal it must be confessed that no people on earth would have so resisted and repelled the evil influences of their sad and bitter lot, and come so elevated and pure out of the ordeal. And so there are to-day two millions of our race resident in Great Britain, who in mental and physical qualities are the equals of any—in morality and religion incomparably superior to the people among whom they live; constituting an Irish nation distinct and peculiar, amid all the evil influences of English social life.

Distinct from the classes of the Irish population I have enumerated, there is, in London, a large and constantly increasing mental force, drawn from Ireland, to enrich the thought, the art, the literature of

England. The London press, daily and weekly, is notably recruited from Ireland, and the intellect that infuses fire and force, grace and beauty, into its more elevated and ambitious literature, comes from the same source. One of the worst curses which provincialism entails, is when a nation's genius becomes the instrument in the hands of the dominant power for destroying national sentiment by reconciling the mind to its enslavement—and this is rapidly becoming the case in relation to Ireland. The curse of poverty forces Irish genius into the English market to become under English direction the most subtle—because the ablest agent in the promotion of English designs. The mental tribute which Ireland pays to England, as one of the consequences of her degrading dependency, entails on her more evils than sword or statute—the castle or the coercion which in the name of law it administers. Ireland loses directly the brightest wealth of her intellect only to enrich her enemy with the very means of perpetuating her power. The Irish writers on the English press weave the web of English influence from the warp and woof of their clear thought and glowing imagination. The keenest arrows that pierce the eagle of Irish nationality are directed by feathers dropped from his own wing while soaring in his highest and most glorious “pride of place” with his eye confronting the sunshine of liberty. Alas! that it should be so—but so it is. There is a double curse in the blight of foreign rule. It blasts with pestilent breath whatever it touches in the subject land—and fosters all it can corrupt and enlist in the degrading service which binds the intellect of the enslaved to do the work of the enslaver. In England, Irish intellect is employed by English master to provincialise the intellect of the Irish people by sustaining a literature which circumstances force on Ireland to the exclusion of the pure and glowing productions which are the natural growth of



the Irish mind, and which would flood the world with the beauty of its light if fostered at home by the beneficent hand of liberty. So far has this evil progressed that we are now wont to contemplate with pride the triumphs of the Irish mind in competition with that of England in its own domain, though each such exhibition is but an evidence of the wealth we lose, and which goes to swell the power and intellectual force which are exercised to keep our native land in subjection. England forces us by her system to pay her the tribute of our substance. We are forced by the circumstances of our subjection to pay her the tribute of our mind.

Turning from literature to art and the same evil influence works similar results. The idea of the beautiful—its conception and creation—are strongly marked attributes of the Irish mind. These qualities which are the efflorescence of intellectual growth, are lost to Ireland, and go to enrich and adorn England. The first of her sculptors, the richest and most brilliant of her painters, the most vivid and humorous of her artists in comic pictorial art, are Irish. The best of modern monuments are by the hands of Irishmen, Living Irishmen are the first in her studios and academies. Her legislative chambers are adorned with the best of their plastic and pictorial art, executed by Irish hands, directed by Irish intellect. In sculpture Foley stands unrivalled, while McDoughall, Lawlor, Hayes, Davis, M. G. Brennan, and W. S. Wills, are first in the rank immediately succeeding him. Among painters such names as Maclise, Mulready, O'Neill, Elmore, and Burton, the present director of the National Gallery—are in the front rank of their profession, some of them being amongst the greatest of the modern masters. In the peculiar pictorial art by which serial literature is so profusely and beautifully illustrated, and in the department in which the muse of comedy speaks, in characterising the names of

Michael Fitzgerald, who at the age of 25 is first amongst the foremost on the *Illustrated London News*, and Doyle, and the young and gifted O'Neill, whose early death by consumption was lamented by the first artists and art critics, are but types of hundreds who in the various departments of art toil to enrich England with the creations, which, under the fostering care of native government would adorn the land of their birth. So is it also in respect to music and the drama. The first of actors and the first of English composers (the Sullivans) are both Irish. So is the greatest living master of comedy. So also too of the ablest amongst the playwrights of the age. So in fine wherever we turn is Irish intellect enriching England, because of the system that impoverishes the land from which it derives its inspiration, and forces it from sheer necessity to mercenary servitude and uncongenial labour.

But from the contemplation of this loss—a loss which tends most to degrade the mind and destroy the ideal in a people, we must turn to consider the condition of the general army of toil—to whom daily labour is a necessity, and honourable industry the only badge of distinction they can claim. Here too we find intellectual power, grandeur, and greatness, struggling ever upward to higher aims and greater ends. In the great throbbing heart of the thinking and toiling masses of the Irish in England is the raw material of Irish greatness—the true source of the political and social power which every day grows broader and stronger, and which springs wholly from the patriotic instincts and mental energy of the people. There is here to be found—albeit in the ranks of labour—conclusive evidence of the wealth and splendour of the Irish mind—the truth, purity, and zeal of Irish manhood, when emancipated from the evil agencies which cramped and withered them at home. The Irish people are peculiar in the effect of

the curse that blights their native land. 'At home, all languishes as forest trees beside the upas, when the atmosphere is loaded with its poison. It is only abroad—and when removed from the curse of subjection, that the Irish mind, can flourish, blessing the nations with the pure and precious fragrance of its bloom, and the rich and healthful fruit of its maturity.

In London, as elsewhere throughout Great Britain, the evidences of the purity, piety and devotion of the Irish heart meet one at every turn, notwithstanding the evidences of ruin and wretchedness, of vice and degradation with which they are unfortunately associated and surrounded. The churches that have sprung and are still springing up, in all parts of England, are evidences of the piety and generosity of the Irish people. From their pence, and not from the pounds of the rich, have been created the funds necessary for their erection. The people, who, but a few short years since, were flung helpless and broken on the shores of the world—like seadrift when the storm is over—have borne with them the gifts of faith, charity and generosity, and have left behind their evidences in the churches and the schools, which prove that even in poverty and persecution, the Irish preserve the original attributes of their race. 'The humble labourer is now doing over the earth, the work accomplished by Iberius and Finian, by Malachy and Columbkille, in the ages when Ireland was the light and glory of Western Europe.

The high spiritual and moral attributes which distinguished the race and nation from the first are peculiar to them to-day. I have myself carefully and appreciatively marked this in an experience neither limited nor restricted to any class of my fellowcountrymen in Great Britain; and in support of my judgment, formed independently, I am able to cite the corroborative testimony of Dr. Todd, a Catholic clergyman, and of Mr. Mayhew—who in his "Great

world of London" bears most valuable testimony to the high moral and spiritual qualities of the Irish people ; and the great Archbishop of Westminster, the Most Rev. Dr. Manning, in a conversation with the writer, some three years since, said it was marvellous, except in the Providence of God, how the poor Irish preserved their faith and morals amidst such terrible temptations. Behind the glorious revelation of Irish virtue in England there is a terrible background of misery, ruin, and loss. We have seen Irish virtue in the struggle triumphant, Irish intellect striving upward to the highest position of eminence, Irish zeal, fervour, purity, charity, fidelity—conspicuous in their devotion, their energy, their success. But in this landscape of light there are hidden dark and dread caverns of vice, where the wretched sojourners in their dismal depths live in crime and misery. There are thousands, tens of thousands of Irish in London and the other large towns in England who are lost. They have been partly dragged down to degradation and destruction by their own weakness, but chiefly by the evil associations incident to their poverty. The drink demon is the false and fatal phantom that lures thousands to their doom. Drink is the curse and the crime of the Irishmen in England. The loss among the young, because of the evil example of their parents, is lamentably high—the percentage of the fallen is fearful in its magnitude. The Irish, it is true, under all circumstances are pure to a marvel; but though their purity is relatively high, there is still a fearful loss. The system which drives the people out of Ireland is the cause of all this. At home they would be pure, pious, and virtuous. Here they are contaminated by example, and degraded by associations. Whoever either actively or passively supports that system is guilty of the lives and souls



of the Irish people who are lost. It is a terrible responsibility—as those know best who best understand the real position of the entire body of the Irish in England. To the prelates, the priests, and the people of Ireland this is a question of the most momentous importance—an importance which may be inferred when it is stated that at the very least an eighth of the Irish population throughout Great Britain, both men and women, are lost—lost to faith—lost to morals degraded down to the level of their associations and surroundings. But we are told that the mission of the Irish people is the reconversion of the English nation—and that the hand of God is manifest in their dispersion—particularly in the influence they have exercised on religious matters in England. I don't care to waste words in disputing this theory—I merely point to a fact when I state that in London alone from 40,000 to 50,000 Irish are lost—and taking the same proportion for the whole of Great Britain (and it is much higher in reality) the total ruin would fall little short of quarter of a million souls—surely a dreadful holocaust to sacrifice for the spiritual benefit of the English people.

What I have written refers to London specially, but it applies generally throughout England. We will now turn and follow in the footsteps of our brethren through the provinces north, south, east, and west, and mark their position and progress, their social standing and political power. South and South-West of London, if we except Southampton, Brighton, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, there are few Irishmen to be met with—except the semi-nomadic groups that in haytime and harvest scour the country in search of employment, and at their departure, like birds of passage, leave only stragglers behind. It would be impossible here to give an estimate of the number of Irish residents, but they are known to be considerable, a fact which is proved by the numbers

that flock in wherever a Catholic Church exists or a new mission is founded. In the hay, the harvest, and the hop field, there are thousands of Irish labourers whose existence is never thought of in an estimate of the numbers of the Irish people resident in England. East and north-east of London, till we reach the Midlands, there is but a sparse Irish population, but here when we touch the borders of the manufacturing and the "Black country," we begin to encounter our people in their numbers and their strength, which, gradually increasing as we approach the meridian of Liverpool and Manchester, become a power in Lancashire, Yorkshire and the North that commands the respect, and in many instances decides the political action of the English people. In Leicester, on the borders of the Midlands, and Bristol, to the south of the powerful and promising Irish colony in South Wales, we meet an Irish population of high intelligence and organised power, but all, or nearly all, confined to the ranks of labour. Further north, in Birmingham, the Black country, and the potteries, (a district extending from Birmingham to Hanley, and including several large and important towns) the Irish are to be numbered in their tens of thousands. In Birmingham alone, there is an Irish population of over 30,000 souls. In the district lying between this and Wolverhampton, including several towns such as Westbromwich, Wednesbury, Walsall, Bilston, Willenhall, Tipton, Priestfield and Oldbury, there is an Irish population numbering over 15,000; while in Dudley, Wolverhampton, and their immediate surroundings, the population falls little short of this total. Throughout this district the Irish have much political power, but (with the exception of Birmingham) little social influence. Their moral condition is nearly on a par with their kindred in London and elsewhere. One in six of the population mark the loss total. In Birmingham 2,000 of the young are on the road to ruin—and 3,000 of the adult popu

lation in the gloom of indifference. The whole of the Black country, district may be regarded as morally higher than this, but the loss throughout is unquestionably great. The people when trade is good earn very high wages, much of which is spent in courses that lead to degradation. In politics the Irish in this district are powerful in all the boroughs—but as the Conservative element is so small in each that a contest is seldom attempted, the Irish force is not so effective as in other towns where its power is much less. In Stafford, for instance, with relatively a very small Irish population, they have been instrumental in returning a Home Ruler to Parliament, and one who has constantly kept his pledges; while the whole of the Black country has not, in a single instance, emulated their example. One feature here, as everywhere else we turn when the Irish are met with, is strikingly manifest. In every town there is ample provision for the requirements of education and religion, and within a few short years it may be safely anticipated that the moral aspect of the Irish in this district will be modified and elevated.

I can only incidentally glance at the Irish populations in Kidderminster, Burton, Derby, Nottingham, and the potteries—throughout which there are several Irish colonies, numbering in the aggregate many thousands, whose condition and characteristics differ little from those we have been describing—and proceed to the great centres of English industry and Irish influence in Lancashire and Yorkshire. North of a line from Chester to Chesterfield, the great strength of the Irish is to be found. They are in all the large towns nearly in tens of thousands. In Liverpool there are 200,000, and in Manchester 100,000 Irish, while in all the smaller towns and even in the villages there are to be found numbers of the Irish race. "They are found," says a humorous friend of ours, "in the towns and in

the villages, by the streams and on the hill tops. They increase, multiply, and spread everywhere." And so in the mining and manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, they are met with in their tens of thousands—while in the east and east Midlands, there is interspersed in the towns and villages a large Irish population, and so on to the confines of the mining districts of Durham. The chief centres of Irish population in these districts are Nottingham, Derby, Chesterfield, and Hull. There is in each of these towns an Irish element numbering from 3,000 to 6,000. They are as a rule poor—all in the ranks of labour—but in Chesterfield and the surrounding neighbourhood they earn high wages, and have attained to considerable power and influence. Politically they are powerless, as Chesterfield is not a borough.

Turning westwards and we are in the centre of the manufacturing industry of Yorkshire, and consequently meet with thousands and tens of thousands of our race more or less aggregated in the towns and villages. In Leeds and the district, the Irish number 25,000 ; in Dewsbury and district, 7,000 ; in Huddersfield, 3,000 ; Wakefield, 3,000 ; Barnsley, 2,000 ; Halifax, 6,000 ; Sheffield, from 10,000 to 12,000 ; and Bradford, from 20,000 to 25,000. Taking the district generally the Irish number an eighth of the population, and possess comparatively much political power and social influence. Numbers of Catholic churches and schools have been erected in these towns—in nearly every instance by the charitable donations of the Irish poor themselves. Indeed, in this whole district of West Yorkshire, the condition of the Irish people is satisfactory. "The most prejudiced English observer," writes an Irish gentleman in Bradford—Mr. T. O'Neill—"cannot fail to be struck by the superior morality and goodness of our people—their charity, their patience, their cheerfulness, and their immoveable faith"—"thus," he adds—"among all the



debasing influences of an English town, marking them off as a distinct and superior people." But still the truth must be told. In the very heart of this virtue vice corrodes like a canker, and the proportion of the fallen and the lost here is scarcely, if at all less than in London and the other large towns. There is ruin everywhere, and the percentage of the fallen is throughout almost uniform.

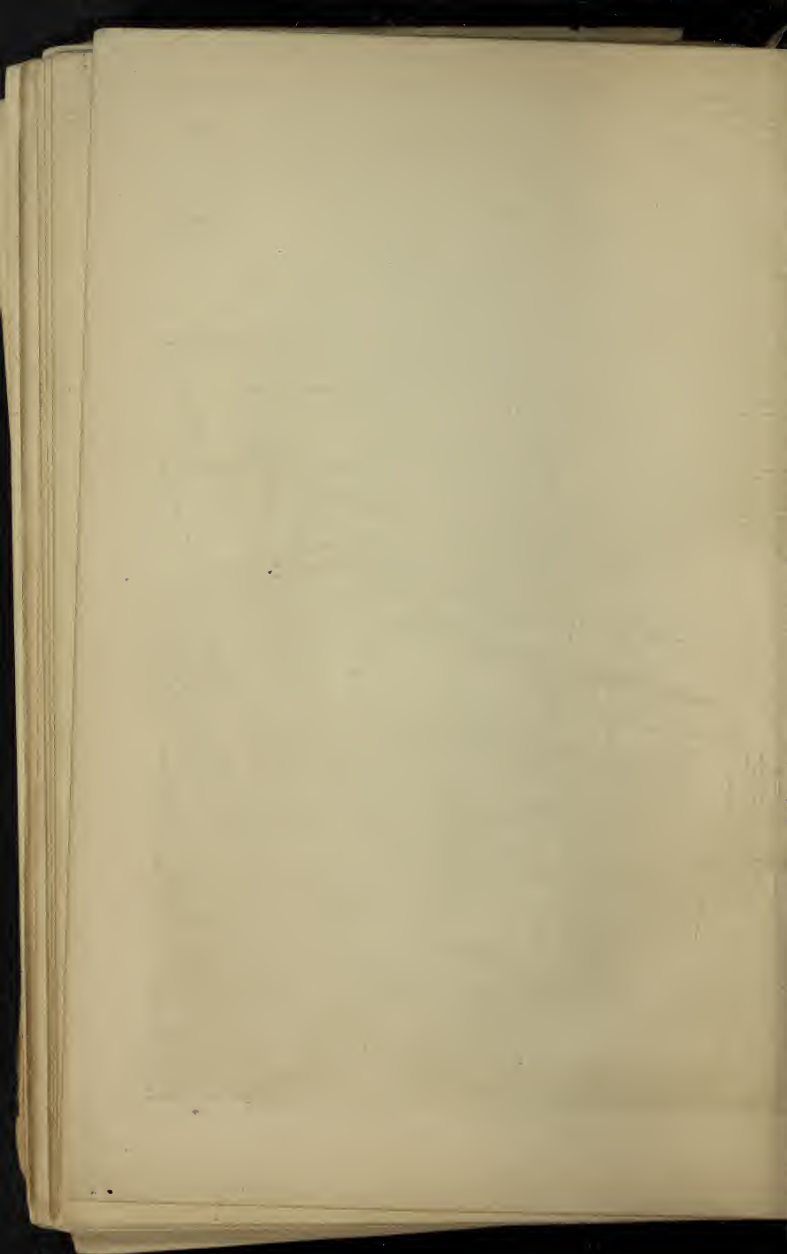
Crossing the Yorkshire border to the large and thriving towns of Rochdale and Oldham, and we find a large Irish element—but with less influence and in a lower position than their brethren in Yorkshire. In the former town the Irish number from 5,000 to 6,000, in 60,000 of a population; and in the latter 10,000 in 99,000. Here are numbers without the principle of combination, which gives numbers power. So near the great and active political life of the Irish in Manchester, this anomaly is striking, and is no doubt due to local obstacles which in time will be surmounted. I state the fact without indicating the remedy.

One enters Manchester but to find himself at home among his kindred. The Irish here are a fourth of the community—namely, 100,000, in a population of 400,000. If we include the suburbs and surrounding districts we may add to this an additional Irish population of from 25,000 to 30,000, while southwards to Chester, including Stockport, St. Helens with an Irish population of 15,000, Warrington, Crewe, and Macclesfield, will be found an Irish force numbering from 30,000 to 35,000, and in Widnes and Runcorn over 10,000. Throughout all this district the relative proportion of the Irish to the English population is nearly uniform and in all places high—while in Liverpool a third, and in Wigan, further north, nearly half the population are Irish. The borough of Salford, with a population of 100,000, has nearly the same relative proportion of Irish as Manchester. In

Bolton there are 15,000 Irish in a population of 120,000—in Blackburn 11,000, in 82,000 ; in Preston, 8,000, in 95,000 ; while in its immediate neighbourhood are over 4,000 additional Irish. In North Lancashire, from Preston to Lancaster, on the one side, to the confines of Yorkshire, on the other, scattered through numerous towns and villages, there is an Irish population of nearly 60,000. The mining districts, the lakes in Westmoreland, with the towns of Whitehaven and Maryport on the coast, have an Irish population of from 6,000 to 7,000, and so on in greater or less proportions as we recede from the great Irish stronghold of Lancashire and approach Durham and North Yorkshire, where Ireland is again represented in force and power by the thousands of people who are occupied in the mines and the ironworks which abound in that region of “black diamonds” and the other rugged treasures sacred to Vulcan. But we must retrace our steps to look in again on Manchester and explore Liverpool, that wonderful mart of industry—the first resting place of the Irish race when forced from the shores of their native land. Here only do we meet our people who in large and continually increasing numbers have not alone worked themselves out of the ranks of labour, but to the highest positions of honour and emolument, in a town where all is acquired by labour and energy, and where in the broad field of open competition they have had to encounter and overcome prejudice of race and creed and that species of petty hostility which ever assails the wronged in their endeavour to raise themselves to a level with the wronger. Though there is much to be deplored in the condition of the Irish in Liverpool, there is also much that is worthy of commendation, and that reflects the highest credit on the energy and ability of the race from which they spring. A quarter of a century since and the Irish population of Liverpool were in the lowest ranks of labour



VIEW IN LIVERPOOL DOCKS.





—the pariahs among the poorest sons of toil. Now Irishmen are to be found in all grades and positions. There are Irish merchants and Irish manufacturers—some of them among the highest—Irish doctors and Irish lawyers, the foremost in their profession—Irish business men and tradesmen of all classes—Irish priests and Irish teachers by the score, Irish influence in every public body from the public board to the bench—in fine, an Irish power ramifying through every class and condition in the community, so strongly rooted and broadly spread as to be indispensable to the great interests involved in the social and commercial life of the town. Here whatever the exercise of energy, industry, superior business tact, and trained intelligence can effect unaided has been accomplished by the Irish people—and this only by their own industry and innate force of character. Nearly all who have attained to wealth and influence have risen from the ranks of labour. Even the educated on first arriving here have had, with few exceptions, to undergo a noviciate of toil before attaining to the comparative ease of superior employment. But from this vale of labour the Irish have risen, surmounted opposing circumstances and scaled the eminences of success. There are in Liverpool 23 Catholic churches, to most of which fine schools are attached—mainly built by the contributions of the Irish people. Here, also, are numerous religious houses and charitable institutions having a kindred origin. But in Liverpool, more perhaps than elsewhere in England, vast numbers of our people have sunk into a condition of misery and vice. Much of this is due to intemperance; but the main cause is the withdrawal of the restraining power of home influence—the direct result of foreign rule in Ireland. Here are all the elements of power—ability, social position and wealth, and yet the Irish of Liverpool, as a body, have but little cohesion and exercise less effective political

influence than their brethren in many other towns not possessing a fifth of their relative power. There are few men of social position in Liverpool who have identified themselves with Irish nationality, and those few have undertaken a herculean task, which will end in vain effort, unless they receive more assistance from their countrymen who have it in their power to help the old land, and who as yet have not done so. The Irish *people* of Liverpool are sound to the core, but the "respectable" Irish have much to answer for. Among these last there is no lack of the capacity for leadership, if only they would waken to a sense of their duty—which is to work for Ireland shoulder to shoulder with their poorer brethren. If this be done, the Irish in Liverpool are all powerful. If not, the crime and shame be at the doors of those who for the sake of petty position dissevered themselves from their fellow-countrymen, and lost the opportunity of effectively serving the cause of their country.

In the mining and manufacturing district of North Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, the Irish form a large proportion of the population of every town and village, and here they have exercised more practical and valuable influence on the politics of the constituencies than in any other district in England. In Middlesborough—a town of scarcely 40 years growth, with a population of nearly 100,000—the Irish number a third of the total. Throughout the whole of Durham, a corresponding, if not an equal Irish power prevails. The proof of this was shown in the last general election, when in Durham, the Irish vote in city and county was sufficient to force Home Rule pledges from the two city members, from one of the county members, from the member for Stockton, the member for Hartlepool, and the two members for Sunderland. Further north in Newcastle and the surrounding

district the Irish power is equal—its effect the same. In the neighbourhood of Newcastle there are tens of thousands of Irish—most of them in the ranks of labour, but many who have attained to positions of comfort and independence. Throughout the whole of this district, as well as North Yorkshire and Durham, the religious, educational, and moral aspect of the Irish people is nearly the same as throughout England—the same spiritual elevation, the same moral superiority—but withal the same ruin and loss. To describe one is to describe all. Newcastle has a population of about 130,000, of these nearly 30,000 or nearly a fourth of the population are Irish by birth or descent in the first generation. Here there is considerable social elevation. Some 400 to 500 of the Irish in Newcastle are engaged in business of various kinds, and the ranks of the skilled artisans are recruited by from 4,000 to 5,000 Irish, a proportion of Irish-skilled labour among the Irish not found elsewhere in England.

Across the Tyne stand Gateshead and Felling, with a population of 64,000; of whom 20,000; or nearly a third of the whole are Irish. In Hebburn and Jarrow, with a population of 30,000 there are 10,000 Irish. In South Shields, in 45,000 there are 5,000. In several smaller places adjoining, with an aggregate population of about 24,000, there are 10,000. In North Shields in 40,000 there are about 4,000 Irish, and so on in the still smaller places in the district till we reach Morpeth where Irish influence was sufficiently powerful to carry a Home Rule candidate at the late election. The two members for Newcastle, one a Liberal the other a Conservative, are both Home Rulers, so are the members for Gateshead and Tyne-mouth. Indeed in no part of England is there a higher feeling of patriotism—and in no place has that patriotism been productive of such significant results as among our earnest and spirited compatriots in the

North of England. All honour to them for the work done. All reproach to those who having the power will not follow their patriotic example.

A great and noble duty devolves on the Irish people who have made their homes in the towns of England. Notwithstanding the poverty, the ruin, the loss, there is still a mighty Irish force in England—sternly patriotic, the purest in principle, the bravest in necessity—the most generous and self-sacrificing at the call of patriotic duty. These have immense power in their hands if well and wisely directed. On this all depends. Organised preparation to make action effective is the chief thing to be aimed at. We hold the keys of power in nearly all the great English strongholds. Their politicians are in our hands, their statesmen at our mercy. We destroy their calculations at the ballot-box—we thwart the schemes of their leaders in Parliament. We can paralyse their political action if forced to extremities. Within two years we have won a recognised place as a party in the nation. All this has been done with partial preparation. We are prepared for more and can and will do more. Under the banner of our native land and in the spirit of fraternal unity, we can do much for Ireland—possibly in our way as much as our people at home. That we may use the power we possess well and wisely is the sincere prayer of one who has ever been the friend and fellow worker of all who think or toil, counsel or act, write or suffer for Ireland. We owe allegiance above all things to the land that bore us. This duty should be to us all paramount. Faith in her future, and labour in the good cause of accomplishing her redemption are the trust and the sacrifice which our suffering motherland claims from her absent but deeply loved offspring—the nurtured of her bosom—the blood of her blood—her devoted and loving children

THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.



# THE IRISH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BY JOHN DENVIR.

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## CHAPTER I. THE WESTERN HOME OF THE IRISH EXILES. ITS PHYSICAL FEATURES AND PRODUCTIONS

**T**HOUGH our countrymen have in vast numbers found a home in other parts of the American continent, by far the greatest interest is centred in that portion of our race which has cast its lot in with the great Federal Republic which comprises the United States of North America. This interest on the part of Irishmen arises from a variety of causes, one of which undoubtedly must be the fact that in the territory over which the Stars and Stripes float, strange to say, the Irish and their descendants are more numerous than the Irish in Ireland. Another reason for the interest and indeed admiration felt by many for America is the fact that the young republic has twice measured swords with and vanquished England. An ancient mathematician declared he could move the earth if he could only find an outside fixed point whereon to work his lever. There are Irishmen who think that in the United States of America they have discovered such

a fixed point as the sage of antiquity sought—a point from which the vengeful force of the exiled Irish may one day work with powerful leverage in overturning the colossal and world-spread British Empire. This is another reason why America is so interesting from an Irish point of view, and why we would naturally wish to know what such a country is like.

The extreme length of the United States is about 2,900 miles, its extreme breadth about 1,600 miles, and its area 2,936,166 square miles. Occupying as it does such a considerable portion of the earth's surface, being nearly equal to the size of the entire continent of Europe, its natural products are necessarily varied. America, unlike England, whose people if blockaded could not eat their boasted wealth of coal and iron, could live if encircled by a "wall of fire," for she contains within herself the necessaries and most of the luxuries of life. There are few minerals which are not to be found in the States. California is perhaps richer in gold deposits than any other part of the world, while the precious metal has also been found in more or less quantities in Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and some other places. Silver is a product of Nevada, Idaho, Montana, and North Carolina. There are quicksilver mines in California. Platina has been found in California, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina. Michigan is immensely rich in mines of copper; the same useful metal being also found in Tennessee, North Carolina, Connecticut, New Mexico, and Missouri. Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa produce lead in unequalled abundance. New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Arkansas have rich zinc mines. Bismuth, antimony, nickle, and cobalt are found in Connecticut, and tin in New Hampshire. In that most useful of all metals, iron, America is unusually rich—particularly the State of Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Maryland, Kentucky, New Jersey, Tennessee, and

Missouri. As an article of fuel wood is still abundant in America, consequently the vast reserved treasures of coal are comparatively untouched.


The means of communication both natural and artificial between different parts of the vast territory of the United States are on the grandest scale. The majestic group of inland seas forming a considerable portion of the Northern frontier—the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and other noble rivers, some between two and three thousand miles long, and navigable for nearly their entire courses,—and the vast net work of railways, spreading far and wide, spanning rivers, cutting through mountains and wakening up the desert wilds of the West—form facilities for commerce unequalled perhaps elsewhere in the world.

As might naturally be expected, there is a great variety in the soil and productions of the United States. Indian corn is principally grown in Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Iowa, Virginia, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, and New York. Wheat is also produced in these states as well as in Wisconsin, Michigan, Maryland, California, Minnesota, New Jersey, Texas, South Carolina, Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Oregon, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Louisiana, Florida, and Rhode Island. Rye is chiefly raised in the Eastern and Middle States. Barley is grown on the Atlantic and Pacific slopes; buck wheat in the Middle and New England States; and oats in the Northern, Middle, and Western States. Potatoes are raised in great quantities in the Northern, Middle, and Western States. Where the climate suits, hops, sugar, the vine, and tobacco are extensively cultivated. In the Southern States are raised vast quantities of cotton which, when manufactured, clothes no inconsiderable portion of the earth's inhabitants. So necessary is the cotton of America to the trade of England, that

during the unhappy civil war the withdrawal of the usual supplies caused the severe "cotton famine" which afflicted the manufacturing districts of England.

Such then is a brief review of the principal features and productions of America. Now let us see how the Irish first became connected with this noble country, and what position they occupy in it at the present time.

#### CHAPTER II. HOW THE IRISH CAME TO AMERICA.

T. BRENDAN, according to the ancient annals of our country, sailed Westward with some companions and landed on the shores of America, so that if we are to place implicit reliance on the tradition, this saint was not only the first Irishman but the first European who set eyes on the great Western world; destined centuries afterwards to be the home of millions of his race. There is nothing improbable in this, as we find for several centuries after the conversion of Ireland traces of the apostolic missionary spirit of her saints in every land of Europe, and even in the far off Iceland, from whence along the shores of Greenland the hardy Irish mariners could easily have reached America. But there came a time when the "Island of Saints" had to struggle for her national life—first against the Danes and then against the English. After a fierce and bloody conflict the first named invaders were driven forth; but though seven hundred years have passed since its commencement, the struggle against the second of these invaders is going on still, and there are few who will deny that most Irishmen cherish in their hearts the wish that it yet, with God's help, will end as the first did. Fighting for her life and her faith Ireland for a time ceased to send out her




missionaries to far off lands ; but when England sent forth her colonies over the world, with them went the struggling yet still unconquered Irish, to be in every land a Nemesis—their presence being as plainly indicative of the coming doom of their oppressors colossal empire as was the dread handwriting on the wall to the tyrant who held in captivity the children of Israel.

In this way there came to America, to colonize a tract of land granted to Lord Baltimore, certain Irish and English Catholics to the number of 200, who founded in 1635 the now flourishing city of Baltimore, called after Baltimore in Ireland, no doubt to keep green in the minds of the exiles and their descendants the memories of the old land. It is calculated that about 100,000 persons were transported to America from Ireland by order of Cromwell, which must have formed no inconsiderable element in the early peopling of the present United States of America. New York, where there are at this moment probably more of our race than in any city in the world, received as far back as 1683 considerable accessions to its population from Ireland, for we find that King James II., in that year, appointed Colonel Dongan, a Catholic Irishman, Governor of New York, who brought over considerable numbers of his countrymen. After this came the accession of William the Third, from which time Irish emigration to America commenced on a large scale, when about three thousand males (besides females) left their country annually for the colonies. In 1699 a great number of Irish emigrants, including James Logan, who succeeded William Penn in the government of the colony, landed on the site of Philadelphia. About the year 1710 the Irish began to settle in Virginia. In 1719 the Londonderry settlement in Massachusetts was made, consisting of 16 Irish Presbyterian families, who here as in Ireland received every encouragement, while their Catholic

fellow-countrymen as at home felt the full force of the fiendish penal laws which followed them even across the Atlantic. This is one great reason why, though Catholics are at this day so numerous throughout the United States of America, their numbers are not so great as they ought to be, considering the proportion of Catholics who from time to time must have come as settlers. There was no apostacy, but priests and churches being prohibited, and there being no means at hand for the exercise of their religion in the thinly populated country, after a century or so the people gradually lost the old faith, until at the present moment a large proportion of Americans, though nominally Christians of some sect or other, are probably no religion at all. Previous to the Revolution, the Catholic Church in America was under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of the London district. In 1723 the Irish settlement of Belfast was established in Maine. It included a Limerick school-master named Sullivan, whose sons, John and James, became famous in American history. That Irish blood prevails more extensively in the present American race than is generally supposed may be gleaned from the fact stated in Howe's "Annals of America," that in 1729, of 6,308 immigrants who arrived at the port of Philadelphia, 5,655 were Irish; or in a proportion of about ten to one of other nationalities. This constant influx of Irish went on for the remainder of the century, though not in so great a disproportion to the other arrivals. The famous names of Routledge, Jackson, and Calhoun were amongst those of the Irish colonists who in 1737 settled in South Carolina. The second Kentucky settlement was formed in 1773 by James and Robert McAfee, and the third in 1775 by Benjamin Logan, all Irishmen. This brings us to the time when the exactions of England drove the American colonists to take up arms in defence of their rights and liberties,

the result of the war being the birth of a new nation which has since grown to be probably the most powerful on the face of the earth.

CHAPTER III. THE IRISH IN THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

HE Irish have written their names in bold letters in the most prominent pages of the glorious record of the American war of independence. This was but natural, for then as now, they, of all the other races who colonised the American continent, must have felt a peculiar and fierce delight in confronting in the battle field those whom they looked upon as the robbers of their birthright. It is not surprising then that we find, even four months before the battle of Lexington, when the first blood was shed in the American Revolution, an Irishman, John Sullivan, taking the principal part in an affair which was the *first act of open hostility* committed by an American military force against the Government of England. This happened as follows. News having reached Portsmouth, N. H., that the export of gunpowder into America was "proclaimed," Major John Sullivan and John Langdon, with a company of the townsmen, surprised the fort at Newcastle, took the captain and five men, carried off one hundred barrels of gunpowder, fifteen light cannon, and the entire of the small arms, all of which did effectual service afterwards at Bunker Hill. For this act Sullivan and Langdon were elected to the Continental Congress, which met in May, 1775, and the former was, the same year, appointed by that body one of the eight brigadier-generals of the first American Army. He fought with distinction through the whole war. He was afterwards elected to Con-

gress, and was Governor of New Hampshire. He died in 1795. As an Irishman struck the first blow on land so also was it on sea, for we find that when intelligence of the first Lexington massacre reached Machias, in Maine, where an armed British schooner (the *Margaretta*) was lying as escort to two British sloops, a party attacked and captured the schooner after a severe fight. About twenty were lost on each side in this, *the first naval engagement of the revolution*. The commander of the patriots was Jeremiah O'Brien, who was accompanied by his *four brothers*. They were all natives of County Cork, Ireland. Jeremiah and John immediately received commissions as captains in the American service.

While the Americans were beleaguering Boston under Washington, that great leader detached Brigadier General Montgomery, an Irishman, born on the 2nd of December, 1736, in Raphoe, County Donegal, to command a force detailed for the invasion of Canada. In the short space of three months he captured every post, town, and military stronghold in Canada, with the exception of Quebec, which he determined to carry by assault. The Americans, after desperate fighting, were on the point of being victorious when the death of the gallant Montgomery carried dismay into their ranks, and Quebec was lost.

When the French sent a force to aid the struggling Americans, we find in their ranks a very considerable portion of Irish officers and soldiers, veterans who had added to the record of Irish military fame on many a European battle field. In the Western Hemisphere they were no less successful, fighting as they were for the noble cause of human freedom.

During the whole of the war wherever a brilliant exploit was to be performed, we find our countrymen always "to the fore." Among the most dashing troops of the revolution were Moylan's Dragoons.



What the Irish Brigade was to France, such were Moylan's Dragoons to Washington. Always ready, always faithful, they participated in every engagement in which cavalry could operate, from the beginning of the war to its close. Moylan was a native of Cork, Ireland. After being Aid-de-camp to Washington, and Commissary-General, he was given the command of the celebrated dragoons that bear his name. They were mostly recruited in Chester, Ulster and Rockbridge counties, and in Philadelphia. These places in Pennsylvania were more densely populated by the Irish than by any other nationality at the time of the Revolution, and here Washington got his best men. When at Valley Forge, Washington made use of the memorable words: "Place me in Chester or Rockbridge Counties, and I will get men enough to save the Revolution." The Pennsylvania Liners," or "the Irish Brigade," were recruited here. The brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General Hand, an Irishman who came over from France, to take part in the Revolution. The regiments of Wayne, Irving, Butler, and Stewart, formed part of the famous brigade. Thompson, another Irishman, had command of a rifle regiment. It reflects credit on Ireland that the three crack regiments of the war of the Revolution were composed of Irishmen, and that no part of the army did better service for the cause of freedom, or struck deeper into the English and Hessian ranks than "Moylan's Dragoons," "Morgan's Rifles," and "Marion's Men."

The roll of Irish names distinguished in the American war of Freedom is a long and glorious one. Here a few of them may be enumerated. Major General Stark planned and fought the battle of Bennington. General Green (of Irish origin) from a private became Major General, and next to Washington the ablest commander in the Revolutionary Army. He saved the Americans at Brandywine, and after-

wards, with a handful of ragged, starving, and undisciplined men defeated Cornwallis and his army.

Colonel Butler, a scion of the house of Ormond, in Munster, was a noted patriot who brought his five athletic sons into the field. So well directed was their zeal, that Lafayette said: "When I want a thing well done, I get a Butler to do it." John Dunlap, a native of Strabane, County Tyrone, was captain of the first troop of Philadelphia horse, and when asked when his troops would be ready to move replied, "When the country requires defence the Philadelphia cavalry require but one hours notice." Brigadier Roche-Fermoy came to America with Lafayette, from the service of Piedmont. In the campaign of 1778 he was at the head of the Corps of Observation appointed to receive and communicate reports of the enemy's movements. After he returned to France he published a work on the "military resources of Ireland" which was highly praised both for scientific and literary excellence.

While our countrymen were giving their lives for the cause of independence on land, they took the very foremost place at sea in the person of the renowned Commodore John Barry, a genuine Catholic Irishman and American citizen, born at Tacumshane, in the County of Wexford. He superintended the fitting out of the first American fleet, and the Lexington, his own ship, was *the first to hoist the stars and stripes*. So great was the terror of his name to the British, and the successes he achieved over their navy on various occasions, that Lord Howe offered him fifteen thousand guineas, and the command of a British ship of the line, if he would join them with the Effingham, which vessel he at the time commanded. His answer was "That he had devoted himself to the cause of his country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it." In 1782 he attacked and disabled the Sibyl in sight of

an English squadron, to whose hail he answered: "The United States ship Alliance, saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee—Who are you?" He remained in the navy till his death, and was long the senior officer. He died at Philadelphia on the 3rd of September, 1803, leaving the Catholic Orphan Asylum his chief legatee. He was highly esteemed by Washington, and trained some of the ablest naval officers in the American service.

Not in war alone have the destinies of our race been interwoven with those of the great American Republic. Among those who signed the celebrated Declaration of American Independence the following were Irish by birth or blood.—Eldridge Gerry, John Nixon, Thomas McKean, Thomas Lynch, James Smith, John Hancock, Mathew Thornton, George Taylor, Edward Rutledge, George Reed, and Charles Carroll. The last named was a man of great wealth, and probably risked more by signing the declaration than any of the others whose names were appended to this famous document. He with Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominic Lynch, on behalf of the Catholic body, signed in 1790, an address to Washington congratulating him on being made President of the United States of America. This address was also signed on behalf of the clergy by Charles Carroll's cousin, Bishop Carroll. Washington in his reply made this memorable acknowledgement: "America will never forget the patriotic part which the Catholics took in the accomplishment of the revolution, and the establishment of the government, or the important assistance received from a nation (France) in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed." In fact, both to Catholics and Irishmen Washington for their services to their adopted country tendered the grateful recognition of a great and generous mind. So exalted an opinion did he form of his Irish-American compatriots, that he gladly became a member of the

Knights of St. Patrick, the only society of the sort that ever had the honour of enrolling upon its books the name of him whom Lafayette called "The Apostle of human Freedom."

This chapter on the "Irish in the war of Independence," cannot better close than by the introduction of some stirring lines from the *New York Irish World*, an able American journal of deservedly wide circulation, with a genuine Catholic Irish Republican ring about it, and from the columns of which much of the information contained in this book has been drawn. William Collins is a true poet, who in the *World* shows that across the Atlantic Irish genius has not degenerated, and that he has inherited the mantle of Moore and Davis. He sings in the following stirring verses the deeds of his countrymen who fought for American freedom—

#### THE SOLDIERS OF MARYLAND.

When the English king, in his power and might,  
Waged war and death against truth and right,  
And sent o'er the waters his Hessian hordes  
To subdue our land with their hireling swords,  
They were met, these slaves, as they trod our strand,  
And chased by the soldiers of Maryland.

They faltered not from the tyrant's blow,  
They craved no boon from the savage foe,  
They crawled not down upon bended knee  
To crave from a king their liberty,  
But they scorned his might, and with torch and brand  
They stood for their rights and for Maryland.

O'Carroll's voice, with a trumpet's tone,  
Fired the people's hearts against king and throne,  
And he pledged his honour, his fortune—all,  
In his country's service to stand or fall.  
And the people rose at their chief's command,  
And swept back the foe from Maryland.

Their muskets rang by the Hudson's tide,  
And their rebel banner blazed far and wide,  
Their bayonets flashed on Long Island's shore,  
And drank of Hessian and English gore,




And oppression shrank from the armed hand  
Of the dauntless soldiers of Maryland.

With Morgan's troops and with Marion's men,  
In many a Southern field and glen,  
They met King George's red dragoons  
And fiercely smote them in whole platoons.  
And never yet lived braver band  
Than the Irish soldiers of Maryland.

In the land they loved, they have sunk to rest,  
And their fame burns bright in each freeman's breast,  
And their sons with pride to their children tell  
How their fathers fought for the flag and fell—  
For that glorious flag that waves proud and grand  
O'er their honoured graves in Maryland.

#### CHAPTER IV. THE IRISH BECOME CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC.

HE great National Holiday of America is the 4th of July, on which day in the year 1776, was signed, in the State House of Philadelphia, the declaration which proclaimed to the world that what had been colonies of Great Britain were now the United States of America—a free republic.

But England was not going to let go her bulldog grip so easily, and for nearly seven years did she hold on, vainly endeavouring to subjugate the Americans, until at length she was compelled to acknowledge that she was beaten. On the 20th of January, 1783, the representatives of France, Spain, America, and Britain signed in Paris a treaty which secured to the Americans their complete independence.

The constitution of the young republic was wisely framed, for under it America has become one of the most prosperous and powerful nations of the earth. It knows no distinctions of religion, every American citizen being free to worship his Maker as he thinks

best. The United States are a Confederation, delegating a portion of their power to a Central Government, whose edicts and laws are paramount. The governmental power of the American Confederacy is divided into Legislative, Judicial, and Executive. The executive power is lodged in a President and Vice President, elected for four years. The Legislative power is exercised by a Congress, composed of a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Senate is composed of two members from each State, chosen for six years by the State Legislature. The House of Representatives consists of members chosen every second year by the people of the States. A Senator must be 30 years of age and nine years a citizen of the United States. A Representative must be 25 years of age and seven years a citizen. The Judiciary powers are vested in a Supreme Court, and inferior courts established as circumstances require them. The separate States have each a Home Government, consisting of a Governor, Senate, and House of Representatives, elected by the people, and having independant power for most purposes as regards their internal government.

The Revolution having secured liberty of conscience, the Catholic religion now began to make itself more felt. At the request of the clergy of Maryland and Philadelphia, Dr. Carroll had been raised to the episcopal dignity by the Holy See. It is difficult to form an idea of the number of Catholics at this time, but Dr. Carroll estimated them at 26,000, divided as follows—16,000 in Maryland, 7,000 in Pennsylvania, and 3,000 in New York and other States. This estimate evidently does not include the portions of the American Union which were settled by Catholic European nations. The number of Catholics must really have been more than is here given, for it must be borne in mind that many dare not avow their religion, as in New York for instance

the Catholics only began to assemble for public worship in 1783, on the evacuation of the city by the British. Baltimore was elevated into an Archbishopric in 1810. Archbishop Carroll consecrated the four suffragan Bishops of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Bardstown, the number of Catholics being estimated at 150,000.

As in the Revolutionary war our countrymen bore a prominent and honourable part, so was it in 1812, in the second war with England. Among the most brilliant actions of the war was a naval engagement on Lake Champlain, where Commodore Macdonough captured the whole British fleet on the lake. Commodore Shaw, a native of Mountmellick, in Ireland, also nobly distinguished himself in the war. The closing scene of the war was at New Orleans, where the British were totally defeated by the Americans under General Jackson, who was the son of Irish parents.

#### CHAPTER V. THE IRISH AS SETTLERS—THE FAMINE EXODUS.

**S**INCE the creation of the world it has been the will of Divine Providence that as the tribes and nations increased and multiplied they should go forth from their parent nests and people other regions of the earth. In this way it is but natural to suppose that portions of the Irish race would, if their country ever became too populous, follow out the ordained course, and seek a home in other lands. The evil has been, and at no time is it more apparent than at the present moment, that while the country could support double the population, the people have been driven out by bad laws, and alien landlords, to make room for the beasts of

the field. Be that as it may, our people are in America in vast numbers, and it is well for us to see whether or not they have improved their position in their new home. There is every evidence to show that during the present century our people have been making good progress in the United States. They have also on the whole been gaining the goodwill of their fellow citizens, although from time to time they have suffered in a way that showed that the glorious Revolution, although it shook off the chains of England, did not altogether crush out and destroy the seeds of intolerance sown in the United States when it was a British colony. A manifestation of this evil spirit was shown in the burning by a mob of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, near Boston, on the 11th of August, 1834. Irishmen and Catholics were, however, gradually coming to the surface, as besides such names as Jackson, MacDonough, and Shaw, as recorded in the last chapter, we hear of Irishmen like Thomas Addis Emmet, the distinguished lawyer, and brother to that Robert whose name at this moment acts like an electric spark in kindling the patriotic flame in every true Irishmans breast; the veteran General Shields, who nobly sustained on the battle field the fame of the old land and of the new; Charles O'Connor, the eminent barrister and orator, and a host of others. The Irish population of America though increasing rapidly during the earlier years of the present century, made a vast bound between 1840 and 1850, in consequence of the appalling famine which drove the Irish people from their homes literally in millions. Language cannot paint the horrors of that fearful time, when our people were stricken down by foreign rule in myriads—true the famine was the visitation of God, but a native government seeing that there was *Enough food grown in the country to feed all the people, would have fed them,* and therefore the horrors of the Irish famine are



plainly due to British misgovernment. To form an estimate of the increase of the Irish American population from the causes here indicated, it may be stated that according to Bishop Connolly, New York contained 16,000 Catholics in the year 1818, while in 1852 the number had increased to 200,000. Of course both these estimates include Catholics of other nationalities, but the Irish would be the great majority. Since 1852 the increase has been most rapid, and the Irish emigration to the United States of America still flows on in a steady stream.

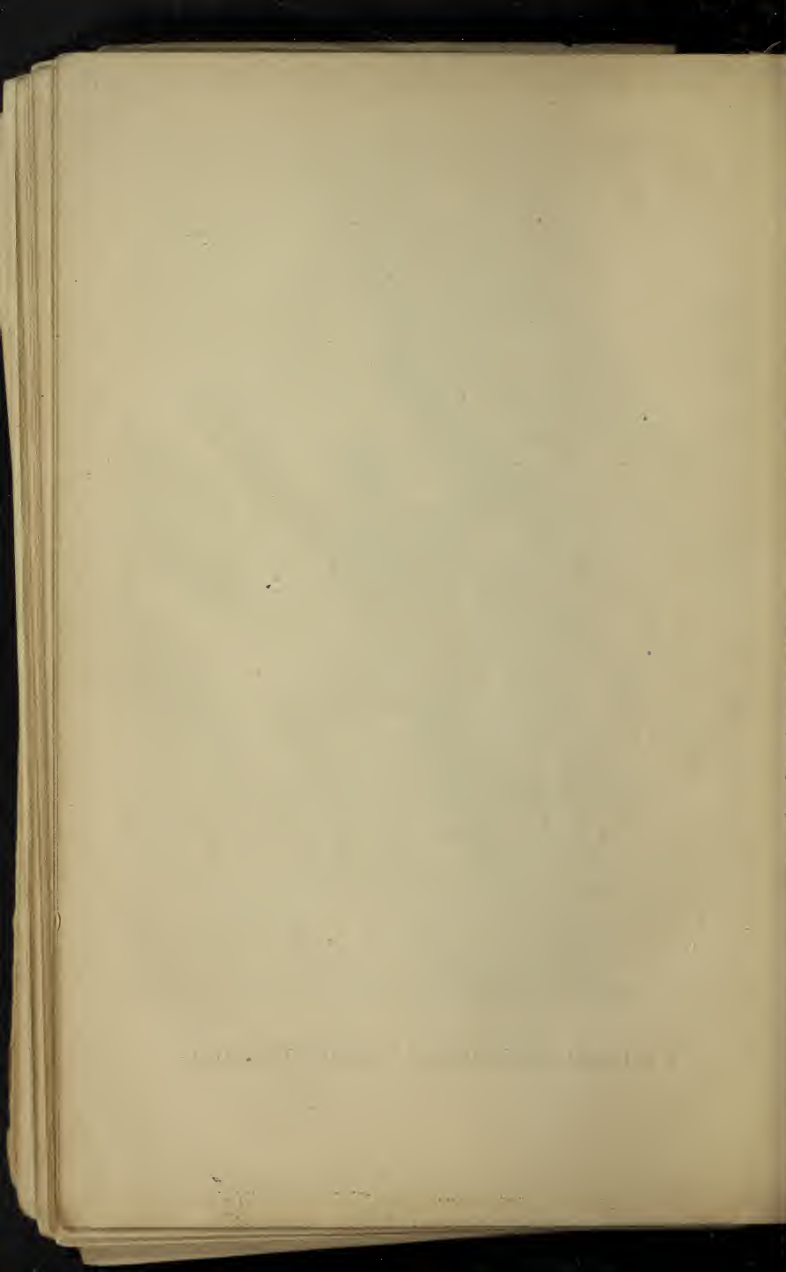
#### CHAPTER VI. THE IRISH IN THE CIVIL WAR. THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

**W**HEN President Lincoln, early in the spring of 1861, called for levies of troops to suppress the rebellion of the Southern States against the Union, the Irish citizens of the Republic promptly responded to the call. The court-martial on Colonel Corcoran, who had refused to parade his regiment in honour of the Prince of Wales, was at once dissolved, and the services of the gallant 69th and their commander were only too gladly accepted in defence of the integrity of the American Union. In this regiment Thomas Francis Meagher served as captain, and commenced that career in which he became as famous as a soldier as he previously had been as a patriot and orator. The 69th took part in the disastrous battle of Bull's Run, where their steady conduct in the retreat conduced in no small degree to check the panic which had seized the Union troops. In the battle Colonel Corcoran was taken prisoner. Meagher was subsequently made colonel of the regiment, which became the nucleus of the famous Irish Brigade, of which he also was given the command. In every engagement in which the brigade took part the highest tribute

was paid by friend and foe to the valour of the men who composed it, and nowhere was this more fully shown than on the bloody day of Fredericksburg. The correspondent of the London *Times* thus speaks of the Irish Brigade at this terrible battle:—"To the Irish division commanded by General Meagher was principally committed the desperate task of bursting out of the town of Frederickburg, and forming, under the withering fire of the Confederate batteries, to attack Marye's Heights, towering immediately in their front. Never at Fontenoy, Albuera, or at Waterloo, was more undaunted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe." After speaking of the fearful carnage which took place he says—"But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle fields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Heights on the 13th day of December, 1862." The Brigade was almost annihilated in this battle, and as it no longer equalled in numbers even a full regiment, General Meagher resigned the command. Its ranks were subsequently filled up, and it bore a distinguished part during the remainder of the war. Although the chief interest of Irishmen was of course centered in the career of the brigade, as especially representing the warlike spirit and patriotism of the Irish race, in every portion of the American army and navy, vast numbers of our countrymen were to be found. In the Federal armies alone there were about 175,000 Irishmen. Among the distinguished Irish American Generals of the war may be named Shields, Phil Sheridan (whose dashing cavalry charges aided in finally crushing out the rebellion), John Logan,



THE IRISH BRIGADE AT FREDERICKSBURG.





Geary, and Birney ; Sweeny, Lalor, and Doherty of Illinois ; Gorman of Minnesota ; Magennis and Sullivan of Indiana ; Reilly and Mulligan, of Ohio ; Stephenson, from Missouri ; Smith, of Delaware ; Jones and Kiernan of New York, and several others. On the Confederate side there were many distinguished Irish soldiers, and one of the greatest blows the rebels received was the death of General Patrick Cleburn. The sons of the exiled patriot John Mitchell served in the Southern army, and he himself favoured that cause. The Southern General Beuregard speaking of the Irish in their armies says—"Relative to the soldierly qualities of the Irish who took part in our late war, I beg to state that they displayed the sturdy and manly courage of the English, combined with the impetuous and buoyant character of the French."

When at the close of the war the Union was once more consolidated, a great number of the Irish Americans who had served in the American army now turned their eyes towards Ireland in hopes that they might be able to use their swords in a cause dearer to them than that they had aided in bringing to so triumphant a conclusion. There were also Irishmen who had fought on the Southern side animated by the same feeling. This gave great vitality to the "Fenian Brotherhood," founded to overthrow British Government in Ireland, and to establish a republic in its place. One portion of the Brotherhood under the leadership of John O'Mahony proposed to aid James Stephens the celebrated Head Centre of the movement in making Ireland itself the field of military operations ; while the other party of which Colonel Roberts was the chief, proposed to make Canada, as the British possession nearest to them, the point of their first attack on English power. A force was actually thrown into Canada under General O'Neill, and defeated the British troops at Ridgeway,

but was compelled to withdraw to American soil through the action of the Union Government. The party who looked to O'Mahony and Stephens as leaders, when the news of the rising in Ireland reached them at once despatched a vessel, the "Erin's Hope," with arms and ammunition, and a small body of men to land in Ireland. The rising however had been suppressed and the vessel returned to America, not however without showing in her own case how practicable it would have been for an armed expedition to effect a secret and successful landing in Ireland. The late John Francis Maguire on his visit to America took considerable pains to ascertain the feelings of the Irish people with regard to the Fenian organisation. He says, "Amongst the Fenians in almost every State of the Union, there are many thousands of the very cream of the Irish population." From what he heard he testified to the good conduct of those who took part in the famous raid into Canada, and also on their return when many thousands of them concentrated in Buffalo. In his book on the "Irish America," he also says—"I visited on invitation the store of a respectable man, whom I had known many years before in Ireland, and whose feeling, I knew, had always been strongly national. Speaking of the Canadian raid, in the presence of his wife and children and one or two friends all grouped round the stove at the far end of his place of business, he pointed to a handsome fresh-coloured young fellow of twenty, and said—'That boy joined them over the way and with my full consent. His mother there was in a terrible state about him, like all women, I suppose, and wanted not to let him go on any account; but I said to her, "If you do not let him go I will take his place, and if I say I will go, no power on earth will stop me." I was only then she consented—she will tell you so herself. He did go, and he came back, safe too, to his mother and me, thank God!' A deep heartfelt

Amen ! was the mother's only response, as she caressed the soft cheek of her younger child, that, sitting at her feet, rested her head against her knee."

Although the movement did not seem to have secured the co-operation of very many of the Irishmen of position and wealth in the United States, there cannot be a doubt but that they would, if they at all saw a favourable opportunity, be just as eager to have a blow at England as were the Fenians.

#### CHAPTER VII. THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS POLITICAL AND SOCIAL POSITION OF OUR PEOPLE IN AMERICA.

AT the time when colonists began to seek the shores of America in any considerable numbers, *Ireland had then lost her freedom.* As a consequence of this her sons were persecuted for conscience sake, not only at home, but in America. This could not have happened had Ireland been a free Catholic nation, for then religion would have been cherished at home, and Irish colonists would have been protected wherever they settled. Because of this persecution and the consequent lack of churches and priests, the Catholic Church is not as powerful in the United States at the present time as, allowing for natural increase and immigration, she ought to be. It is computed that there are now 10,000,000 of Catholics in America. This seems a vast number, but for all that the words of Bishop England, uttered in 1836, when he estimated the Catholic population at 1,200,000, will be found as true to day as when he spoke them. He said—"Within fifty years millions have been lost to the Catholic Church in America. \* \* \* \* Nothing can be more plain than that instead of an increase of the members naturally belonging to the Catholic

church in the United States, there has actually been a loss." Allowing then for natural increase and immigration, we might reasonably assume that out of 38,500,000, the entire population of the United States in 1870, there ought now to be something like 28,000,000 Catholics. There is every reason to suppose that the loss will in future cease, but the cause of the past loss to the Church—and let those who in the interests of Catholicity oppose our country's claims to self Government controvert it if they can—may be directly traced to the *loss of Ireland's freedom*.

In political affairs our countrymen exercise great influence in America, but Maguire says they have injured themselves seriously where Irishmen have been elected to offices by not in all cases putting forward their best men to represent them.

The same writer says—"The Irish in America are steadily rising, steadily advancing, steadily improving, in circumstances and position, and as a rule they have enormously benefited their condition by leaving the old country for the new. He advises his countrymen to push away for the interior immediately on landing, as the Irish who have settled on the land as a rule have done well, whereas in the large cities they are subject to the temptations of drink and other adverse influences. Be that as it may, in whatever position they have been placed they never forget the ties of home. A strong proof of this feeling is the fact that our people abroad have in a quarter of a century sent home to their kindred *twenty four millions of pounds*.

Brave, loving, generous hearts are yours, ye Irish in America! every ready to yield up your fortunes and your lives in your undying love for your kindred, and the dear old land that bore you.



# BRIAN BORU, AND THE DANISH INVASION.

BY DANIEL CRILLY.

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## CHAPTER I. THE DANES.



THE study of Irish history from its earliest period proves conclusively that one of the chief traits in the national character is a stubborn and unconquerable determination to resist foreign rule, and the demand now made for Home Rule proves that, to-day, this trait is as strongly marked as ever. We notice in our historical researches, that in almost every age some physical or moral Hercules appeared on the stage to assert or defend the olden cause of Ireland's nationhood. Of these heroes, none occupy a more prominent place in the popular mind than the illustrious monarch, Brian Boru.

So little however is known of him, if we except his connection with Clontarf, that a sketch of his life in these pages cannot be out of place. Many lessons may be learned from the study of that life, not the least being the necessity and the power of union.

Before we commence his biography, as his name will ever be identified with the annihilation of the

power of the Norsemen in Ireland, a rapid glance at the fortunes and career of those adventurers in their intercourse with Ireland may here be taken.

Whatever faults these Pagan hordes may have been imbued with, and they were not a whit more barbaric than those Christian invaders who succeeded them, they unquestionably possessed the virtue of courage in an eminent degree. With frames hardened by continual exposure to the weather, trained as they were to the use of arms from infancy, scorning danger from their constant risks of it, and believing, by their faith, that only those who fought most valiantly could enter the halls of Valhalla—the heaven of their principal god, Odin—they were terrible foes to those who opposed them. Essentially a maritime power, they ravaged and subjugated most countries on whose shores their warriors could disembark. England, as she ever did to invaders, succumbed to their attacks, and received a line of kings from them; France to conciliate them ceded a large portion of her dominions to them; but Ireland, with her pertinacious hatred of submission, manfully combatted their rapacious ferocity, and after ages of unyielding opposition crushed and broke them absolutely on the historic shores of Clontarf.

These Northern invaders first made their appearance in Ireland about the middle of the eighth century. Though generally termed "Danes," only a portion of them came from the part of Europe now known as Denmark. These hardy sea-rovers were, however, all of the same Scandinavian stock, whose home bordered the shores of the North and Baltic seas. The first motive of their incursions was simply plunder—conquest and colonisation occurred to them afterwards. Their flat-bottomed boats were propelled easily up the Irish rivers, where their occupants landing, dashed into the country, secured as much spoil as possible, returned to their ships and

sailed away. In these incursions vast numbers of the people were massacred by them, and although at times meeting severe checks, they ravaged and destroyed much valuable and sacred property, for monasteries and abbeys seemed specially marked out by them for destruction.

About the middle of the 9th century, however, tempted no doubt by the immense wealth of the country, its genial climate, and its immense superiority over their own, and auguring success from the internal wars of the native princes, they conceived the idea of conquering the island. So we find in 837 A.D., a large fleet of 120 ships under the command of a fierce chief, Turgesius, landing invaders on several parts of the coast. Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick later on, were taken by them and fortified. The people seemed not to be aware of the national danger that menaced them, but paid so much attention to their own quarrels that the invaders were able to make headway in their new undertaking, and it was not until almost too late that the Irish awoke to a sense of their danger.

This Northern despot, having gained a foot-hold and ravaged the country for seven or eight years, was taken prisoner by strategy and drowned by his captor. After his death his countrymen were throughout defeated, but they were not expelled from Ireland. About 848 A.D., another large fleet of 140 ships arrived on the coast. This was truly a formidable invasion, but the danger to Ireland was lessened from the fact that this new Scandinavian visit was made by the Danes, properly so called, whereas those who had previously landed were Norwegians. These two people now fought a terrible battle for the supremacy, and the Danes triumphed, each side losing in the struggle many men. The loss in this battle so crippled the Danes that they might have been easily swept out of the country. To the end of this century

their power met with many reverses, and if a firm policy had been adopted it would have been totally destroyed. In the beginning of the tenth century, however, fresh hordes arrived, and again native disunion favoured the invaders. From this time forward the two people continued struggling, one to gain a country the other to retain their "own land." Their successes were alternate. When the native princes would unite, the Danes as a necessary consequence suffered crushing defeats. But the Irish had not the wisdom to remain united, and their foes, like their Saxon successors, were wily enough to see this, and fostered those quarrels, without which they had no chance of success. And thus matters went on for another century. The "war of races" had continued during the reign of ten kings, many battles had been fought and many splendid characters had appeared, when at length in 941, there was born one in whose hands the fortunes of his country were to take another direction, who was destined when he grew to manhood to rid Ireland of her foreign scourges, to revive her olden but faded glory, and to make her, as she had been in previous ages, worthy still of the admiration of the world.

## CHAPTER II. THE DALCASSIANS.



IRELAND was at this time governed by a chief monarch called the Ard-Righ, who was placed on the throne by the votes of the provincial princes. Irrespective of the chief monarch, each clan or family was ruled by a chieftain, obedient to the Ard-Righ, but possessing supreme power in his own dominion. With this state of things, the position of Ard-Righ being open to all, no wonder was it that fierce and bitter struggles should be waged for the supreme sovereignty. But for many years the Ard-Righ was chosen from the Northern branch of the Hy Nial family, not always because he was the



ablest, but because he was the strongest. The olden compact made between Heber and Heremon, that the former and his descendants should rule the Southern half, and the latter and his descendants the Northern half of the island, had been broken, as time added to the strength of the Northern and decreased that of the Southern clans. Close upon and during the Scandinavian era, however, the Southern families became more powerful, and two of their clans, the Dalcassians and Eugenians, began to occupy that position to which their lineage entitled them. The kingship of Munster should, by an olden compact, be filled alternately from these two families, but as the Hy-Nials monopolised the sovereignty, because they were the stronger, so the Eugenians denied the right of the other for the same reason. But during the 10th century the Dalcassian chieftains were in a position to enforce their claim, and Kennedy, the reigning prince, sought for the proud position. Convinced however, that it was not his by the right of lawful succession, he waived his claim and generously and patriotically aided his opponent against the common enemy, the Danes. This Kennedy was a really able man, and after rendering great service to his country, defeating the Danes in many important battles, he died in 950. The chief amongst his children were Mahon, afterwards King of Munster, and Brian, the subject of our memoir. Little is known of the youth of Brian, but the history of Mahon's reign is a part of the biography of his brother, for in any expedition or campaign of the former, the latter always accompanied him, as between the two brothers a very strong love existed. To Brian, Mahon acted as instructor and teacher, and it was to his tuition that Brian was indebted in no small degree for his great success as a statesman and a soldier. Mahon, on the death of his father, became King of Cashel, and about the year 960 he claimed and took possession of the throne of

Munster, overcoming his chief opponent molloy, Lord of Desmond. His reign, which was a brilliant one, restored to Munster all its olden glory. In his expeditions against the Danes he showed great ability by his many successes. A few years after his accession to the Munster throne, he rescued Clonmacnoise from them and rebuilt it. In 968 he again defeated them, the Danes losing in the contest several thousand of their warriors. Following up his success he stormed Limerick, which had become a fortified Danish stronghold, killed a great number of its inhabitants, and expelled a great many of the survivors. After this evidence of power, his right to the Munster throne was recognised throughout that province. But Mahon's successes and growing power were viewed by the Eugenians and some others with envious disfavour, and a conspiracy was formed between Molloy, Lord of Desmond, Donovan, a petty chief, and Ivar, the Danish chief of Limerick, to assassinate him. He was invited to meet Molloy in conference at the house of Donovan, the safety of each being guaranteed by the Bishop of Cork. Mahon unsuspectingly accepted the invitation, but on reaching the house he was treacherously seized by Donovan and handed over to Molloy, who coward-like assassinated him. But vengeance swift and heavy was soon to overtake the treacherous perpetrators of this act. When news was brought to Brian that the brother whom he loved so well, and to whom he was so much indebted, had been assassinated, his grief was deep and bitter, and he vowed that the perpetrators of the crime should severely repent it. In the execution of this vow we gain for the first time an intimate view of Brian's character, and in his punishment of the assassins his wonderful energy and abilities become vividly apparent. His first step was to punish the Dane for his share in the act. At the head of his Dalcassian legions, which he was afterwards to lead

to victory so often, he marched against him. Ivar fearing his vengeance had retired to the holy island of Scattery, but nothing could stay Brian. He attacked him here, utterly destroyed the Danes, and slew Ivar and his two sons. Donovan who had formed an alliance with the Danes of South Munster next occupied him, but Brian was again successful, and he and his pagan allies were overthrown, the second of the trio of murderers meeting with his deserts. He now turned his attention to the chief actor in the foul deed. Molloy. To him, as was the custom, Brian sent a challenge to meet him at the head of his troops. Molloy, who had also joined the Danes, did so at the head of his own troops and his Danish allies. But no coalition could daunt Brian in the prosecution of his vengeance. He attacked and defeated his enemies, Molloy falling by the hand of Morrogh, a boy of fifteen, Brian's eldest son. Thus did Brian amply revenge the cowardly murder of Mahon. This campaign in which he had been so singularly successful, having humbled all his enemies, cleared his way to the throne of Munster, which he ascended in 978, with a reputation exceeded at that time by none in the island. Having thus traced his career so far, a word must here be said of his illustrious contemporary, Malachy the Second.

### CHAPTER III. MALACHY THE SECOND.



AS no history of Ireland could be complete without some mention being made of Brian Boru, so no biography of Brian could be complete without mention being made of his rival, and afterwards ally, Malachy the Second. From 847 to 860, the throne of Ireland was filled by Malachy the First. It was this prince who had captured and

broken the power of the Danish chief, Turgesius, mentioned in the first chapter, and he it was who founded the Southern branch of the Hy-Nial family, whose territory lay in Western Meath. This clan from the time of Malachy I., had produced many able men, one of the ablest being Malachy II., fifth in descent from his namesake, and who, if he had not lived in the same age with Brian Boru, would probably have done the work accomplished by the latter at Clontarf.

Donald IV., a scion of the house of the Northern Hy-Nials, after reigning over Ireland for 24 years, died in 979, and was succeeded on the throne by his nephew, Malachy II., in the same year. Malachy before his ascent to the throne, had displayed many of the capacities of an able leader, and his triumphs over the Danes—the test of a man's ability at that time—had made him very popular with the Irish people.

The principal battle fought by him, previous to his becoming Ard-Righ, was at Tara, in 979. Up to this time he had fought successfully many minor engagements, but none of them were of sufficient importance to keep the Danes in check for any length of time. In the above year these national scourges, mustering in great strength, marched inland from Dublin, to devastate the country. Malachy, then Lord of Meath, took the field against them, and meeting them at Tara gave them battle. It was a fierce contest, lasting we are told three days, and ended in the total defeat of the Danes, who lost 5,000 men on the occasion. The victor, aided by the Prince of Ulster, after dispersing his enemies, continued his march to Dublin, which after a siege of three days he carried by storm, released 2,000 Irish prisoners, and made a treaty with the Danes, most humiliating to the latter.

With the fame gained by these exploits, Malachy ascended the throne. It was some time



after his accession, that in another engagement with the Danes, he fought, hand to hand, two of their chief leaders, Carolus, and Tomar, and from the former he took, as a trophy of victory, the sword he carried, and from the latter, that "collar of gold," which Moore refers to in his immortal song, "Let Erin remember the days of old."

The power of the Danes at this period was at a very low ebb, and they would probably have never recovered their former hold on the country if union had prevailed, but unfortunately it was not so, and Ireland was again to suffer through the short-sighted policy of her own sons. The growing strength of Brian at this time was doubtless causing Malachy much uneasiness, as he had some reason to fear that danger would befall his authority as Ard-Righ if such an able opponent as Brian were allowed to become more powerful. Thus we find Malachy in 980 marching south to decrease the influence of Brian, who at this time was absent from his own dominions. The Ard-Righ being therefore unopposed, made his way through the territory of his rival, wasting and destroying it. Not content with this, he wilfully demolished the tree under which Brian and his ancestors, the Kings of Cashel, had ever been crowned. Brian when he heard of this, retaliated by marching into Meath and wasting it.

The conflict thus began lasted for twenty years, and unfortunate was it for Ireland that two men of such splendid genius were contemporaries, for never was the curse of dis-union made more manifest than at this time. Here were two men, gifted with great abilities, who, if they had united, could have swept the Danes out of Ireland long before Clontarf was fought, who were wasting the strength of their own country when she so sorely needed it, who were ravaging and destroying the land nature meant them to improve, while all the time, unnoticed or unheeded

by them, the olden power of the Danes was growing again, and everything seemed to indicate that Ireland had been ordained for no higher destiny than to be torn and harrassed by internecine struggles, and to become the prey of any rapacious invader who chose to profit by her weakness.

#### CHAPTER IV. BRIAN, KING OF MUNSTER.



BRIAN, after avenging the murder of his brother Mahon, took possession of the throne of Munster without opposition, as any chieftain that was likely to offer any had been crushed by him in the consummation of his vengeance.

As soon as he was crowned, he set to work to improve his dominions and advance the prosperity of his people. His actions indicate that he was as sagacious as valiant—that he was equally a statesman and a soldier. He was never inactive. Vigour and promptness characterised all his movements. Now he was chastising an insubordinate chieftain—anon settling some dispute, at one time repelling the Danes—at another administering justice. Under his sway churches sprang up, religion flourished, learning advanced, and Munster recovered, if she did not surpass, all her former glory and prosperity.

But his reign, which commenced so auspiciously, was not destined to be a peaceful one. In 980, while Brian was absent in Ossory, collecting the tribute which the chief of that district had refused to send him as his lawful lord, Malachy, the Ard-Righ, marched into Brian's country, to pillage and waste it. Whatever was the cause of this, whether Malachy feared the

growth of Brian's power, whether he had been told or suspected that already Brian's ambition made him covet the supreme sovereignty, or whatever brought this rupture about, it was a most disastrous one, and the mischief it caused during the twenty years it lasted was felt long after a reconciliation had been effected between them. History has left us few details of Brian's career during this period, but sufficient is known to give a general outline of it. The struggle was not a continuous one, as each had, besides opposing the other, to keep his tributary chiefs in subjection. Thus when Malachy was engaged checking an outbreak of the Northern Hy-Nials, Brian would take advantage of his difficulty, and waste his patrimony, and Brian in his turn, when he found himself in difficulties, would be harassed in a similar manner by Malachy. Many fierce engagements took place between the two, each being at times successful. Brian on the whole seems to have made the most headway, and about ten years after the origin of their rivalry he, although nominally only King of Munster, was in reality king of the southern half of Ireland, for he wielded the power, if he possessed not the name.

This internecine warfare gave the Danes, of course, a splendid opportunity to recruit their wasted strength, and they were not slow to avail themselves of it. Fresh hordes of their countrymen kept pouring into Ireland from the continent and other places, when emboldened by numbers, they resumed their olden habits of destruction and spoliation. Their forces at this time in Dublin were commanded by Sitric, a very able man, under whose leadership they assumed their former power, and the country suffered much from their frequent raids.

Fortunately Malachy and Brian were wise enough to perceive that in quarrelling with each other they

were advancing the object of the common enemy, while wasting their own strength. So in 997 a treaty, which lasted three years, was made between them. During these years much good was effected throughout the country, and the Danes, by the united action of the Irish were once more overthrown. In 997, the year of the treaty, the foreigners were defeated, and Dublin, containing much spoil, was taken by the allies. About two years after this, the Danes—whom no number of defeats seemed to dishearten or daunt, and who showed such tenacity of purpose—again became troublesome. This time determined to crush them thoroughly, Malachy and Brian marched against them. The two contending parties met at a place called Glen-Mama, near the village of Dunraven, in Wicklow, and fortune once more attended the Irish cause. The Danes suffered a disastrous defeat, losing 6,000 men, and many of their principal leaders. The allies after this victory marched and took possession of Dublin. They remained in it a week, celebrating their victory, and when leaving, took away with them much valuable property and many prisoners, expelled its Danish governor, and burnt the town. This took place in 999.

Whether or not previous to this Brian had any thoughts of the chief sovereignty it is hard to say, but no doubt his gradual success in the past served to ripen his ambition, not only to rule over Munster, but over all Ireland. Seeing that the time had not yet arrived to try force he employed diplomacy instead. We find him paying a visit to the Cathedral of Armagh, making a present of gold, and being received in a royal manner by the Archbishop. By intermarriages, by awing and conciliating his opponents, he materially strengthened his power and gained many adherents. All his actions were conducive to his own popularity while they undermined that of



Malachy. After the capture of Dublin, Brian and Malachy having crushed once again the common enemy, resumed the suicidal policy of internal warfare. The old spirit of rivalry had not yet been allayed. The distrust of the one, the ambition of the other still existed. Brian, finding that several clans as well as the Danes, refused to submit to Malachy, but were willing to do so to him, accepted their allegiance, and thinking the time had now arrived to claim the throne, he marched at the head of his own troops and his allies to do so, but his advance guard of Danish soldiers being defeated by Malachy he retired, for the time without further contest. But this competition could not always last. Either of them must succumb, and although Malachy knew that his former power and popularity had passed to his rival, he made preparations to defend his position. Whilst doing so at Athlone, Brian arrived there at the head of a much superior force, and at a conference held between the two, Malachy was given by his rival the option of a pitched battle or yielding up the throne after a stated time.

Keating states that Brian chivalrously gave Malachy first a month and afterwards a year to organise and strengthen his army, and then to decide their claim by the sword. However, when Malachy was called for a final answer, not having sufficient power to resist, he yielded the throne of Ireland to Brian. At his submission there were present, with few exceptions, all the princes of Erin, and they acknowledged Brian as their chief sovereign. Shortly after this he was crowned, and thus, after a long exclusion, the line of Heber again gave a monarch to the throne of Ireland, one of the ablest that had as yet held the position, and one of the last who was to shed a lustre by his genius on the possession of it.

## CHATER V. BRIAN, ARD-RIGH.



RIAN, now raised to the highest dignity in the island, was in his sixtieth year when he ascended the throne of Ireland in 1001 A.D.

He had now reached the high position of chief sovereign. The prize he had so long coveted was his. At length he had triumphed over every opponent and made his way successfully from a provincial chieftainship to the chief sovereignty, by sheer force of genius and character. But as soon as he assumed his royal functions, his gratified ambition changed into anxiety for the welfare and prosperity of the kingdom he had been called upon to govern. His popularity and power with the people at this time were very great. Keating says of him that "worthy was he to command a kingdom of much larger extent, for he was a prince invincible in arms, of great experience in military discipline, munificent to his friends, and merciful to his enemies," and Stewart, a learned Protestant writer, in his history of Armagh, tells us that "Brian was one of the most extraordinary men of the age in which he lived \* \* \* Sagacious, humane, pious, munificent and valiant; he overcame his enemies as much by the splendour of his character and the glory resulting from his philanthropic acts, as by military achievements and force of arms. He was at once the law-giver and the hero of his country. His bodily endowments were in perfect consonance with his mental powers. Active and persevering, he was indefatigable in war, and, even at an advanced age, he was seen nobly combating in his country's cause."

Such was the character of the man who was now called upon to wield the sceptre of Ireland. The deposed monarch, Malachy, had, during the time he occ-



“THINK ON OLD BRIAN,  
WAR’S MIGHTY LION.”





upied the throne, found great trouble in keeping in order the powerful clan of the northern Hy-Nials. This family, in whose hands the position of Ard Righ had long remained, had ever been opposed to those monarchs chosen from the Meathian branch of their family, and had many times revolted against their sway.

During the contest which ended in the succession of Brian, the leaders of this family had remained neutral, as they did not wish to advance the fortunes of either one or the other. Brian, as soon as crowned, determined to traverse the island, and compel these, as well as any other refractory princes, to submit to his rule. He first marched northwards, to strike at the most formidable point. After challenging their obedience at several places, he met the Hy-Nials at Dundalk, but no battle took place; Brian's diplomacy and their weakness preventing an engagement. The northern clans submitted, acknowledged Brian to be Ard-Righ, and delivered hostages to him as a pledge of future fealty. He then in the manner of a peaceful royal progress, marched through Tyrowen and Tyrconnel, and afterwards in the same way traversed Connaught. After visiting in this way all parts of the kingdom, he was throughout acknowledged as Ard-Righ of Erin.

From the time he felt secure in his position until the end of his reign, his acts were so wise and beneficial to the country, that they almost justified his usurpation of the throne. He was not one to acquire power that he might indulge in indolence and pleasure.

His wisdom told him that the welfare of his people demanded his attention, and the way in which he legislated for them deserves the admiration which his countrymen since have given him in every generation.

The distracted state of the country consequent on the Danish invasion prevented any previous satisfactory attempt at national legislation, but Brian's mighty genius welded his countrymen together, and the union, even

though it was a compulsory one, effected for Ireland a glory which, brief though it was, has illuminated her whole history. A wide field for reform presented itself to him, and few of the wants of his country escaped his attention.

It is not to be wondered at that the inherent love for religion and learning for which the Irish people have ever been remarkable, became about this time, somewhat deadened and lethargic. Two hundred years of continuous warfare could scarcely be expected to have a very spiritualising influence upon any nation, and the stern art of war absorbed all the time that might otherwise have gone to cultivate the more gentle arts of peace. It must be, however, remembered that this long and fierce struggle of Ireland was not merely for *national* existence; which was only comparatively endangered. The great motive of Ireland in so stubbornly opposing the Danes was the *defence of religion*. The invaders knew that the Church treasures of Ireland were vast and costly, and so directed all their barbaric energy to the plunder of religious houses. It was in defence of these repositories of faith and learning that the Irish made their fiercest fights, but the frequent destruction of these shrines partially deprived the people of their elevating influence; thus to a great extent engendering a laxity in the performance of the duties of Christianity. None saw this with a quicker eye or more sorrowful heart than Brian, and he immediately resolved to elevate to the fullest extent of his power the moral and religious tone of the people. His reverence and love for religion were shown by the manifold benefits that accrued to it from his influence. Several times during his career we find him visiting, in all his regal pomp and ceremony, the Cathedral of Armagh, and presenting at one time ten, at another twenty ounces of gold, as a pious compensation to the Church for the depredations of the Danes. These sums in Brian's

~~time~~ formed munificent gifts. In addition to this he founded and built many churches, and a great many of those that had been rifled and destroyed by the Danes were rebuilt and redecorated by his generosity and devotion. Religion assumed its olden aspect, and the title of the "Land of Saints" was gloriously re-established. Learning, the hand-maiden of religion, next occupied his attention. Those schools and monasteries that, like the churches, suffered from Danish outrage, were restored to their original uses. New ones were built, and as of yore, scholars went forth to teach the youth of other lands, so now once again the lamp of learning was borne abroad throughout Europe by a new generation of Irish civilisers. Having done so much for the moral and intellectual welfare of his people, he next turned his attention to the administration of the law, and inaugurated many of the principles accepted at the present day as the standard of justice. *Restoration*, now so strongly advocated in Ireland, was practised by Brian. Any lands conquered by him from the Danes were parcelled out among his people; but if any of the original proprietors who had been plundered and evicted could prove their right and title to their places, they were re-installed in their olden homes.

Under his wise rule the arts and sciences flourished. Poets and bards were specially honoured, and the harp was scarcely ever silent, for at feast or fight the soul of music shed its melting and inspiring influence o'er "chiefs and ladies bright," as well as over the fierce combatants on the battle field.

Knowing the confusion that arose and the difficulty in administering the laws, from the want of family names, Brian ordered that each family should take a surname, and it is from this period they date in Ireland. Owing to the legal and administrative reforms introduced by this illustrious monarch, so high a state of moral rectitude was secured that we are told a lady

of great personal beauty, and adorned with gems that were "rich and rare," confidently undertook alone a journey throughout the green isle, and when challenged for her temerity replied—as the national bard has it—

"Sir Knight I feel not the least alarm,  
No son of Erin will offer me harm;  
For though they love women and golden store,  
Sir Knight they love honour and virtue more."

Tradition has it that "her maiden smile in safety lighted her round the green isle."

Brian's magnanimity was only equalled by his regal munificence and generosity. The splendour of his court at Kincora was unsurpassed in Europe. So many clans rendered tribute to him that he gained the name of Brian *Boru*, meaning Brian of the Tributes. The following are some of the items contributed to him annually on the first of November. Connaught supplied 800 cows and 800 hogs; Tyrconnell sent 500 cloaks and 500 cows; Tyrowen, 60 hogs, and 60 loads or tons of iron; the people of Ossory, 60 beeves, 60 hogs, and 60 loads of iron; the Danes of Dublin sent 150 hogsheads of wine; and the Danes of Limerick sent 365 hogsheads of wine. No one throughout the island was exempt from these tributes, except his own clan, the Dalcassians. Thus it is not surprising to hear that his hospitality was such that he entertained at Kincora, three thousand guests at Christmas, and besides his own tributary princes, there were present (and this is an evidence of his power being recognised and respected abroad as well as at home) various noblemen and princes of England, Scotland, and Wales, all coming to share the generosity and testify their respect for "a true Irish king." In addition to all those actions that have just been enumerated, Brian accomplished much more; he restored and fortified many of the royal houses that had fallen into decay, he made laws regulating precedence at court, where none dare wear a sword except his Dal-



cassian guards. Roads and bridges were opened, new forts were built and old ones strengthened, and the construction of a fleet was commenced. Such were some of the actions of this great man, all that he did being accomplished in five or six years, proving conclusively that his talent for administration was fully equal to his talent for war. But age was now coming on him and time was hastening to a conclusion this brilliant era and this mighty genius. However, before darkness set in, the glories of Erin were to flash and illuminate, meteor-like, her annals for one sacred moment, and then fade into despair, leaving history to chronicle again the destinies and fortunes of a divided people.

#### CHAPTER VI. CLONTARF—DEATH OF BRIAN.

**S**EVERAL times during his reign, Brian found himself troubled and harrassed by his olden enemies, the Danes. These people must have seen with chagrin and disappointment the beneficial changes that Brian wrought in the constitution of Ireland. They saw their chance of possessing the fertile island lessening as union progressed amongst Irishmen, and their disappointment was doubly bitter from their knowledge of the successes their countrymen were achieving at this time in other parts of Europe. In 1012, Brian, at Lough Foyle, Morrogh, his eldest son, in Leinster, and Malachy, the ex-monarch, in Meath, were occupied in repelling fresh hordes that had landed in those districts.

But the final destruction of the Danish power in Ireland was drawing nigh, and this consummation was hastened by the treachery of one of Ireland's sons.

At Brians palace of Kincora, a game of chess was being played, during which Maelmurra, King of

Leinster, made or recommended a false move. Morrogh, Brian's son, angered by this, remarked that if Maelmura gave similar advice to his allies, the Danes, at Glen-Mama, it was no wonder they lost the battle. The King of Leinster, humiliated and incensed by the remark, withdrew from the palace and hastened to his own dominions to devise means of revenge.

He entered into negotiations with the Danes, who sent envoys to their countrymen in other places, soliciting their aid. Such a chance of at length gaining the country was not to be lost. Preparations on a vast scale were made for this fresh and final invasion of Ireland. The Earl of Man, a Danish adherent, was the chief mover, his dominion, the Isle of Man, was appointed the rendezvous, and to it flocked from all quarters hordes of Scandinavian adventurers.

Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, whose power was equal to that of the Kings of Scotland, Denmark, or Norway, Brodar, a Danish viking of great power, the Prince of Denmark with fourteen hundred men in complete armour, and every petty sea rover or chieftain with his following made their way to the appointed place, in hopes of reaping a rich harvest. Truly it seemed as if at length Ireland was to fall a prey to their rapacity, but she rose equal to the occasion as the Danes found to their cost.

Brian, fully cognisant of the national danger, had made full preparations to meet it, and it is to the credit of the Irish chiefs that by them on this momentous occasion he was nobly supported.

The invading force numbering about 21,000 strong, sailed into Dublin Bay on Palm Sunday, April 18th, 1014. They immediately landed, and encamped close by Clontarf, on the northern shore of Dublin Bay. Brian, who had by this time completed his arrangements, had taken up his station close to the same place.

And now the day had arrived on which the Danish

power and influence in Ireland was to be for ever crushed, a day on which Ireland *gained* nothing except victory and *lost* far more than victory could compensate her for. The battle took place by pre-arrangement on Good Friday, the 23rd of April. Brian wished not to fight on such a sacred day, but he was compelled to do so by the Danes, who it is said had been assured by an oracle that Brian would fall if the battle was fought on that day.

Before the conflict began, the Irish monarch addressed his soldiers in soul-stirring words, reminding them that Christ had died for them on that day. After doing this he retired to his tent at the earnest solicitations of his chieftains, who considered him now too old to lead his troops to battle. Morrogh his eldest son took command, and the battle which commenced early in the morning was not over until evening. Each side in it displayed great determination and courage, every chieftain doing some individual act of daring and heroism. Not one of the 1,400 men in armour escaped the terrific and fatal blows dealt by the Dalcassian battleaxes, and from beginning to end it was a "conflict of heroes." Scarcely a leader on either side escaped. The Danes lost amongst others Maelmurra, the traitor, King of Leinster, and Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, who fell by the hand of Turlogh, Morrogh's son, only a boy in years. The Irish losses in leaders were equally heavy, Murrogh and his son Turlogh appearing in the list of killed. The defeat sustained by the Danes was a crushing and disastrous one. They lost about 6,000 men, many of these being drowned in the river Tolka, which was swollen at the time, and into which they plunged in their anxiety to escape. The loss of the victors was not quite so heavy.

But these were not the only losses the Irish had to sustain that day. Brian's guards, partaking of the excitement caused by the Danes' defeat, had joined in

the pursuit. A party of the vanquished under Brodar, in retreating came across the monarch's tent unguarded, and rushing in found him on his knees praying, and killed him. But their triumph was short-lived, the guards returning, and finding their beloved leader slain, pursued and overtook the murderers, and in their mad grief tortured them to death. And thus fell Brian Boru, in the 73rd year of his age, and not in the 88th as is generally believed. With him fell the Danish power with which he had so long battled, for though the Danes did not altogether cease to trouble Ireland after Clontarf, their visits ceased to be dangerous, and they only resembled the dying struggles of any animal after it has received its death-blow. Brian's remains were conveyed to Armagh, and interred in the cathedral. Although Clontarf was at the moment a glorious day for Ireland, it was in its ultimate results a sad and disastrous one for her. She lost at it so many earnest leaders that none were left strong or wise enough to enforce or preserve union as Brian had done, and losing the guidance of Brian she fell after his death into her olden habit of disunion and dissension so fiercely and bitterly that she prepared the way for and hastened the arrival of the English. Sad and woeful was it for Ireland that she did not take to heart the lesson conveyed by the Danish invasion, but unfortunately she did, not and when she was next called upon to expel invaders, through dallying so long with internal quarrels, she found when essaying it that expulsion was impossible. Since the arrival of those invaders, many opportunities have arisen on which another Clontarf might have been fought, but Ireland wanted at the time, to teach her how to fight, it the giant genius of a BRIAN BORU.



# "GOD SAVE IRELAND!"

OR

## THE RESCUE OF KELLY & DEASEY.

BY "SLIEVE DONARD."

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### CHAPTER I. THE REVOLUTIONARY BROTHERHOOD.

**W**HEN the "Young Ireland" movement of 1848 was broken up and most of its brilliant leaders imprisoned or forced into exile, England no doubt thought that at length the spirit of the Irish people was totally crushed, and that the reduced population it might be safe still to leave in the country could now be used as the drudges of the empire. Green Erin might now become England's kitchen garden, and the Viceroy patronizingly told an assemblage of Irishmen that the true destiny of their country was to be "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds"—in other words that their great end and aim in life was to supply beef and mutton for their English masters.

But though the seed sown in 1848 appeared for a time to have sunk into barren soil, it was destined to fructify, and the generation growing up into manhood eagerly drank in the soul-stirring lessons in prose and poetry which were the legacy left them by "Young Ireland."

Millions of their relatives too who had fled from the famine, with vengeance in their hearts against the government calling itself "civilised" which had allowed its "subjects" to die of starvation, found a home in free America. As a natural consequence, these, in their communications with their friends and relatives at home, became the medium of spreading republican ideas in Ireland.

The first manifestation the British Government received that there was still in existence the slightest ember of disaffection was the discovery in Cork and Kerry of the "Phoenix Society." So little importance however was attached to the affair that the young men who were convicted of seeking to overthrow British rule were not severely dealt with. But a more formidable organisation succeeded this, spreading rapidly in many parts of Ireland, and extending also to America. The time has perhaps not yet come when those who are capable of writing the full history of this great movement can give it to the world. In Ireland the society was a secret one, as a matter of necessity, if it had to exist at all, and not from choice. To those who were aware of its existence it was known as the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. In America the members of the confederacy adopted the fanciful title of the "Fenian Brotherhood," after the name of the ancient Irish militia. Although the peculiar construction of the circles of which the Brotherhood was formed rendered the organisation like a ship built in water-tight compartments, the Government from an early period of its existence must have had considerable information of its doings through its hired spies and informers. This was very evident, for when the swoop was made upon the *Irish People* newspaper office, in addition to the documents there seized, there was sufficient evidence to convict the leading spirits who were at the time arrested. But while the Government had spies and informers in

the ranks of the Brotherhood, the Dublin Castle authorities had some idea that they were in this respect being somewhat foiled with their own weapons, and although no complicity could be proved, there were misgivings that amongst the most trusted Government officials there were members of the secret confederacy. How else, it was argued, could the daring escape from Richmond prison of the leading spirit of the organisation, the Head Centre, James Stephens, be explained?

In America, the civil war had trained many thousands of Irishmen to the use of arms, and these in vast numbers swelled the ranks of the Fenian Brotherhood. After a time dissensions arose, and the organisation became split into two "wings," the one having for its leader John O'Mahony, and the other Colonel W. R. Roberts. The arrival of Stephens did not heal the breach, and so much did the division of forces paralyze the movement that the Head Centre did not think it prudent to carry out his expressed intention of taking the field in Ireland at the beginning of 1867. The hot spirits in Ireland and Great Britain were dissatisfied at this, the more so that a great number of Irish American officers had found their way across the Atlantic to take their respective commands when the signal for action would be given. The result was the baffled movement on Chester to seize the castle and armoury, the premature outburst in Kerry, and finally the simultaneous rising in several parts of Ireland on Shrove Tuesday, 1867, with its almost immediate suppression. In the absence of James Stephens the direction of the organisation had now devolved upon Colonel Thomas J. Kelly, an Irish-American officer, on whose behalf, together with Captain Deasey, there was done in a great city in the heart of England a deed so daring, that even in the pages of the most sensational romance it would be difficult to find its equal.

CHAPTER II. CAPTURE OF COLONEL KELLY AND  
CAPTAIN DEASEY.

ALTHOUGH the failure of the rising in Ireland was discouraging to the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, it was not so disastrous as it might have been, and it would appear that Colonel Kelly now considered it his duty to reorganise the circles in the various parts of Ireland and Great Britain. This would account for his presence in Manchester early on the morning of September 11, 1867, when he, with Captain Deasey, was arrested in Oak Street; two other companions making their escape. The policemen who arrested them were not aware of the importance of the capture they had made. Their suspicions had been aroused from a casual observation they had heard dropped from one of Kelly's party, and the unusual hour of their being abroad, so that the guardians of the night concluded they were either burglars or engaged in some other illegal enterprize. On being brought to the police station Kelly gave his name as Martin Williams, a bookbinder, and Deasey as John Whyte, a hatter. On being searched, loaded revolvers were found upon them, and this, together with their Irish-American accent, led to some suspicion on the part of the jail officials. They were charged before one of the city magistrates under the Vagrant Act, and remanded on the application of the police, who thought they could find evidence which would connect them with the Fenian conspiracy. It was very soon found that, in the persons of the supposed bookbinder and hatter, the Manchester authorities had accidentally succeeded in capturing two of the most noted leaders of the revolutionary organisation. On being again brought before the magistrates on Wednesday, September, 18, they were declared by the



police authorities to be Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey, that they had been connected with the rising in Ireland and that there was warrents issued against them for treason-felony. They were accordingly again remanded. In the meantime a telegram was received from Dublin Castle putting the Manchester authorities on their guard against a plot which had been entered upon for the rescue of the prisoners. Additional precautions were therefore taken for their safe custody, and we shall see how far these were successful.

### CHAPTER III. RESCUE OF KELLY AND DEASEY.

**B**EING fully aware of the identity of the prisoners, and having received a knowledge of their intended rescue, the police authorities now took extraordinary measures to frustrate any such design. When the captives were being removed from the court to the prison van, they had to pass through a double line of policemen. The van had several compartments with a passage up the middle. The only prisoners in the van who were handcuffed were Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey, and theirs were the only compartments which were locked. The other occupants of the van were three women who had been convicted of misdemeanour, and a boy, who was being taken to prison previous to being sent to a reformatory. In addition to these there was the policeman in charge, Serjeant Brett, who was armed with a cutlass and sat on a seat in the passage near the door, which having been locked, the keys were handed in through a grating in the upper portion of it to the constable. In charge of the van there were twelve policemen, of whom the driver and four others sat in front, two rode on the steps behind, Brett kept

guard inside, and the four others followed close behind in a cab. They now drove away through some of the principal streets of the city until some two miles had been traversed which brought them close to the point where the railway arch obliquely crosses the Hyde Road, and where the houses are more thinly scattered and the ground mostly devoted to brickfields. Just as they passed under the railway arch two men with revolvers stopped the way, one of whom, presenting his weapon, cried, "Stop the van." The driver attempted to force a passage, but a bullet fired over his head to intimidate him, and another into one of the horses effectually brought the van to a standstill. Meanwhile, as if by magic, there sprang from their ambuscade behind the walls that lined the road, and from the shadow of the abutments of the arch, a body of determined men, dressed, said the English papers, better than ordinary workingmen, and armed for the most part with revolvers, and at the sight the police fled panic stricken. Though it was evident these men had come prepared to accomplish at all hazards the object they had in view, it was also equally evident that they wished to do so without bloodshed; for their volley of pistol shots and stones were directed over the heads of the guardians of the van, who were beaten off at the first onset. Their plan of action must have been skilfully prepared. With military precision, one portion of the men formed an extended circle outside of the van, and with revolvers in hand kept at bay the police and mob who now rallied to their assistance. Meanwhile another detachment of the men, who appeared to have been detailed for that duty, quickly addressed themselves to the breaking open of the van. The military ability displayed is not surprising when we learn that two of those daring men, Edward O'Meagher Condon, and Michael O'Brien, had been accustomed as officers to the command of fighting men in many a fierce encounter in the American civil

war. None, however, appear to have displayed greater activity than the heroic young mechanic, William Philip Allen, who from the nature of his previous occupation was probably judged to be one of the best adapted for the mechanical work of the bold enterprize—namely, the breaking open of the van. Michael Larkin too appears to have displayed great energy in the attack on the van. The evidence of the witnesses with regard to the part he played in the action went to show that he was one of the party who most freely used his revolver, and in this they either were grossly mistaken or perjured themselves, for although this noble hearted Irishman was prepared to give his life for his country's cause, as a matter of fact, which is now well authenticated, Michael Larkin never fired a pistol shot in his lifetime. The van was assailed in various ways, the great object being, of course, to accomplish the work in the shortest possible time, as every moment was bringing fresh reinforcements to the police and mob. These made frequent rushes at their opponents, being each time beaten off: the Irishmen still using their weapons rather to intimidate than to take life, as was shown from the fact that only two of their opponents were wounded, one in the foot, and the other in the thigh. While some ascended the roof and were forcing an opening with crowbars, hammers, hatchets, and huge stones, others attempted to force the door of the van where the brave man Serjeant Brett stood on guard inside, refusing to surrender the keys. At the commencement of the fray he appears to have opened the ventilator in the upper portion of the door to see who were his assailants. Seeing them he exclaimed, according to the testimony of Emma Halliday, one of the females in the van—"Oh! my God, its these Fenians," at the same time endeavouring to shut the ventilator, while one of the men outside tried to prevent his doing so. As the time was now rapidly flying and the party on

the roof seemed to be making but slow progress in demolishing the stout woodwork of the van, those who sought to force the door became still more eager to gain an entrance in this way. The brave policeman, however, resolutely refused to give up the keys, when at length a shot was fired through the keyhole into the lock, with the view of shattering it. Immediately a voice was heard inside (one of the women's) exclaiming—"He's killed." The bullet intended to force the lock had entered the head of Brett, the wound in a short time proving fatal. Although the slaying of Brett was afterwards called murder (which under any circumstances it could not possibly be) this brave man's death was clearly an accident, which probably none would deplore more than the man whose hand fired the fatal bullet. The other female occupant of the van, Ellen Cooper, now, at the demand of the assailants, took the keys from the wounded man, and handed them out through the ventilator, and the door being opened, poor Brett fell out into the road. The men now rushed in, and having the keys, at once opened the compartments in which their leaders, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey were confined, Allen exclaiming in the exultation and excitement of the moment as he warmly greeted his chief, "Kelly, I'll die for you." Alas! the after event proved that his words were prophetic, for on the scaffold he did indeed yield up his life in testimony of his loyalty to his leader and to his country. The two liberated prisoners, still handcuffed, were at once hurried across the adjoining field and out of sight of the police and mob who yelled with baffled rage as they saw their victims thus torn from their grasp. A few brave men stood their ground—sacrificing themselves to cover the retreat of their leaders. These were now hotly followed up by an overwhelming force. So closely did they press upon Allen that he had not time to reload his revolver, and at length he was captured at



Beswick, after being assailed in the most cowardly and brutal manner. Condon too, and the handful of his companions, now they felt satisfied that Kelly and Deasey must have got securely away, as they retreated from the scene of action were surrounded by an overwhelming force, and after being brutally treated, captured and lodged in jail. The authorities enraged at their power being so set at defiance in the open day, seemed resolved to have victims of some kind or other upon whom to wreak their vengeance. Accordingly that night witnessed for the Irish in Manchester a reign of terror, raids being made upon the quarters of the city where they chiefly lived, so that during the night about sixty Irishmen were dragged from their homes and thrown into jail. On the same evening, the two men whose liberty had been effected in such a daring manner, were seen by some brickmakers to enter a cottage near Clayton Bridge, handcuffed, and to quit it a few minutes afterwards with their hands free.

A large reward was offered by Government for their apprehension. All the efforts of the police to discover the whereabouts of Kelly and Deasey were unavailing, and no bribe could shake the fidelity of those who kept them in concealment, and subsequently aided their flight to America, after the two Irish-American chiefs had gone through some hair-breadth escapes and extraordinary adventures.

#### CHAPTER IV. TRIAL OF THE RESCUERS—THE CRY FOR BLOOD.



HE telegraphic wires flashed the news of the Hyde Road action over the land, and throughout England men were panic stricken at the audacious rescue of the so-called Fenian leaders, and wondered where a blow would next be struck at England's authority. The funds fell in consequence of the daring deed, and everywhere there was con-

sternation. Rebellious in Ireland were looked upon somewhat as a matter of course, but that the power of England should thus be set at defiance in one of her great cities, was more than the wildest imagination could have possibly conceived. The police in Manchester went about madly and recklessly among the Irish population in search of other victims to wreak their vengeance upon, instead of those who had been so boldly torn from their grasp. When the prisoners were paraded for identification, there was no difficulty in finding witnesses to swear to any of them as having taken an active part in the attack upon the van. In fact, they overshoot the mark so palpably that the police authorities from the very testimony of those who professed to identify the men, thought it more prudent to let go some of those they had caught in their net, fearing—so glaringly false was the testimony their witnesses were prepared to give—that there would be danger of a total break-down of the rest of the cases. With regard to the mode of identification, the prisoners when on their trials complained of the grossly unfair way in which it was so managed that individuals could be made so conspicuous as to be easily picked out by those who came to identify them.

The men bore themselves with dignity when brought before the magistrates on the day following the rescue. An English paper says of them—"All the men, particularly Allen, showed remarkable self-possession. Old and young—some of them being heavy shouldered fellows, and others slimly built youths—they bore a striking resemblance to each other in their air of resolution, and what for men in their station and in their present position, might almost be called consummate address." After some evidence was heard in connection with the attack on the van, to show the complicity of the prisoners in the affair, they were remanded for a week.

In the meantime the air was still laden with the cry of baffled rage which nothing but Irish blood, shed

on the scaffold, could satisfy, and fresh victims were eagerly sought out, dragged from their homes, imprisoned and remanded. The police authorities were smarting under the disgrace and humiliation of having allowed Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey to be wrested out of their hands, and therefore every corner of the city was narrowly searched for them, but without avail. They suspected a house in Every Street, Ancoats, as being probably the hiding place of the rescued men, as well as the "Fenian" headquarters. Accordingly a secret expedition to surprise this fancied stronghold was determined upon, and, on the night of Saturday, September 21st, a raid made upon the house by 50 picked men of the police force, armed with Colt's revolvers. They appear to have found somewhat of a mare's nest, as only a man and two women were found on the premises and arrested, although it does not appear that any charge could be brought against them. On the following Thursday, Sept. 26th, the prisoners, strongly manacled, were again brought up before the magistrates. Mr. Ernest Jones, one of the counsels for the defence, strongly and indignantly protested against the cruel and unconstitutional act of putting men into chains before they had as yet been convicted of any offence. The magistrates, however, refused to accede to their counsel's request that the irons should be removed from the prisoner's hands, alledging that the police considered such restraint necessary. Upon this Mr. Jones, with indignant language, threw up his brief and left the court.

After further evidence, the prisoners were again remanded, and brought up from day to day until the sitting of the Special Commission appointed to try them.

The Commission opened on Monday, October 28th, before Judges Blackburn and Mellor. The number of those now placed on their trial was twenty

six, the great bulk of those who had been so wantonly arrested having had to be discharged from time to time for the want of sufficient evidence against them. The names and ages of the twenty six against whom it was thought possible to procure convictions were given as follows on the list of prisoners—William Gould, 30 ; William O'Meara Allen, 19 ; Edward Shore, 27 ; Michael Larkin, 30 ; Charles Moorhouse, 23 ; Patrick Kelly, 35 ; Michael Maguire, 22 ; John Martin, 34 ; John Brannon, 40 ; John Francis Nugent, 22 ; William Martin, 35 ; John Carroll, 24 ; Michael Joseph Boylan, 37 ; Michael Kennedy, 28 ; Thomas Maguire, (of the Royal Marines) 31 ; Henry Wilson, 27 ; John Bacon, 40 ; Patrick Coffey, 27 ; Thomas Ryan, 30 ; William Murphy, 25 ; Thomas Johnson 30 ; Daniel Reddin, 25 ; James O'Brannan Chambers, 29 ; William Brophy, 26 ; Thomas Scally, 22 ; Timothy Featherstone, 30. The grand jury, of which Sir Robert Gerard, an English Catholic, was foreman, returned a true bill for murder against Allen, Larkin, Gould, Thomas Maguire, and Shore. It may here be stated that some of the names given to the police were fictitious, as for instance Allen's second name was not O'Meara, but Philip, while the men set down as William Gould and Edward Shore, were in reality the daring Irish American officers Michael O'Brien and Edward OM'eagher Condon respectively. The prisoners were not manacled on this occasion as they had been when before the magistrates, but were strongly guarded by policemen. The court adjourned to the following day, Tuesday, when Mr. Digby Seymour, one of the counsels for the prisoners, moved for the removal of the indictment to the Central Criminal Court, as Mr. Roberts, one of the solicitors for the prisoners, was prepared to make a solemn declaration that he believed they could not have a fair trial in Lancashire. The application was refused. Evidence of a nature similar to that given before the magistrates was then put in, and in



the meantime the grand jury found true bills for murder against twenty more of the prisoners. The trial of the five men singled out as the principal victims now went on during Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. During this trial the most contradictory evidence was given, the most glaringly false being that against Maguire, who is represented as having borne a most active part in the attack on the van, whereas it was plainly shown afterwards, even to the satisfaction of the Government, that the witnesses who swore against him—the same on whose evidence the other prisoners were convicted—had perjured themselves. The jury at half-past seven on the evening of Friday, November 1st, pronounced the five prisoners, Allen, Larkin, O'Brien, Condon, and Maguire to be GUILTY. On the prisoners being asked why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon them, they each in their turn replied.

Allen was the first to answer, and even the English newspapers acknowledged that the brave youth bore himself with the spirit of a martyr as he spoke. He said :—

“My Lords and Gentlemen—It is not my intention to occupy much of your time in answering your question. Your question is one that can be easily asked, but requires an answer which I am ignorant of. Abler and more eloquent men could not answer it. Where were the men who have stood in the dock—Burke, Emmet, and others, who have stood in the dock in defence of their country? When the question was put, what was their answer? Their answer was null and void. Now, with your permission, I will review a portion of the evidence that has been brought against me.”

Judge Blackburn here interrupted him, saying he had no right to criticise the evidence. After a few more words had passed between them Allen proceeded—

“No man in this court regrets the death of Serjeant Brett more than I do, and I positively say, in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, that I am innocent, aye, as innocent as any man in the court. I don't say this for the sake of mercy; I want no mercy—I'll have no mercy. I'll die, as many thousands have died, for the sake of their beloved land, and in defence

of it. I will die proudly and triumphantly in defence of republican principles and the liberty of an oppressed and enslaved people. Is it possible we are asked why sentence should be passed on us, on the evidence of prostitutes off the streets of Manchester, fellows out of work, convicted felons—aye, an Irishman sentenced to be hung when an English dog would have got off. I say positively and defiantly, justice has not been done me since I was arrested. If justice had been done me, I would not have been handcuffed at the preliminary investigation in Bridge Street; and in this court justice has not been done me in any shape or form. I was brought up here, and all the prisoners by my side were allowed to wear overcoats, and I was told to take mine off. What is the principal of that? There was something in that principle, and I say positively that justice has not been done me. As for the other prisoners, they can speak for themselves with regard to that matter. And now with regard to the way I have been identified. I have to say that my clothes were kept for four hours by the policemen in Fairfield station, to show to parties to identify me as being one of the perpetrators of this outrage on Hyde-road. Also in Albert station there was a handkerchief kept on my head the whole night, so that I could be identified the next morning in the corridor by the witnesses. I was ordered to leave on the handkerchief for the purpose that the witnesses could more plainly see I was one of the parties who committed the outrage. As for myself, I feel the righteousness of my every act with regard to what I have done in defence of my country. I fear not. I am fearless—fearless of the punishment that can be inflicted on me; and with that, my lords, I have done. (after a moment's pause—) I beg to be excused. One remark more. I return Mr. Seymour and Mr. Jones my sincere and heartfelt thanks for their able eloquence and advocacy on my part in this affray. I wish also to return to Mr. Roberts the very same. My name, sir, might be wished to be known. It is not William O'Meara Allen. My name is William Philip Allen. I was born and reared in Bandon, in the County of Cork, and from that place I take my name; and I am proud of my country, and proud of my parentage. My lords, I have done."

The true hearted earnest artizan, Michael Larkin then spoke. Thoughts of his loving wife and little ones at home no doubt flashed across his mind at this moment, but his courage never failed as he addressed the court in the following words.

"I have only got a word or two to say concerning Serjeant Brett. As my friend here said, no one could regret the man's death as much as I do. With regard to the charge of pistols

and revolvers, and my using them, I call my God to witness that I neither used pistols, revolvers, nor any instrument on that day that would deprive the life of a child, let alone a man. Nor did I go there on purpose to take life away. Certainly, my lords, I do not want to deny that I did go to give aid and assistance to the noble heroes that were confined in that van—Kelly and Deasey. I did go to do as much as lay in my power to extricate them out of their bondage; but I did not go to take life, nor, my lord, did anyone else. It is a misfortune that life was taken; but if it was taken it was not done intentionally, and the man who has taken life we have not got him. I was at the scene of action, when there were over, I dare say, 150 people standing by there where I was. I am very sorry I have to say, my lord, but I thought I had some respectable people to come up as witnesses against me; but I am sorry to say as my friend said. I will make no more remarks concerning that. All I have to say, my lords and gentlemen, is that so far as my trial went, and the way it was conducted, I believe I have got a fair trial. So far as my noble counsel went, they done their utmost in the protection of my life; I believe as the old saying is a true one, what is decreed a man in the page of life he has to fulfil, either on the gallows, drowning, a fair death in bed, or on the battlefield. So I look to the mercy of God. May God forgive all who have sworn my life away. As I am a dying man, I forgive them from the bottom of my heart. God forgive them.

Now came the turn of the man of iron nerve, Michael O'Brien, who had often faced death in battle, and now feared not to meet it here in his country's cause. He spoke as follows:—

"I shall commence by saying that every witness who has sworn anything against me has sworn falsely. I have not had a stone in my possession since I was a boy. I had no pistol in my possession on the day when it is alledged this outrage was committed. You call it an outrage; I don't. I say further, my name is Michael O'Brien. I was born in the County of Cork, and have the honour to be a fellow-parishioner of Peter O'Neal Crowley, who was fighting against the British troops at Michels-town last March, and who fell fighting against British tyranny in Ireland. I am a citizen of the United States of America, and if Charles Francis Adams had done his duty towards me, as he ought to do in this country, I would not be in this dock answering your questions now. Mr. Adams did not come, though I wrote to him. He did not come to see if I could not find evidence to disprove the charge, which I positively could, if he had taken the trouble of sending or coming to see what I could do. I hope the American people will notice that part of the business.



[The prisoner here commenced reading from a paper held in his hand.] The right of man is freedom. The great God has endowed him with affections that he may use, not smother them, and a world that may be enjoyed. Once a man is satisfied he is doing right, and attempts to do anything with that conviction, he must be willing to face all the consequences. Ireland, with beautiful scenery, its delightful climate, its rich and productive lands, is capable of supporting more than treble its population in ease and comfort. Yet no man, except a paid official of the British Government, can say there is a shadow of liberty, that there is a spark of glad life amongst its plundered and persecuted inhabitants. It is to be hoped that its imbecile and tyrannical rulers will be for ever driven from her soil, amidst the execration of the world. How beautifully the aristocrats of England moralise on the despotism of the rulers of Italy and Dahomey—in the case of Naples with what indignation did they speak of the ruin of families by the detention of its head or some loved member in prison. Who have not heard their condemnations of the tyranny that would compel honourable and good men to spend their useful lives in hopeless banishment?"

Here he was interrupted by the judge, who begged him "for his own sake" not to proceed in this strain. Mr. Ernest Jones also appealed to him in a like manner, but O'Brien was determined that his last dying words should ring in the ears of the enemies of his country, even when they had executed their vengeance upon him, and therefore continued:—

"They cannot find words to express their horrors of the cruelties of the King of Dahomey because he sacrificed 2,000 human beings yearly, but why don't those persons who pretend such virtuous indignation at the misgovernment of other countries look at home and see if greater crimes than those they charge against other governments are not committed by themselves or by their sanction? Let them look at London, and see the thousands that want bread there, while those aristocrats are rioting in luxuries and crimes. Look to Ireland; see the hundreds of thousands of its people in misery and want. See the virtuous, beautiful, and industrious women who only a few years ago—aye, and yet—are obliged to look at their children dying for want of food. Look at what is called the majesty of the law on one side, and the long deep misery of a noble people on the other. Which are the young men of Ireland to respect—the law that murders or banishes their people, or the means to resist relentless tyranny and ending their miseries for ever under a home government? I need not answer that question here. I trust the Irish



people will answer it to their satisfaction soon. I am not astonished at my conviction. The government of this country have the power of convicting any person. They appoint the judge; they choose the jury; and by means of what they call patronage (which is the means of corruption) they have the power of making the laws to suit their purposes. I am confident that my blood will rise a hundredfold against the tyrants who think proper to commit such an outrage. In the first place, I say I was identified improperly, by having chains on my hands and feet at the time of identification, and thus the witnesses who have sworn to my throwing stones and firing a pistol have sworn to what is false, for I was, as those ladies said, at the jail gates. I thank my counsel for their able defence, and also Mr. Roberts for his attention to my case."

As the unfortunate man Thomas Maguire rose and stated in simple words the reason why he should not be sentenced to death, even then the judges, jury and witnesses must have felt the bitterest pangs of conscience, for they must have known that every word he said was the simple truth, and that he was really what he described himself, a soldier of the Queen, having no knowledge whatever of Fenianism or its professors. But conscience must be drowned, and the innocent man must be allowed to be sacrificed, lest perchance the other prisoners who had been convicted on the same evidence should escape.

Edward O'Meagher Condon now in his turn spoke, delivering the following able address:—

"My Lords—This has come on me somewhat by surprise. It appeared to me rather strange that upon any amount of evidence, which of course was false, a man could have been convicted of wilfully murdering others he never saw or heard of before he was put in prison. I do not care to detain your lordships, but I cannot help remarking that Mr. Shaw, who has come now to gloat upon his victims, after having sworn away their lives—that man has sworn what is altogether false; and there are contradictions in the depositions which have not been brought before your lordships' notice. I suppose the depositions being imperfect, there was no necessity for it. As to Mr. Batty, he swore at his first examination before the magistrates that a large stone fell on me, a stone which Mr. Roberts said at the time would have killed an elephant. But not the slightest mark was found on my head: and if I was to go round the country, and him with me, as exhibiting

the stone having fallen on me, and him the man who would swear to it, I do not know which would be looked for with the most earnestness. However, it has been accepted by the jury. Now he says he only thinks so. There is another matter to consider. I have been sworn to, I believe, by some of the witnesses who have also sworn to others, though some of them can prove they were in another city altogether—in Liverpool. Others have an overwhelming *alibi*, and I should by right have been tried with them; but I suppose your lordships cannot help that. We have, for instance, Thomas, the policeman, who swore to another prisoner. He identified him on a certain day, and the prisoner was not arrested for two days afterwards. As for Thomas, I do not presume that any jury could believe him. He had heard of the blood-money, and of course was prepared to bid pretty high for it. My *alibi* has not been strong, and unfortunately I was not strong in pocket, and was not able to produce more testimony to prove where I was at exactly that time. With regard to the unfortunateman who has lost his life, I sympathise with him and his family as deeply as your lordships or the jury, or any one in the court. I deeply regret the unfortunate occurrence, but I am as perfectly innocent of his blood as any man. I never had the slightest intention of taking 'life. I have done nothing at all in connection with that man, and I do not desire to be accused of a murder which I have not committed. With regard to another matter, my learned counsel has, no doubt for the best, expressed some opinions on these matters and the misgovernment to which my country has been subjected. I am firmly convinced there is prejudice in the minds of the people, and it has been increased and excited by the newspapers, or by some of them, and to a certain extent has influenced the minds of the jury to convict the men standing in this dock, on a charge of which—a learned gentleman remarked few nights since—they would be acquitted if they had been charged with murdering an old woman for the sake of the money in her pocket, but a political case of this kind they could not. Now, sir, with regard to the opinions I hold on national matters—with regard to those men who have been released from the van, in which, unfortunately life was lost, I am of opinion that certainly to some extent there was an excuse. Perhaps it was unthought, but if those men had been in other countries, occupying other positions—if Jefferson Davis had been released in a northern city, there would have been a cry of applause throughout all England. If Garibaldi, who I saw before I was shut out from the world, had been arrested, was released, or something of that kind had taken place, they would have applauded the bravery of the act. If the captives of King Theodore had been released, that too would have been applauded. But as it happened to be in England, of

course it is an awful thing, while yet in Ireland murders are perpetrated on unoffending men, as in the case of the riots in Waterford, where an unoffending man was murdered, and no one was punished for it. I do not desire to detain your lordships. I can only say that I leave this world without a stain on my conscience that I have been wilfully guilty of anything in connexion with the death of Serjeant Brett. I am totally guiltless. I leave this world without malice to anyone. I do not accuse the jury, but I believe they were prejudiced. I don't accuse them of wilfully wishing to convict, but prejudice has induced them to convict when they otherwise would not have done. With reference to the witnesses every one of them has sworn falsely. I never threw a stone or fired a pistol; I was never at the place, as they have said; it is all totally false. But as I have to go before my God, I forgive them. They will be able to meet me, some day, before that God who is to judge us all, and then they and the people in this court, and everyone will know who tells the truth. Had I committed anything against the crown of England, I would have scorned myself had I attempted to deny it; but with regard to those men, they have sworn what is altogether false. Had I been an Englishman and arrested near the scene of that disturbance, I would have been brought as a witness to identify them; but, being an Irishman, it was supposed my sympathy was with them, and on suspicion of that sympathy I was arrested, and in consequence of the arrest, and the rewards which were offered, I was identified. It could not be otherwise. As I said before, my opinions on national matters do not at all relate to the case before your lordships. We have been found guilty, and, as a matter of course, we accept our death as gracefully as possible. We are not afraid to die—at least I am not."

"Nor I," "Nor I," "Nor I," promptly and proudly cried his companions, when Condon continued:—

"I have no sin or stain upon me; and I leave this world at peace with all. With regard to the other prisoners who are to be tried afterwards, I hope our blood at least will satisfy the craving for it. I hope our blood will be enough, and those men who I honestly believe are guiltless of the blood of that man—that the other batches will get a fair, free and more impartial trial. We view matters in a different light from what the jury do. We have been imprisoned, and have not had the advantage of understanding exactly to what this excitement has led. I can only hope and pray that this prejudice will disappear—that my poor country will right herself some day, and that her people, so far from being looked upon with scorn and aversion, will receive what they are entitled to, the respect, not only of the ~~divided~~

world, but of Englishmen. I, too, am an American citizen, and on English territory I have committed no crime which makes me amenable to the crown of England. I have done nothing; and, as a matter of course I did expect protection—as this gentleman (pointing to Allen) has said, the protection of the Ambassador of my government. I am a citizen of the State of Ohio; but I am sorry to say my name is not Shore. My name is Edward O'Meagher Condon. I belong to Ohio, and there are loving hearts there that will be sorry for this. I have nothing but my best wishes to send them, and my best feelings, and assure them I can die as a Christian and an Irishman; and that I am not ashamed or afraid of anything I have done, or the consequences, before God or man. They would be ashamed of me if I was in the slightest degree a coward, or concealed my opinions. The unfortunate divisions of our countrymen in America have, to a certain extent, neutralised the efforts that we have made either in one direction or another for the liberation of our country. All these things have been thwarted, and as a matter of course we must only submit to our fate. I only trust again, that those who are to be tried after us will have a fair trial, and that our blood will satisfy the craving which I understand exists. You will soon send us before God, and I am perfectly prepared to go. I have nothing to regret, or to retract, or take back. I can only say, GOD SAVE IRELAND."

The now memorable words had scarcely escaped his lips when they were repeated by his companions proudly and defiantly—"God Save Ireland" they cried in that English dock, with the shadow of death already lowering over them. When the excitement occasioned by this outburst of feeling had somewhat subsided, Condon again proceeded:—

"I wish to add a word or two. There is nothing in the close of my political career which I regret. I don't know of one act which could bring the blush of shame to my face, or make me afraid to meet my God or fellow-man. I would be most happy, and nothing would give me greater pleasure, than to die on the field for my country in defence of her liberty. As it is, I cannot die on the field, but I can die on the scaffold, I hope, as a soldier, a man, and a Christian."


Judge Mellor then expressed himself as fully concurring in the justice of the verdict which had been recorded against them, and pronounced on the prisoners the sentence of DEATH.

They never quailed as they listened to their doom,



and as they were leaving the dock they greeted the few friendly faces they saw, saying—"God be with you Irishmen and Irishwomen." As they passed from the dock they again raised the defiant cry "God save Ireland." That cry went forth from England's court of justice (?) and was breathed that night in many an Irish home in Manchester, ere it was taken up by stern men and tearful women through the towns of England. "God Save Ireland" was wafted across the sea and repeated by millions of voices in Ireland, and echoed back by Irishmen in every land, until it has now become at once the watchword and the prayer for their country's coming resurrection.

CHAPTER V. THE THREE MARTYRS.

 F the twenty-six men put upon their trials at the opening of the Commission, five were, as we have seen, sentenced to death, fourteen were discharged, while the following seven were sentenced to five years penal servitude—John Carroll, Chas. Moorhouse, Daniel Reddin, Thomas Scally, William Murphy, John Brannon, and Timothy Featherstone. Maguire, the marine, was pardoned, it being apparent after the few days delirium of the English people had subsided, that the evidence against him (which also helped to convict the other prisoners) was grossly false. After this the life of Edward O'Meagher Condon was also spared, for no other reason, that anyone could see, but that he was an American born citizen. It was now thought that surely the other three men would never be executed on evidence that had so utterly broken down. It would seem, however, that the authorities feared to deprive the savage populace altogether of their promised feast of blood, and therefore *some* Irishman must die. The last scene of the Manchester tragedy was accordingly fixed for Saturday, November 23rd, 1867, at Salford gaol.

A strong military force was poured into the city, and on the eve of the dread scene the rabble began to take up their positions to be in time next morning to gloat over the death of the Irish martyrs, just as the Pagan Romans of old went to the Amphitheatre to witness the dying struggles of the early Christians. Again and again was the stillness of the night broken by the brutal shouts and choruses which they chaunted, as the Indian does the death-song of his victim tied to the stake.

Far different was the scene within the walls where the brave Christian patriots slept their last sleep tranquilly, and like men who had made their peace with God. At a quarter to five in the morning, they were roused from their repose to assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. At eight o'clock they were led forth to die, attended by the priests of the church to give them the consolations of religion in their last moments. They met their death like men, conscious they were yielding up their lives for a holy cause. Allen was first led out on the scaffold in view of the rabble. After him came O'Brien, who tenderly kissed his companion and whispered in his ear what were no doubt words of encouragement. Larkin was now led on, and to him also O'Brien whispered in like manner. The three martyrs in the face of that multitude of foes now offered up their last prayer—"Lord Jesus have mercy on us," when the fatal bolt was withdrawn and the sacrifice consummated.

Their DEATH, which was intended to strike terror into the heart of Ireland, was in truth the LIFE of Irish freedom, for even the coldest hearts now glowed with that spirit of patriotism which has never yet been subdued in our country and NEVER WILL, for—

"On the cause must go,  
Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,  
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand."

# Our Irish Christmas GARLAND.



TOM O'REILLY'S GHOST.



A STORY OF TWO IRISH CHRISTMASSES.



BY "SLIEVE DONARD."



WELL remember the happy Christmas of 1859. I, Redmond O'Flanagan, now a confirmed old bachelor, was then barely twenty years of age, full of life and vigour, and inclined to look at the world ever with a laughing face. That Christmas was spent at my father's fireside, and a right merry company were present. There was first and foremost my father, a distinguished lawyer, well known in the Four Courts, and an alderman of the city of Dublin. My mother also was there, the model of a

dear good old Irish lady that she was, enjoying the Christmas in the bosom of her own family, after she and cousin Rose, like a pair of good angels, had brought joy to many an otherwise cheerless hearth in the Coombe, and the squalid streets of that locality. As I have said I thought that my mother and Rose reminded me of angels—not that my mother was much like what you would imagine an angel to be, for she was decidedly stout and comfortable looking, with one of those genial, honest old Irish faces, the very embodiment of “Peace on earth to men of good will.” Rose Darcy was an angel too, and what is more, she looked like one. She was an orphan niece of my father’s and was treated more tenderly, if possible, by himself and my mother than if she had been their own child.

At our party my friend and fellow medical student, Tom O’Reilly, was also present, a steadier fellow altogether than your humble servant, and pursuing the study of his profession with much ardour. He and I were as brothers.

Then there was Captain Burke, too, who belonged to a light cavalry regiment, and was one of the few who returned from the mad Balaclava charge, at the time of the Crimean War. Neither O’Reilly nor myself had any great love for her Majesty’s uniform, but, for all that, nobody could deny that Ulick Burke was a fine genial young fellow.

Rose had asked a young lady who had been a boarder at the same convent to spend her Christmas under my father’s roof, and Mary O’Donovan was a great accession to our Christmas party. A more high spirited, or merrier girl was not to be found “within Ireland’s ground,” and she kept the company in excellent humour with her never ending flow of spirits, and Captain Burke, in particular, more than once felt her keen wit. I noticed, however, that the gallant soldier paid much attention to my cousin Rose. Tom O’Reilly was the only one of the party who for some



reason or other did not seem fully to enter into the enjoyment of the happy season. He seemed, at times, to be brooding over some unpleasant circumstance, which the kind hearted Mary O'Donovan noticing, would take occasion to rally him on his apparently drooping spirits. At the close of a delightful evening my father made his present guests promise

TO SPEND THE NEXT CHRISTMAS WITH HIM.

We all stood up at parting and drank:—"To our next Merry Christmas!" So Mary O'Donovan, Tom O'Reilly, and Ulick Burke, and in fact all of us agreed to spend the next Christmas under the hospitable roof of Allerman O'Flanagan, who promised to all an Irish *Cead mille failthe*.

Just about this time the cry went forth through Christendom that the Holy Father wanted defenders. Full of zeal for the cause of the Pope I at once joined the Irish Brigade then being formed, and all my preparations for departure were made, when one morning what was my surprise at finding my friend Tom walking in and saying "I have got another recruit for Pio Nono."

"Where?"

"Here,—I am going to join the Brigade myself."

"This is most wondrous," I said. "I thought you were bent upon becoming a great doctor—to heal wounds, not to inflict them."

"I can do both," replied O'Reilly. "Why can't I go to fight for a good cause as well as you?"

"Why not, indeed?" I said. "You have surprised me, it is true, but you have delighted me more to hear that we are still to be companions."

We parted from our friends soon after. My father and mother were very much affected, as might be supposed. The tears were in pretty cousin Rose's eyes, too, like the morning dew on her namesake. I thought she looked very downcast, indeed even more

so than the occasion required.

Tom and I arrived in due time in Italy, and bore our part in that brief campaign, and were lucky in that we had never been parted, and occupied, with a few others of our countrymen, the same tent. One night I noticed that Tom O'Reilly seemed unusually low spirited. We had retired to rest, and were all asleep, when the alarm was sounded, and we found that the Sardinians had attempted to surprise us.

"Halloa, Tom!" I cried, jumping up in the dark, "we shall have hot work now."

"All right, Redmond," said he, leaping up also, "the sooner the better."

We all scrambled into our clothes, as best we could in the dark, Tom and I turning out at the same moment. We soon knew that there was a fierce struggle going on. Tom seized my hand for an instant and exclaimed:—

"God bless you, Redmond—good bye."

"God bless you, old fellow," I replied, "but not good bye yet, I hope."

As I returned the pressure of the honest fellows grasp, he put into my hand a sealed packet to be opened by me in case he fell.

We took our places in the ranks and were soon in the thick of the fight. Onward we pushed through a perfect storm of projectiles, which were making fearful gaps in our lines. Still on we pressed through the fire and smoke, with fixed bayonets, dashing right up against the foe, when I was driven to frenzy at the knowledge that my friend Tom O'Reilly had fallen at my side, struck down by a Sardinian bullet.

Instantly I knelt by his side to render him what aid I could. I found he had received a fearful wound and from the way in which the blood was flowing from his right side where he had been struck, I could see that his life was fast ebbing away. I was doing what I could to staunch the wound when I found my-

selt pounced upon by a body of the enemy, by whom I was made prisoner, and notwithstanding my expostulations was dragged away from the side of my dying friend, and taken to the rear of the Sardinian position. Some time afterwards another batch of our men were brought in, amongst whom was a friend of Tom's and mine, Ned Kavanagh, who confirmed my gloomy forebodings as to the fate of Tom, for he had been taken by his captors past the spot where our poor friend lay, and saw that it was all over with him.

On opening the packet O'Reilly had committed to my care, I now found the cause of his dejection, for it was a letter of farewell, written to my cousin Rose, and to be forwarded to her in case he fell, saying how much he loved her, but that he knew how hopeless was his case, as he could see that Ulick Burke had gained her affections, and that no doubt he was more worthy of her. The Irish Brigade, the members of which bore themselves as Irishmen ought, were, as our readers are no doubt aware, overpowered by numbers, and taken prisoners by the Sardinians, and eventually found their way back again to Ireland. I stayed some little time on the continent before returning, but wrote home, forwarding my poor friend's letter for Rose. I was much surprised to hear in return that she also had in silence loved, and that her heart had been irrevocably given to O'Reilly. Both had deceived themselves, as is often the case with sensitive natures such as theirs. So far from having endeavoured to gain the affections of Rose, I found that, by this time, Captain Burke and his bride, but lately the merry laughing girl, Mary O'Donovan, were now on their wedding tour, somewhere on the continent.

I had returned home, and the Christmas day of 1860 had come. We all attended an early Mass at the Malborough-street Cathedral, and though we joined in the Church's joy on the anniversary of the birth of

the Saviour, we also prayed for the eternal repose of the soul of O'Reilly. It was a cold dark day, but my mother's charity was still warm, and had remembered all her old pensioners, and there we sat by the drawing-room fire, my father, mother, Rose, and myself. It was getting dark and we had not yet dined when a knock was heard at the street door.

"Who can this be?" said I. "Oh! I forgot to tell you" replied my father "that as your mother and I remained behind at Marlborough-street this morning we met a couple of old friends just returned from a tour on the continent."

"And you asked them to spend the Christmas with us?"

"I did—but guess who they were?"

"Who?"

"Captain Burke and his wife, no less," replied my father.

Rose and I were well pleased to meet our old friends, and when old Norry Toole ushered them into the apartment, a warm Irish greeting awaited them. Now that I also had seen service I soon got into conversation with Ulick Burke on military topics, while the two girls were interchanging confidences, and poor Rose began to brighten up a little with the genial companionship of her old schoolfellow. It was now getting quite dark, but still we sat there round the fire talking of old times.

"How kind of you Mr. O'Flanagan to ask us to spend Christmas here," said Captain Burke.

"And don't you remember, dear Ulick," said his wife, "that we spent last Christmas day here too?"

"How strange!" my mother added, "that Redmond should have come home last night just in time for Christmas."

"And that dear Mr. O'Flanagan should have met us at the Cathedral this morning and invited us here," said Mary.



"Do you remember," said my father, "we all promised to meet here to-day, and we have kept our word."

"ALL BUT ONE," said I.

"Poor Tom O'Reilly" said my father. "God rest his soul."

"Amen!" was the prayer on every lip.

As all reverently repeated the prayer for the repose of the soul of the dead, an expression of sudden horror seized on my father's face, and following his eye all were petrified at seeing the form that now stood in the doorway of the darkened room.

Had the grave given up its dead? Twelve months since we had all promised to meet under that roof to-night. Had O'Reilly come back from the grave to keep his word?

"The Lord have mercy on us!" gasped my father, staring wildly. "Lord have mercy on us!"

The apparition, or fetch, or whatever it might be, for under that form it could not surely be real, looked around the room with a strange stare of amazement, and then burst into a loud laugh, which my father afterwards assured me appeared to him perfectly unearthly. There was one little girl present, however, who seemed undisturbed by ghostly terrors, for, to the horror of all present, she rushed into the spectre's arms exclaiming—

"Tom—dear Tom!"

And would you believe it?—this wicked ghost actually replied—

"My own Rose!" and immediately implanted a kiss on her lips, smacking his own as if he evidently liked the process.

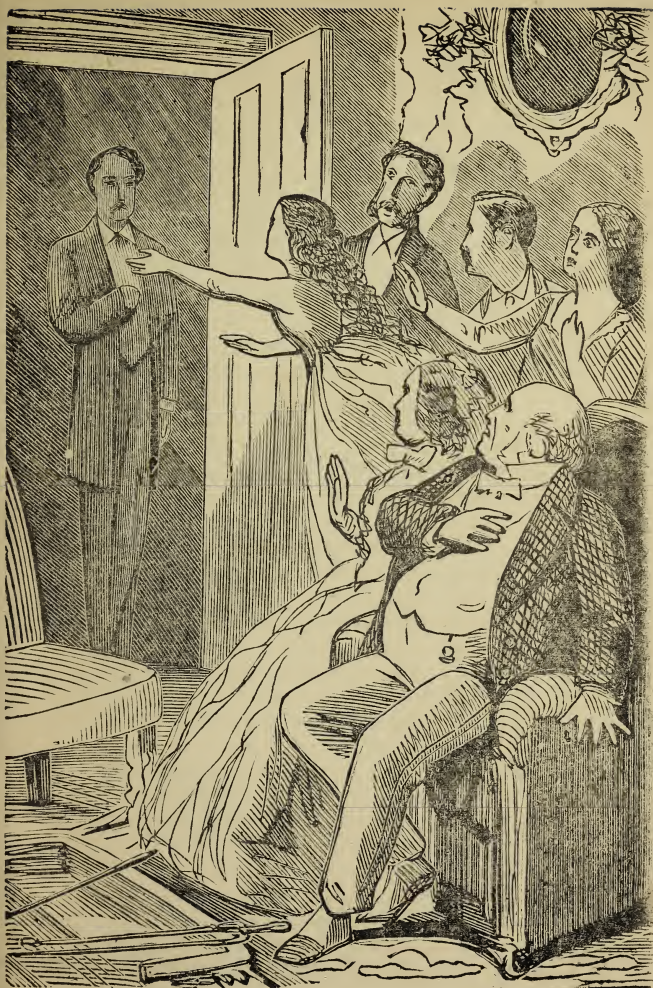
"Why it's not a ghost at all," cried my father.

"Of course it's not" replied Tom, for it was he, and really in the flesh, wonderful as it appeared to me. "What put that in your head. You might have been imbibing spirits when you take me for one."

Tom then explained how it was he had come to life again. He remembered nothing after being struck until he found himself gradually recovering his senses and lying in the hospital with a number of others who had been wounded. He learned from a member of the pious sisterhood that attended the hospital that he was actually being lifted on the cart containing the bodies which were to be buried, when fortunately one of the Sardinian military surgeons happened to be passing and his quick eye caught a glance at Tom's body, from which he concluded it was just possible life was not yet extinct. He quickly examined the wound and staunched the blood still flowing from it, at the same time administering restoratives. After a time he found signs of returning life and had him conveyed to where he would receive the gentle care of those in whose hands Tom had the happiness to find himself when he recovered from the state of insensibility in which he had been found. The party of prisoners of which I was one, were forwarded to a prison in Genoa immediately on our capture, so that as we of course considered our friend O'Reilly to be dead, we concluded his body had been buried by the Sardinians, and accordingly we mourned his loss. Tom had written several letters home and entrusted them to an attendant of the hospital to have them forwarded, but it seemed the man had failed to do so.

In good time O'Reilly's wound had healed and he hastened home to be just in time to spend the Christmas at our fireside. The rogue had heard, from "some little bird," that Ulick Burke had turned his attention in another direction, and that poor little Rose had been pining in her bower for him. I have said that the Christmas of 1859 was a merry one, at our house—why bless you—it was nothing to the Christmas day of 1860, as can readily be imagined.

I may as well tell the reader (in confidence mind) that our sweet little Irish Rose is now Mrs. O'Reilly,



THE GHOST.

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that she is the delight of her husband's home, and year by year, I am told, that a number of little rosebuds are springing up in that bower of Rose's, and that the young doctor and his wife are the happiest couple in all Ireland. And still as of old is Rose a welcome visitor to the abodes of poverty in Dublin, and never more so than in this holy Christmas time when the "Babe of Bethlehem" came to save fallen man. And every Christmas eve Tom O'Reilly and his wife and their little ones sing the Canticle the angels sang in gratitude to heaven "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will," and though Rose's eyes are dimmed with tears, they are tears of joy.



## ERIN'S SONS IN ENGLAND.

By T. D. SULLIVAN.



*Air—Oh, the Shamrock.*



N every shore,  
The wide world o'er,  
The newest and the oldest,  
The sons are found  
Of Erin's ground  
Among the best and boldest.  
But soul and will  
Are turning still

To Ireland o'er the ocean,  
And well I know  
Where aye they glow  
With most intense devotion.  
Over here in England,  
Up and down through England,  
Fond and true  
And fearless too,  
Are Erin's sons in England.

Where toil is hard,  
In mill and yard,  
Their hands are strong to bear it ;

Where genius bright  
Would wing its flight,  
The mind is theirs to dare it ;

But high or low,  
In joy or woe,  
With any fate before them,

The sweetest bliss  
They know, is this—  
To aid the land that bore them.

Over here in England,  
Up and down through England,  
Fond and true,  
And fearless too,  
Are Erin's sons in England.

By many a sign,  
From Thames to Tyne,  
From Holyhead to Dover,  
The eye may trace  
The deathless race  
Our gallant land sent over.

Midst beech and oak,  
Midst flame and smoke,  
Up springs the the cross-tipped steeple  
That, far and wide,  
Tells where abide  
The faithful Irish people.  
Over here in England,  
Up and down through England,  
Fond and true,  
And fearless too,  
Are Erin's sons in England.

And this I say—  
On any day  
That help of theirs is needed,  
Dear Ireland's call  
Will never fall  
On their true hearts unheeded.  
They'll plainly show  
To friend and foe,  
If e'er the need arises,  
Her arm is long,  
And stout and strong,  
To work some strange surprises!  
Over here in England,  
Up and down through England,  
Fond and true,  
And fearless too,  
Are Erin's sons in England.

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# I R E L A N D .

*From the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath.*

---

BY ANDREW COMMINS, LL.D.

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The readers of Mangan will be familiar with the name of Freiligrath author of the "Spectre Caravan," "The White Lady," and "Freedom and Right." One of those enthusiasts for liberty who with tongue and pen contributed to produce that awakening of the peoples by which thrones were shaken and despots frightened in '48, his attention and sympathies seem to have been attracted very early to the cause of Ireland. In his poem "Freedom and Right,"—written when the hopes of "Young Germany" were high—anticipating the triumph of liberty and fraternity amongst nations he exclaims—

O God, what a garland will bloom in the sun  
Then first will be born the Millenium of peace,  
When Germany's oak leaf, the olive of Greece,  
And the shamrock of Erin are blended in one.

It is sad to think that such high aspirations of the poet were succeeded by political exile to himself and Bismarckism to his country. But we are more concerned with his sympathy for Ireland as expressed in the following poem, and though some thirty years have elapsed since it was written by him, the reader will recognise in it only too many features of the Ireland of the present day—annual cattle show "improvements," Land Acts, and Disestablishment Acts notwithstanding.



ITH oar unused, and sail unspread,  
And rotting chains, the boat is lying :  
That's why the fisherboy is dead—  
That's why the fisherman is dying.  
For Ireland's fish is lordling's fish ;  
To glut a few its wealth is gleaming,  
Whilst man and boy of hunger die,  
Beside the wave with plenty teeming.



What herds go by, impelled along

By drovers, ragged, lean, and craven:

Where tends the lowing bleating throng?

'Tis to the nearest shipping haven.

For lordling's stock is Irish stock:

What should her sons make strong and stark, its

Destined—every herd and flock—

To landlord rents and foreign markets.

All for the lord! both kine and corn

To swell his luxuries are growing;

And every cow's and ox's horn,

To him's a horn of plenty flowing.

To live in London hells, to pile

The hard-wrung gold for gamblers winning,

He leaves his serfs to die the while,

Like flies when winter is beginning.

Hallo! green Erin's chase, Hallo!

Paddy look out! here's ven'son plenty,

Per steamer off, that too will go—

For Paddy's dish there's no such dainty.

For Ireland's game is lordling's game,

None less than squireens dare approach it,

Whilst the poor hind of aspect tame

Has'nt pluck enough—God wot!—to poach it.

Thus rears the lord the deer and ox:

To fatten these is man discarded,

Thus cares the lord for hare and fox,

And leaves the peasant unregarded.

Dearer to him his hunting dogs

Than human souls and happy faces;

And so he leaves undrained his bogs,

And bitterns haunt his desert places.

Four million acres swamps and waste!  
 And helpless hopeless and forsaken,  
 As 'neath a curse you sink debased :—  
 Will naught arouse, no waker waken?  
 Oh! Irish land is lordling's land—  
 Thence pales the youth and pines the maiden,  
 Thence wayside-weeping mothers stand,  
 And beg the graves their babes be laid in.

Thus night and day resounds the wail  
 Through Munster vales and Ulster highlands;  
 Fair Leinster's plains take up the tale  
 That echoes drear o'er Connaught's islands:  
 Now feeble as a smothered sigh,  
 Heart-wrung anon and anguish aching,  
 The cry of need—the hunger-cry—  
 From Erin's lips for ever breaking.

And still is Erin kneeling seen,  
 Dispairing streams her cheeks bedewing,  
 With trembling hands her shamrock green  
 Above her children's ashes strewing;  
 Still pouring, 'mid each ruined home,  
 Her tears for them in sad libations,  
 More even than Harold Byron's Rome  
 Is she "The Niobe of Nations."

## BOYHOOD MEMORIES,

---

By REV. P. MURPHY, ST. ANTHONY'S LIVERPOOL.

---



H ! mother, I'm lonely, lonely to day,  
 And my heart sails over the breaking waves,  
 To the mountain slopes, where the golden ray,  
 Of the west sun shines on those silent graves,  
 Without cross or stone ; but where side by side  
 Sleep the mould'ring hearts of that rebel race,  
 Who fearlessly fought, near the Slaney's tide  
 To raise from the dust their mothers face.

Ah ! mother ! I've sigh'd for that bright green land,  
 For the nooks and pathways I love so well,  
 In woodland scenes ; for the wave washed strand  
 Where the slanting beam of the evening fell :  
 There my childhood wander'd, I love the sea,  
 And the breeze that springs from its throbbing breast,  
 I've watched the heron, o'er its wild waves flee,  
 And lave her dark wing on her way to rest.

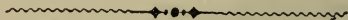
We sat in our cottage home together,  
 And you sung by the winter's hearth of the slain,  
 While the moonbeams slept on the waving heather,  
 And the wind went whistling over the plain.  
 You sung of the years that had passed away—  
 The stand for freedom—the battle—the strife—  
 The proud old banner that floated that day,  
 And wrapped in its folds each wasted life.

You took me one eve, to a sacred shade,  
 To a lone green spot where you calmly wept;  
 Both sabre and gun on that mound were laid,  
 And a willow droop'd where a soldier slept.  
 They made his grave in the place where he fell,  
 While liberty's voice rang out wild and high;  
 It was near the home he had loved so well,  
 And under the glow of that western sky.

Homeward! when the toil of the school was done,  
 We—village-boys knelt round that hallow'd grave  
 In deep toned prayer, while the sinking sun,  
 Dipped its golden shafts in the burning wave;  
 And our hearts' young blood flowed hot and fast,  
 As we held that sabre, and clasp'd each hand,  
 While a voice stole back from the cherish'd past  
 "*Be true to the dust of that patriot band.*"

Still shin'd are those words in my thoughtful mind,  
 And my wayworn heart still fondly turns  
 To the hopeful men I have left behind  
 In those mountain homes where the turf fire burns.  
 Ah! mother! to-night I will humbly pray,  
 God's benediction be ever on thee,  
 Till thy noble heart shall have changed to clay,  
 And thou'r't laid to rest by the sobbing sea.

December, 1874.





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The *Catholic Times*, in calling attention to the "Life of MacMahon," says—

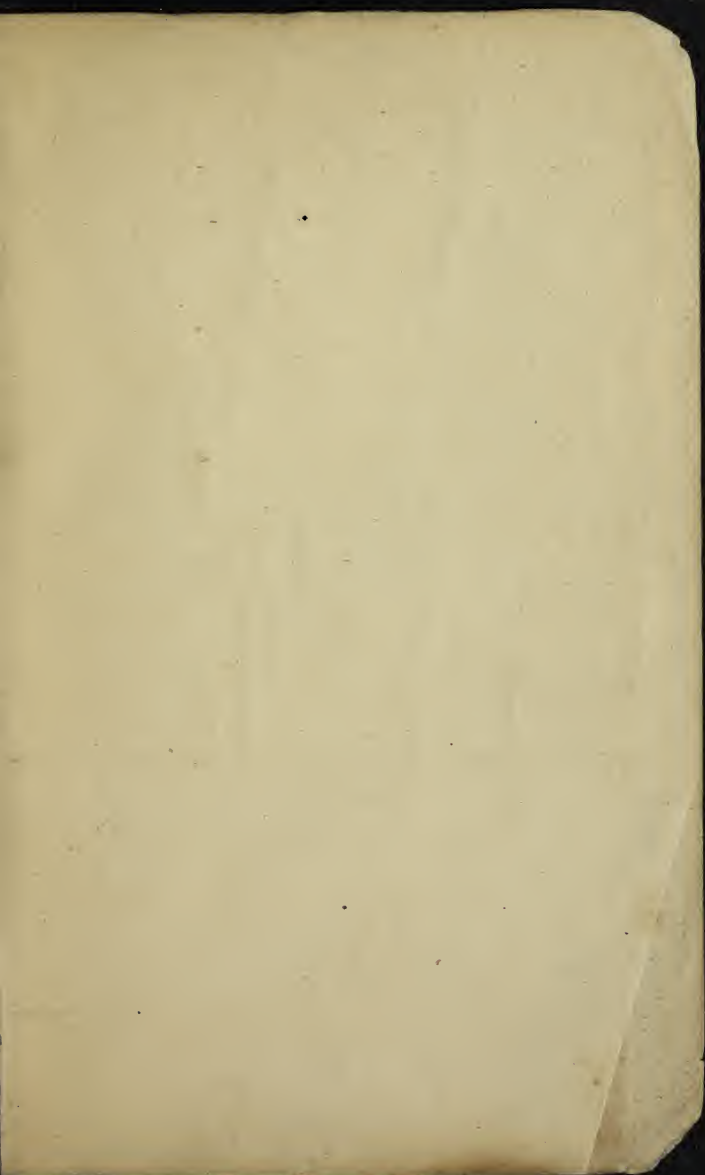
Just now the hero of the day is the new President of the French Republic, that distinguished soldier of the Irish race—Marshal MacMahon, and we are glad to have received an excellent *Life* of him from the pen of a contributor of our own—Mr. W. J. Ashton. This little work is compiled from quite original sources, is full of matter that has not hitherto seen daylight, at least in a collected form, and is written with that facile pen for which Mr. Ashton is so well known. There is a capital likeness of the Marshal by Mr. J. F. O'Hea, and the *Life*, which we can strongly recommend foras, appropriately enough, the sixth number of Denvir's Irish Library.

The *Nation* has the following:—

Amongst the many biographical sketches of our illustrious countryman, Marshal MacMahon, which are now being brought before the public, we notice an excellent little tract, issued by Mr. Denvir, of Byrom-street, Liverpool, and forming No. 6 of a series of publications entitled "Denvir's Penny Library." The leading events in the life of the Marshal are briefly but vividly described in its pages; and there is a capital likeness of the gallant soldier from the pencil of John F. O'Hea.

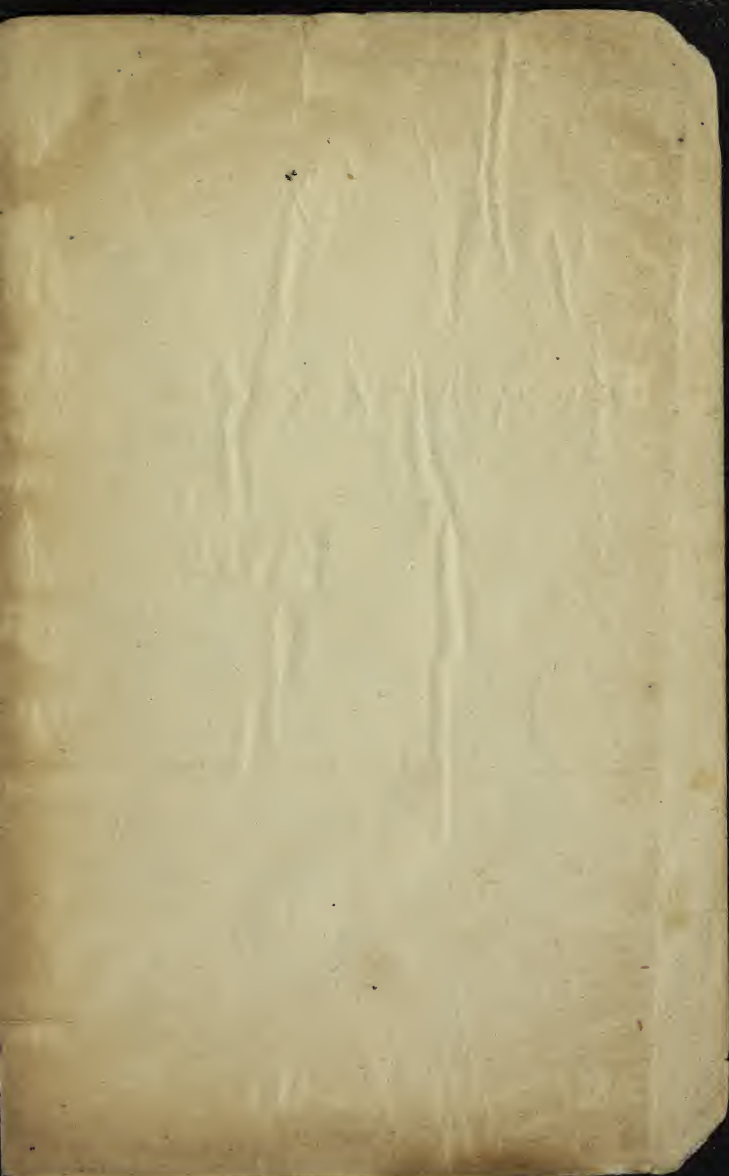
The *Catholic Opinion*, in speaking of the "Life of Marshal MacMahon," says;—

"This biography forms No. 6 of "Denvir's Penny Library," and is an entertaining and ably written biography of the great Celt, who now holds in his hand the destinies of France. There is in the book an admirable likeness of Marshal MacMahon, by JOHN F. O'HEA.



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